

PARIS
THE MAGIC CITY BY THE SEINE



PARIS

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BY

GERTRUDE HAUCK VONNE



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DEDICATED TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE
AND TO
THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS



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PREFACE

MY thoughts were the farthest possible from war when I was last in Paris, shortly before the war was declared. Had I had an inkling of the fate that was even then in preparation for humanity, I would have looked at life there from a different angle, and would have written my book from that angle. But I had no such knowledge. Who had?

During the three years that I spent in Paris the greater part of my time was devoted to viewing the beautiful things to be seen in that wonderful city,—the exquisite works of art, the churches, the theaters, and all the splendid works produced by the hand of man. These things were all seen in the time of peace; this book was written in time of peace; hence the spirit of war is far removed from its pages.

There were other things to be seen in Paris. Perhaps there is a disagreeable side to life even in glorious France; but I felt that I, a stranger, had no right to seek it out and bring it back with me to dole out to my friends. Hence there is very little of the disagreeable to be encountered in my book.

My book concerns those things of history, of art, of beauty, that are of interest to every intelligent American. War is being waged over there now,—fearful war, full of terrible deeds. But France is

France, and Paris is Paris. They have not changed,—only conditions have.

Our men are going over to France by the thousands,—are going valiantly into the conflict. Knowing what has already taken place at the front, they would be more than human not to shrink inwardly and momentarily from that which they are about to face.

But our brave men, even with that momentary shrinking, appreciate to the fullest extent the meaning of liberty, democracy and "My Country"; and in answer to the world's call, they go! They go that our friends and brothers across the sea may also come to have the same appreciation of the meaning of liberty and democracy as have we, but we assume that they will come back to us once again. Most of them will,—very likely.

Immediately upon leaving the shores of America our men will plunge into quite a different atmosphere. The first feeling of regret over, eagerly will their minds travel the leagues that lie between these shores and the fascinating land of France. The very name fascinates.

What is the fascination of France,—of Paris? We all love them, yet we seem unable to explain our attachment.

Some knowledge of France, of how the French people live, of their religious ideas, their amusements, cannot fail to be of interest to those who are about to set out for that land. In this world there are things infinitely more beautiful than the acquisi-

tion of dollars or the pursuit of those things represented by dollars.

A visit to France might easily be considered one of those things, and let us hope that that is what their going will mean to most of our men: merely a visit to France.

They are going, let us hope, to Paris, too. Not alone are they going to fight but to see and learn all they possibly can of that wonderful life that through ages has pulsed on French soil. Only the man who finds pleasure in the works of man can find pleasure in man himself. Man is wonderful! And wonderful are the works of man! Life in France is itself a work of art; there is nothing in the world finer.

What a privilege for our men! Thousands and thousands of them are going over,—men who have never been away from their own shores; and now they are to see France! What a privilege for them, indeed.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the beautiful boulevards of Paris, with its tree-lined streets, its historical churches, its art, its life. The city, the whole land, is filled with things that are of immense interest to humanity, especially to that portion of it that travels about in the world with seeing eyes and hearts attuned. A glance at Notre Dame, at the Place de la Concorde, at the Arc de Triomphe, and at a thousand other places, will aid them to reconstruct the bygone scenes of the marvelous history of France. It probably would not be possible

to go to France,—to Paris,—and not give some thought to the past.

A stroll about the ancient thoroughfares,—many of which are soon to be cut away and replaced by new, modern boulevards, avenues, and streets,—will provide an abundance of material for the imagination of our men.

It will be a very difficult matter for men to detach themselves sufficiently from the excitement of warfare to appreciate to any great degree much of what is to be seen; but I hope that many of them will improve the golden opportunity that is to be given them, because of the pleasure it will be to them in the after years, when they are back once more in their own land.

There are places in which one glance will do more for the onlooker than any amount of reading and musing over books, and such a place I believe Paris to be.

In no instance have I attempted to speak with the air of the historian, or of one with acknowledged authority; but it would be a great pleasure to me if I could reproduce in the minds of our men something of the impressions I myself derived from my visit to the beautiful city of Paris,—if I could convey to them some slight impression of the magnificence of the city, of its art, its intellect, and its pleasures.

My journey to Paris was started from Brussels, which was then an exquisite city. To-day I cannot imagine how it looks.

Arras, Amiens, and other places that I have slightly mentioned have been wrecked. A great battle has been fought at Arras since those exquisite, peaceful days that I knew.

It is difficult for me to imagine how things over there now look, but, at any rate, I hope that what I have written in my book may prove interesting to many of our men and may be to them the means of acquiring considerable more knowledge than they would otherwise have gained. If I have excited any curiosity in their minds, this will undoubtedly be the result,

GERTRUDE HAUCK VONNE.

PARIS

CHAPTER I

FROM BRUSSELS TO PARIS. FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I EXPERIENCED a feeling of depression, if not of actual sadness, at leaving beautiful Brussels, even though, looming fairylike through the mists of the unknown, the unseen, was Paris—Paris!—where, it is said, all good Americans go when they die.

The boulevards of Brussels had never looked so beautiful and inviting to us as they did on the morning of our departure. But, it was only a short time until we were again in one of the funny little trains, speeding on our way to Paris.

Our train was a "corridor train," and our compartment was upholstered in a soft shade of gray cloth; and on the backs of the sofalike seats were—shades of grandmother's parlor!—lace "tidies," crocheted of coarse white cotton.

The train was crowded, and we had only barely enough room in which to sit closely together,—not an inch in which to "spread out."

We were all in a quiet mood, and just sat there,

idly watching our fellow-travelers and getting such views of the fleeting landscape as we could.

There seemed to be all kinds of people on the train,—types entirely different from any I had yet seen; people who seemed to be flustered and in a hurry; people calm and polished; people who, like ourselves, did not seem to care a rap where they were going.

On and on we sped!

In a subconscious way, I was cognizant of all my companions, but of none of them in any special way, other than to yield to the strange thoughts concerning them,—thoughts only half formed,—that flitted from time to time through my brain: speculating as to who they were, whence they had come, whither they were going, and of how strangely and unexpectedly people come into our lives. Here was this whole trainful of people, none of whom I had ever seen before,—people with whom I perhaps could not even communicate in their own tongue, but here they were, and here was I, and we were all on the road to the wondrous city.

After floating about in a sea of speculative thought for a time, delving into the world of art, and roaming far from the things of everyday life, it gives one somewhat of a shock to suddenly look out and discover, away off on the horizon, a lot of smoking factory chimneys sending long columns of black smoke spiraling through the clear sky, and to be recalled to the fact that Belgium is a manufacturing country as well as a land of art.

Smoke and factories! Dozens of factories and mills! However, one must not be foolish and refuse to see these signs of Belgium's industries, but remember, as Huét says, that "It was at all times the liberal, money-making hand of the merchant and manufacturer which, in rivalry with the prince's and prelate's, smoothed the paths to the beautiful." It has always been these princes of the manufacturing world who have made the way for the princes of the paint brush, of architecture, and of all the different departments of the art world. Business seems to come first,—even in this beautiful country.

Village after village sped past us. In passing Arras, all I could think of was that it had been the home of the terrible Robespierre when he was only a poor, struggling lawyer.

I sort of woke up and came to myself with a start when Amiens was called out. Amiens? I received only a confused impression of clustered houses with high, peaked roofs, and dormer windows, overshadowed by a huge, magnificent Gothic cathedral. Seen from the train, it appeared tremendous, and seemed to be on a hill. It had two huge unfinished towers, and a high, tapering flèche over the transept; and long after leaving Amiens we could see that spire and those towers floating through the blue air, seemingly detached from the church far down below. It would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful and imposing.

Amiens seems to be quite a town, and is evidently a very busy place, for I could see the smoke curling

up from many factories and mills of one kind or another. We could see a canal, too, not far away.

One thing that appeals to me especially in continental travel is that one can see so many beautiful and interesting things and places from the train. Around the stations, generally, everything is clean and attractive,—none of those unsightly things, which sometimes are very disagreeable to travelers in our own country, are to be seen.

Between Brussels and Paris the country seems to be flat and marshy. Certainly it is marshy in Picardy; but,—once in a while,—is varied by lovely little green hills. There are many small towns and tiny villages,—all clean and picturesque, so far as we could see from the windows of our train as it went rushing through this country of Calvin's.

The land all the way seemed to be carefully cultivated, every inch of it. There were grayish, squat farmhouses with red-tiled roofs, the outbuildings nearly always being situated very close to the farmhouses, sometimes, apparently, all under one enormous spreading roof. Everything had a very substantial look,—nothing flimsy about these houses.

We saw some women walking along a white, winding roadway lined with tall, straight poplars, and they had on "sabots,"—a wooden shoe entirely different from the Dutch shoe. These sabots have no backs, but rather high heels. The wearer thrusts the feet in, and starts off, careening, with a *clickety-click*. The Dutch shoe makes a *cluckety-cluck*,—

quite a different sound,—a much more vacuous sound.

Once we saw an old, old woman trudging along the road, seemingly weighed down with brush and a great basket of things, her sabots clicking as she went,—the brush under one arm, the basket on the other.

Then, once in a while, we would catch fleeting glimpses of silent, lonely-looking roads, winding and twisting through clumps of tall, shadowy, spreading trees.

Once we saw a peasant woman in a small cart, to which were hitched two large, brownish dogs. Poor doggies! They do not find life so easy for them over here. I do not like to see dogs at work; they should never have to do anything more than bark. Dogs do not seem to bark so much over here; they are probably too tired after a long day's work to bark much about it. I am not sure of this,—only it seems so to me.

Once in a while we caught a fleeting glimpse of the guardsmen at the grade-crossings, but they were not men—they were women. They stood there, like soldiers on dress parade, with head erect, grasping a small red flag in one hand and a small brass horn in the other. I suppose they blow the horn, but we could not have heard it if they had, because of the noise of the rushing train. Talk about women's rights! They seem to have them here,—so far as getting out and earning a living is concerned. And, really, that is a rather nice occupation for a woman,

as it evidently requires no hard work, although I have no idea what the requirements actually are.

Then, after a time, the houses became more and more numerous, the country more thickly built up, and—we had arrived! We were in Paris,—at the Gare du Nord! This was a very large station, and numbers of trains were standing on the various tracks beyond ours.

As we alighted from the train, a porter came and took our luggage, asked if there were any trunks, and upon our replying in the negative, he led the way out to an exit. An officer stationed there then asked if we had anything to declare,—that is, anything dutiable,—and accepted our word for it that we had not. Not a package was opened! And in a few minutes, we were comfortably seated in a nice, roomy carriage, bowling along on our way.

Wide streets lined with trees stretched out in all directions; houses, tall and gray, by the thousand; cafés, with their tables and chairs set hospitably out on the sidewalks, greeted us on every side. We passed carriages upon carriages filled with cheerful-looking occupants. The people sauntering along the streets all looked cheerful,—everything looked bright and gay, and we all began at once to plan for unlimited prowls. Every one seemed to go along with a swinging gait, but not in a hurried way.

Finally we came to a beautiful tree-lined street, named the "Boulevard des Capucines." There we stopped,—at a large, rather imposing building, called the Grand Hotel, and soon found ourselves

installed in two very attractive rooms, from the windows of which we could look directly out onto the Grand Opera House, and down on the arteries of streets and boulevards stretching out in many directions. This was an enormous hotel, beautifully furnished and equipped with all those things so necessary to the comfort of the present-day traveler; but I did not like the new and modern tone of it so well as that of those lovely, old-world hotels in the Netherlands. Mr. Whatley said:

"Oh! I say, girls! This is quite like!"

And he straightway ordered up a whiskey and soda.

We settled ourselves in our rooms, looked over every blessed piece of furniture in them, felt the quality of our heavy red velvet curtains, and then started out to catch a glimpse of the town.

I proposed the opera the first thing, as all strangers do, I am told; but Mr. Whatley did not assent at all. He said:

"What rot! No! by all means let us go to the Moulin Rouge! The opera is always there; let it wait a while. Let us go and see real life!"

Of course! Let us go!

One author says that every American looks up the Moulin Rouge the first thing, but I call upon the gods to bear witness that I went at the special invitation of an Englishman.

The Moulin Rouge! Pictures, sculpture, music, opera,—it was all there, just waiting for us! But—we went to the Moulin Rouge!

I had always thought so much about what I would do if I ever got to Paris: of the Venus de Milo, of Grand Opera, of heaven knows what all! and here I was, going, first thing, to the Moulin Rouge! But one might just as well accept what the gods provide when he has plenty of time to spend on his whims.

The dinner that evening was good, and extremely amusing; but the great, brilliantly illuminated dining-room lacked the cozy, friendly atmosphere of the other ones where we had been, looking, in its glittering magnificence more like an addition to the Grand Opera House than anything else.

The women nearly all wore beautiful evening gowns and a great deal of sparkling jewelry. I noticed that soft, clinging black stuffs were the choice of many of them. Among all the nations of the earth there assembled, I think there were numbers of English and Americans, but of this I am not positive, as those who looked American were too far away for us to hear their voices. And heavens! These men, too, tucked their napkins under their chins!

Pierre de Coulevain is inclined to lay this carelessness in table manners upon the shoulders of the French wet nurse, and the nurses of the older children as well. She says:

For the early education of our sons and daughters, that education of the body and of the dawning mind, on which their health and often their happiness and their future depend, we engage, as wet nurses, uncultivated peasant women, who have only hitherto brought up calves and pigs, and very often have done that very badly. . . . We insist upon these peasant women being clean, certainly; we provide them with linen, with well-cut dresses, with

very fine cloaks, and with ribbon ruches as wide as possible to wear on their heads, as all that is supposed to do credit to the house; but who troubles about the rest?

And yet we know at present what the rest means! . . . We cannot ignore the fact that the coarse pictures and the wrong ideas which are in the nurse's mind will pass into the mind of the nursling, will be imprinted on the virgin cells of its brain, and will leave their indestructible germs there.

Besides this, these peasant women have no refinement, no notion of decency and of physical cleanliness. They know nothing of the most elementary laws of health, of the value of time or even of any kind of discipline. They cannot even respect childhood. In the Champs Elysées, in the Tuileries Gardens, and everywhere else, they give objectionable exhibitions of themselves and of the children in their care, to the amazement and horror of foreigners. . . . They do not know how to eat properly, how to handle their knives and forks, and the children's meal with them is a sickening sight.

This is how it comes about that we see men in high social positions betray a lack of education at table that places them at once in a lower rank of society. A man who eats like a peasant may be superior to another who eats like a civilized being, but he will never be the equal of the latter.

The difference in early education separates individuals more than the difference in culture. . . . We may thank our nurses, with their primitive language and their unsterilized minds, for that vein of coarseness in us which amazes foreigners.

It had not impressed me as "coarse" especially, but amusing. To see a lot of grown-up men tuck napkins under their chins before commencing a meal is, to say the least, amusing.

Soon after dinner, we went out. Mr. Whatley said it was "beastly rot to sit around hotel salons and look at persons whom no one knows," so out we went. On the ground floor of our own hotel we found a very attractive café, the Café de la Paix, so we sat down here for a while.

There were numbers of small, round tables on the sidewalk, with chairs for two or three persons

at each table. I notice in Paris that more often than not there are three or four chairs at the tables instead of just two, as the French are a gregarious people and love to go out in groups, rather than by twos, as we do.

We were delighted to be out in the street, as it were, and to see the gay-looking, cheerful people at such close range. We each had a glass of foaming champagne for about twenty cents apiece, while Mr. Whatley ordered his dearly-beloved "whiskey-and-soda." One can buy champagne on draft in Paris, as we do beer in America.

We sat there for a long time, watching the ever-moving panorama: carriages by the hundreds, people by the hundreds moving along in the soft, purple evening light,—all just as I had read and dreamed of. Yes, there they were! All those people that had been written of for hundreds of years! I seemed to know them all. I dare say that the evening crowds of to-day do not look materially different from the crowds that walked along these streets two hundred years ago: a mere matter of change in style of dress, that is all.

After people finish dinner they come out to the cafés on the boulevards for a small coffee and a sweet of some kind. I am told that many families prepare no desserts at all for dinner, preferring instead to go to a boulevard café and have a pastry and a small coffee, which is just as cheap as to prepare them at home, and includes, besides, music and infinite amusement and entertainment. And what is

better in life than relaxation and amusement after a day's work? The French seem to understand this.

I saw many, many men (no women) drinking absinthe. It was served in a tall, slender goblet, a small portion of the green liqueur in the bottom. Over the top they laid a small silver fork, upon which they very carefully placed a cube of sugar. From time to time, they would then drop a few drops of iced-water, letting it trickle through, not drinking until all the sugar had been dissolved. Absinthe was among the things that I refused to investigate. I had read "Wormwood,"—that was enough for me!—and I feared to take any risk.

We sat there for a long time, seldom speaking. Mr. Whatley was happy and completely satisfied with his whiskey-and-soda, and we, Miss Whatley and I, intensely interested in what we saw, although the Whatleys had made many previous visits to Paris. As for me, I was in a new world. The hour was full of magic, and I seemed to be able to hit upon nothing more worthy the occasion than silence.

CHAPTER II

THE MOULIN ROUGE. OTHER DIVERSIONS

BY-AND-BY we hailed a passing carriage and started for the Moulin Rouge. We went through many, many streets, all brightly illuminated; rows of tall, dark houses stood side by side, all along the thoroughfares, built right up against each other,—no lawns, seldom any lights in the upper stories. They were much like the houses in Brussels: long, narrow, window-like doors opening on to the iron balconies that extended along their entire fronts. Many of them were very tall,—several stories above the streets,—and nearly all had steep Mansard roofs.

We came finally to the Boulevard Clichy, which fairly seethed with life: people coming and going, lights everywhere, and occasional bursts of lively music delighted our listening ears as some door would open along the street,—cafés of one kind or another, I suppose.

All kinds of flaring electric signs in gay combinations of colors could be seen all along the street. At last, we came to the "Red Mill" on the Place Blanche, which industriously proclaimed its location by flinging its great arms, outlined with red electric lights, over the wide entrance.

We went in. There were great crowds of people, men and women; there was a wide stairway,—there were waving palms in tubs or pots; there was a vaudeville show; there were refreshment parlors (I scarcely know what else to call them); there was dancing; there was a good-sized garden in the rear, with seats and graveled walks, and there were high buildings in the rear of the garden. There were beautiful women most wonderfully gowned,—exquisite sinners, if what I was told is true. They looked like duchesses, at the very least.

We took seats and looked on at the show, very few words of which did we understand. A lovely young woman, in wonderfully abbreviated, fluffy-ruffles clothing, came out and sang something with a chorus of "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!" and did tremendous things with her eyes, whereupon all the men laughed and looked in a pleased way at one another, and then applauded vociferously. Her dancing was not so much "dancing" as it was an exhibition of fancy steps and kicks.

We walked about, in the garden and through the various rooms and halls, watching the people, and seeing many curious little things that might have passed unnoticed in other surroundings.

In a large hall, or ball-room, later in the evening the floor was cleared, and eight young women took the center, and proceeded to perform. They had on very ordinary, dark-colored dresses and large black hats with waving plumes, and looked tame enough. But wait! In a moment the music struck

up a suggestive air, and they began. They turned, with a curtsey, and looked at each other, and then, very unexpectedly to me at least, they kicked,—oh, very, very high! And what a sudden revelation! Lingerie by the yard! Lace and ribbons,—pink and blue,—run through everything, and black silk stockings and high-heeled pointed-toe slippers capped the climax. They turned and faced the audience, then kicked; they turned again and faced each other, and then kicked, seemingly direct at each other's noses; they turned again to the audience, their eyes turned to the ceiling, as if seeking a convenient spot upon which to land their next endeavor, and kicked; they looked at the glowing chandeliers, aimed well, and then,—kicked; they kicked at everything in sight; they stuck their feet straight up into the air, with a final kick, and then?—Well! we had seen the wonderful professional dancers of the Moulin Rouge.

I did not care especially for that exhibition as there are other forms of dancing that seem more graceful, to my mind, but they all seemed to be in such a joyous and frolicsome mood, and to so thoroughly enjoy "kicking," that one could not fail to sympathize.

After a time Miss Whatley and I sat down, at one of the numerous tables behind the railing, for an ice and a few minutes' quiet, while Mr. Whatley announced that he would "just take a look around for a few minutes," and we saw him go,—our exquisitely dressed Englishman,—out into the crowd

that was promenading continually back and forth before us.

After a bit two young women came up to him, one on each side, each taking an arm, and they began talking and smiling, and casting roguish glances up into his dazed-looking eyes. He looked first at one, then at the other,—then he looked despairingly over to where we were sitting. I looked at my companion, she looked at me, then—Horrors! We both laughed. That dear man was always digging such deep pits for himself! He should have remained with us.

Those girls' eyes followed his, and they lighted on us, and saw our amusement at his predicament. Did they desist and beat a retreat? Not at all! They smiled and ogled him all the more, and held on still tighter to his black-coated arms. One naughty girl reached up and chucked him under his chin, and twittered and cooed. The perspiration stood out all over Mr. Whatley's forehead, and finally he broke loose and ran,—actually and positively ran!—to where we were seated, and stepped right over the railing, never stopping until he reached us and safety. I laughed; we all laughed. Those girls made a little *moue* at him and grinned at us, and went on as unconcerned as could be. He puffed and snorted, and catching his breath, finally ejaculated:

"The baggages! The baggages! Oh, I say, my dear! The abominable little baggages! Really!"

He stayed close by us during the remainder of

the evening. He never took another "look around."

In the ball-room waltzing was in progress (I didn't notice any other dance at all). The dancers went round and round, without reversing once, until it made me dizzy just to look at them. How do they manage to keep going for so long a time, without reversing? However, it never seemed to occur to them to do so.

We remained until midnight, and then,—we didn't go home. Oh, no! We went to what Mr. Whatley called a "very naughty" café. It was the Olympia or Olympic,—something like that. He said "nice" people did not go there, but that he wanted us to see it,—that when people left the Moulin Rouge they generally went there for the wind-up of the night's amusements. So we went too.

It was not far from our hotel, on one of the boulevards, but I do not know exactly where. It was down-stairs,—that is, we went down a number of steps from the street, and into a large, brightly lighted place. There were rows of small boxes, divided from one another by a wooden partition about four or five feet high, so that when standing, one could see over it into the next compartment.

In each was a well-appointed table and several chairs. Lighted electric lamps, shaded and subdued by pretty silk covers, were in the center of each table, and over all hovered the sound of music, produced by an orchestra stationed somewhere out of the range of our vision. I never knew just where that orchestra was stationed.

I saw nothing at all that could displease any one, or that seemed in any way different from any other well-appointed café,—at first.

Among other things, we ordered crayfish, which were served to us in startling style. There was a sort of pyramid in the middle of a large bowl-like dish, over which were sprawling the brilliant scarlet fish, a number lying in the dish around the pyramid, served with mayonnaise of just the correct shade of cream to set off the scarlet of the crayfish. Heavens! Was this "light" refreshment for three persons or for the Grand Army? However, when we began on them, they soon disappeared, for there was only a bite or two in each.

After an hour or so, I should say, several women,—beautifully dressed women,—left their compartments, and, evidently at the invitation of companions, began to dance. It was a curious dance, long steps and much swirling and swishing. They danced up one side and down the other, in the aisles between the long line of compartments. Every one stepped to the entrance of his own compartment, and looked on with approval and plaudits, each ejaculating to the other with raised eyebrows and twitching shoulders. Words did not seem to count for much,—it was the eyes and shoulders that did the work. The faster the music the faster they danced, and wound up the performance with voluminous sweeps and bows, then disappeared into their own compartments. Every one smiled and applauded. So did we! Always do as others do,

and you will always pass as one of themselves and escape any unwelcome notice.

At half-past four in the morning we returned to our hotel, tired and glad of the prospect of sleep. If anything very, very wicked had transpired, I did not understand or know it. The whole thing had impressed me as only a sort of honey-wafer affair,—nothing serious at all; and I had the further impression that there was, after all, something extremely amiable about these ungodly ones,—something gentle and pleasing.

CHAPTER III

THE MORGUE. PARISIAN "CABBIES." THE ARC DE
TRIOMPHE. THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

THE next morning Miss Whatley and I had breakfast in bed. What a joy! They brought to us a long, black-handled silver pot of hot coffee, with a strong mixture of chicory, another silver pot of hot milk (not cream), beautiful rolls, sweet butter, and a pot of honey. And it was all good,—very, very good!

It was quite late before we were ready to begin the day's enjoyments, and we found Mr. Whatley up and ready to pilot us around to see some more "life." O Mona Lisa! He took us to the Morgue!

We got into a carriage and started off with a flourish, the coachman cracking his whip as we went. These fellows keep up a constant cracking of their whips; it seems to afford them amusement.

We went to the Rue de Rivoli, and on down past the Tuileries Gardens filled with nursemaids, perambulators, and children; the Louvre; the Tour St. Jacques, to the Pont Neuf; past Notre Dame, and up to the Morgue,—a small, dark building at the back of the cathedral.

Many people were going in, and many were com-

ing out,—a constant stream. We went in also, and, for a minute, I felt faint; I wanted to run away. But after a second I collected myself and determined to look and see,—look straight at all I saw,—that was what I had come to Europe for. I do not like the thought of death at all, and to contemplate it in such heart-rending guise is not pleasing.

Behind a thick partition of glass, clean and transparent, were nine dead bodies,—all that remained of that many persons who had grown tired of the struggle and had forcibly terminated it. They were on slabs of marble, I think, slightly tipped at the upper ends so as to raise the head, thus enabling the onlookers to see the subjects plainly, and giving the place something of the appearance of an amphitheater.

The poor, dead things! One woman, with a dark brown dress hanging back of her, had the side of her face stove in,—had evidently knocked her head against some obstruction in the river, from which she had been taken, or—it might have happened in some more sinister way. Who knows?

There were several women, side by side, on their cold, damp slabs. Several men, too, were lying there, and a young boy with a blue shirt. Poor little boy! What had happened? One poor man lay there with his clothing in shreds, but nothing else to throw any light upon the mystery. What could have driven nine people to such desperate lengths in lovely, smiling Paris? If we only knew, it might perhaps fill volumes.

Many persons stood by us, all peering in,—perchance they were seeking some one? One man smiled as he stood looking in, and Mr. Whatley sniffed, and muttered: "Stoopid ahss!" We were seeking no one, Heaven be praised! but we felt depressed, and went away feeling sad about it all. One of our great poets has told us about it all in his own peculiar way:

First came the silent gazers; next
A screen of glass we're thankful for;
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,
The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
So killed themselves; and now enthroned,
Each on his copper couch, they lay
Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.
Poor men! God made, and all for that!
The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,
Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch: each had his berth,
His boards, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth
Some arch where twelve such slept abreast,—
Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.

It was a gloomy-looking place, and one who has once looked in upon its quiet, somber, secret-laden inhabitants, will not soon forget it. I rather think, however, that it is a questionable thing to allow such unrestricted entrance; it could not fail to be suggestive,—to the morbidly inclined, at least. But, as Mr. Whatley so often said:

"Once is enough, quite enough, my dears!"

He at once went out and procured a whiskey-and-

soda, and upon reaching the hotel gave the coachman such a generous fee that the man went whistling all the way down the boulevard, and cracked his whip until it sounded like a pistol. The *pourboire* was too much, perhaps, but the *cocher* was so happy that it was worth it just to hear him whistle. Mr. Whatley always seemed to enjoy what he called "a crack" with the coachmen.

The cabmen, many of them at least, wear white "stove-pipes" and very much faded blue suits, and all look a little sad and hungry. Some one has said it is "voraciousness" and not hunger, and I most sincerely hope it is.

The luncheon was a continuation of the dinner of the evening before,—just as elaborate,—and I honestly believe that I ate half of the things served. I refused very few dishes; I wanted to find out what they were and how they tasted. For one thing, we had parsnips cooked with celery and cheese. It was excellent, and I had never heard of that combination before. And we had soup with wine in it, and they served patés made of duck livers.

Along about four o'clock in the afternoon, we ordered a beautiful carriage (no *fiacre* this time), and went jingling down the Avenue des Champs Elysées for a drive;—past the Arc de Triomphe, into the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, to the Bois. I felt that I knew it at once, as I had read so much of it; and I must frankly admit that it looked extremely like its photographs. How beautiful! But in such a different way from the Bosch at The

Hague. It would be impossible to compare them, although both are so beautiful, but I loved the one at The Hague with a real affection.

The almost bewildering maze of highways and bypaths, crossing and re-crossing, meeting and diverging, seemingly without any special motive or design, were literally covered with a steady stream of moving vehicles of every kind and description. Beautifully dressed women leaned idly and negligently back in magnificent carriages, while the jingling of dangling chains, the *click-clack* of silver-studded harness, the *clap-clap*, of countless hoofs, and the whinnying of motors, made a musical accompaniment to the hum of human voices. The sound of so many thousands of horses' hoofs beating on the soft wood of the splendidly paved thoroughfares, falls on the ear in soft, hollow thuds that do not destroy but add to the music of the kindly noises. There are noises that come with a shock,—that give positive pain; but these boulevard noises are musical and tranquilizing; one begins straightway to think of pattering rain-drops.

There were hundreds of common *fiacres*; there were automobiles; there were motors; there were bloomer-clad girls on bicycles; there were magnificent equipages of every degree of elegance. The place was filled with the gayety of all nations, every one looking pleased, whether he were or not.

Nearly all the bicycle girls wore white lace ties and jabots, which struck me as rather a curious combination,—white lace ties and bloomers! But who

would think of questioning the taste of a French woman?

We drove for a long time, and came at last to a café away back in the woods, under the great trees,—the Café Cascade. Long lines of carriages drove up to the entrance, one after the other. The occupants of the vehicles would get out, and the coachman would drive on. Seats and tables were outside on the lawn, under the green of the shadowy trees. An orchestra, composed of men in scarlet coats and be-gilded caps, played on the lawn in front of the café.

We, too, took our places at a table not far away from the music, and ordered our afternoon tea,—the most cheerful, social function in the world. Where and how did the English discover it?

Such a bright, cheerful company of people! We listened to the music, drank tea, ate thin slices of buttered bread,—and observed our fellows.

Not far away was a real cascade,—water falling down over a lot of artificially-piled rocks, making a musical ripple on the quiet air. Glimpses of blue sky could be seen once in a while through the wav-ing, rustling branches of the clean, green trees, while the golden sunshine sent down long, shining rays on to the gay company below.

Many persons seemed to be acquainted with many other persons, and visited back and forth, first at one table, then another. The men seemed to be an affable lot, and smiled a great deal, doffing hats right and left.

We sat there for a long time, discussing the people, the gowns, the manners of those observed. There was one woman, in a most ravishing costume, who had shining golden hair that fairly glistened in the sun. She was a Russian. There were representatives from all nations, either sitting, or ambling about among the tables. It began to grow shadowy through the long vistas of trees.

Driving on at length with hundreds of others, we keenly enjoyed the deep silence to be felt among the rustling trees. Each place has its own atmosphere, which sometimes is felt much more than seen or understood.

There were shadowy stretches and splendid roads, and at one point we could catch glimpses of a perfect sea of red-tiled roofs across the river, with deep shadows between, which glowed rich and ruddy in the flood of sunbeams that was bathing it all in a mantle of gorgeous amber and mauve.

That wonderful Arc de Triomphe! In the streams of a sinking sun it was beautiful, and loomed over us like a colossus, all mellow and ivory-white.

I think hundreds of people were sitting in the chairs that so invitingly and hospitably line the boulevards. All along the highways and byways of the parks, and all along the boulevards, are thousands of chairs, which people do not hesitate to use, for they all seemed to be occupied. I saw an old lady going about from chair to chair, to collect her fee of a penny for a seat in an ordinary chair, and two pennies for an armchair. The seats of the chairs

round up in the middle, and to an observer, would perhaps not look especially inviting, for who wants to sit on a barrel? But wait! When you sit down, the seat falls, and lo! we have a comfortable "cobbler" seat!

It is not surprising to me that so much has been said of this beautiful Bois de Boulogne. After passing the Arc de Triomphe, one has an unbroken view down the Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, and the long, long stream of carriages going down one side and coming up the other, between the borders of swaying, rustling green trees, is an entrancing vision to one who is fond of the spectacle of human life and activity. It stimulates the imagination to a wonderful extent to look on at the passing show.

In the middle of the street is a raised platform, where one can seek safety in crossing the crowded thoroughfares. An alert and exceedingly courteous officer stands on guard, and, every once in so often, stops traffic by a mere lift of his hand, to permit pedestrians to cross. He is the guardian angel of many who might otherwise be injured. Let us lift our hats to the Paris traffic squad! They deserve it.

Pedestrians in Paris must look to their safety, for, I am told, if a person should get run over, or injured in any way, he must not only do the physical suffering, but also pay the bill. He simply must not get in the way,—he simply must not be so stupid as to allow himself to get hurt. Now, that is an idea! Imagine being run over and injured, and then

being arrested for it, and being made to pay a fine! But I suppose there is not much excuse for it, with such fine traffic officers at all the busy crossings.

We certainly had some wonderful dishes served at dinner! I never could guess half of them from their names,—some very simple dishes are known by soul-disturbing appellations and a faint scent of garlic. Mr. Whatley says the French put garlic into everything except ice-cream. He has no use whatever for a Frenchman.

CHAPTER IV

PARIS BY MOONLIGHT. A STUDENTS' CAFÉ

AFTER loitering about the great parlors for a while after dinner we went and put on our street dresses, and set out again. It was moonlight! The great Opera House was bathed in a silvery flood, but,—we did not go in. We were looking about for a seat on the boulevard again, where we might sit and indulge our fancy for watching the crowds. What is more intensely interesting than the subtle life of a great city's teeming streets,—its surging throngs of men and women; its jostling of tragedy and comedy; its never-ending parade of fairly obvious apparitions? Here is food for thought and speculation that is practically inexhaustible, and we were eagerly searching for it.

Later on, we walked, and walked, and walked,—it seemed to me for miles. Then we came to a café all bright with lights,—the Taverne du Panthéon, and right at the head of the street was the beautiful Panthéon, its great gilded dome all covered with the magic white of the moonlight. It looked like some wonderful Oriental dream. How the moonlight changes all things for us!

This café is in the very heart of the Latin Quar-

ter, and things here were all quite different from the things we had seen at the Café de la Paix. We had entered a different atmosphere, a different world. Here we felt the difference between monied Paris and student Paris.

The great, tall houses all about seemed dark and massive in the night shadows and moonlight, and there was a big pond of water in the middle of the street,—I suppose I should say “fountain,” but it was so big that it was more like a pond with an iron fence around it.

The sidewalk under the awnings was covered with large (not small, like those on the other side of the town) white-covered tables, and good-humored waiters stood about in long white aprons. They were just as polite and attentive as those exemplary fellows in Brussels, and brought our coffee to us with a smile. They bring coffee in a polished metal pot with an extremely long handle at one side instead of in the back, and, at the same time, bring a pot of boiling hot milk in another pot of the same sort,—one in each hand. They pour out first the milk, then the coffee, holding the pot up at a great height, so that the coffee foams as it falls into the cup. It must require a lot of practice to perfect the trick.

They serve a drink consisting of a little currant or raspberry juice and charged water. The juice is placed in a tall, slender goblet, and a syphon served with it; and no matter what is served, they bring it to you with the glass set in a thick china saucer

with the price marked on the bottom, so that one can readily gauge the sobriety of his neighbors by the size of the stack of saucers at his side.

This is evidently a café which is largely patronized by students. I saw several men with dark-green velvet coats on, the collars fastened up close around the throat, and wearing most amazing curled-up mustaches. At another table, talking and gesticulating, were several woolly-haired geniuses drinking absinthe, and perhaps working up inspiration. There were many young women here, too,—all eating regular meals, not taking drinks, or just coffee. How jolly to be able to sit out in the cool, sweet evening air to eat!

Hundreds of lights gleamed in long shining lines down the streets; lights by the dozens, too, gleaming from cabs, carriages, and great, rumbling 'buses. On one street were steam trams, with a second story built on to them,—two cars hitched together; and, as soon as I saw them, I at once suggested that we return by this means.

Just over the way was an entrance to the Luxembourg Gardens, which lay, dark and inscrutable, just beyond the vision of the eye, the moonlight pouring down upon them, suggesting things picturesque and fanciful, and one cannot help wondering—But we will wait for a to-morrow to investigate them. There is plenty of time, and mere rapidity of movement is not everything; in fact, is not always to be desired.

When ready to return, we mounted to the second story of a steam tram. It beats a carriage all to

pieces! Glorious! We could look from our eerie down upon the crowded thoroughfares,—lights in every direction; carriages with different colored lights at the sides; street lamps, automobile lamps searching the roadways with great glaring eyes of fire, and away off, through the silvery, moonlit space, we could see the mysterious outlines of Notre Dame, its two towers and its flèche over the intersection of nave, choir, and transepts, all covered with the white of the moonlight; the great flying buttresses looking gray and spectral, like so many great curved arms reaching up; the trees at the back, like so many great black sentinels standing guard. And as I looked at it, looming so big and ghostly there in the star-studded moonlight, I remembered all the weird and uncanny stories I had read and heard, and in defiance of common sense and reason, I kept thinking of them all.

On the river were many barges and steamers; some, silent and sleeping at their moorings in the shadows of walls; others, steamers or bateaux, brightly lighted, tooting and chugging along over the silver-streaked water all-ruffled, casting long, wrinkled reflections of the many colored lights. Lights on the bridges, too! Bridge after bridge flung across the wide river, each with its quota of brilliance doubled and multiplied in the reflections given back from the wriggling waters below.

Away off in the distance, we could see dimly the Eiffel Tower silhouetted against the deep blue of the starlit heavens, its great searchlight on the top

of the tower throwing a long shining path of white light across the city, as the moon gradually traveled to the other side of the world.

When we again reached our own hotel, we were not too tired to stop at the Café de la Paix long enough to have some more refreshment, and take a good-night look at the passing throngs.

CHAPTER V

MEMORIES OF NAPOLEON. HOTEL DES INVALIDES

EACH place has its own gods, and we cannot escape them. No matter where one turns, the particular gods of a place are confronted and must be taken into account,—even occasional sacrifices are exacted. It probably would not be possible to go to Paris and not give some thought to Napoleon Bonaparte. One sees something to bring him to the foreground on every hand, just as one always meets Charles V in the Netherlands. Well, grace to the dead!

Mr. Whatley wanted to visit the tomb of the great Corsican the first thing the next morning. It would be difficult, to my mind, to imagine a more fitting spot for the final resting-place of the man of war than in the midst of all this paraphernalia of war.

Here he was brought in ¹⁸⁴⁰ 1861, with great pomp and show, and laid to rest, where, to quote Madame de Rémusat:

All who revere his glory, his genius, his greatness, and his misfortunes, can come to muse above his grave.

I thought of how many years ago it had been since the news came from St. Helena that Napoleon

Bonaparte was dead, and then I thought of his splendid ride that cold day from Courbevoie to the Invalides. After the arrival of the *Belle Poule* at Havre, the body was placed upon a flat-bottomed barge and towed up the Seine to Courbevoie, a small village about two miles out from Paris. When all had been placed in readiness, the funeral cortege formed and started with the body to Paris. One author says:

"Between each gilded lamp-post, with its double burners, and beneath long rows of leafless trees, were colossal plaster statues of Victory, alternating with colossal vases burning incense by day, and inflammable materials for illumination by night.

"The spectators began to assemble before dawn. All along the route scaffoldings had been erected, containing rows upon rows of seats. All the trees, bare and leafless at that season, were filled with freezing gamins. All the wide pavements were occupied. Before long, rows of National Guards fringed the whole avenue. They were to fall in behind the procession as it passed, and accompany it to the Invalides.

"The coffin, having been landed, was placed upon a catafalque, the cannon gave the signal to march, and the procession started. The public was given to understand that in a sort of funeral casket blazing with gold and purple, on the top of the catafalque twenty feet from the ground, was enclosed the coffin of the Emperor; but it was not so. The sailors of the *Belle Poule* protested that the cata-

falque was too frail, and the height too great. They dared not, they said, attempt to get the lead-lined coffin up to the place assigned for it, still less to try to get it 'down again. It was consequently deposited, for fear of accident, on a low platform beneath the wheels.

"First came the gendarmes, or mounted police, with glittering breastplates, waving horse-hair crests, fine horses, and a band of trumpeters; then the mounted Garde Municipale; then Lancers; then the Lieutenant-General commanding the National Guard of Paris, surrounded by his staff, and all officers, of whatever grade, then on leave in the capital. These were followed by Infantry, Cavalry, Sappers and Miners, Lancers, and Cuirassiers, Staff-officers, etc., with bands and banners.

"Then came a carriage containing the Chaplin who had had charge of the body from the time it left St. Helena, following whom were a crowd of military and naval officers. Next appeared a led charger, son of a stallion ridden by Napoleon; and soon after came a bevy of the Marshals of France. Then all the banners of the eighty-six Departments, and at last, the funeral catafalque. As it passed under the Arc de Triomphe, erected by Napoleon in commemoration of his victories, there were hundreds in the crowd who expected to see the Emperor come to life again. Strange to say, the universal cry was: 'Vive l'empereur!' One heard nowhere: 'Vive le roi!'

"The funeral car was hung with purple gauze

embroidered with golden bees. As I said, the coffin of the Emperor was supposed to rest upon a gilded buckler supported by four golden caryatides; but it was, as the sailors would have said, 'stowed safely in the hold.'

"The catafalque was hung all over with wreaths, emblems, and banners. It had solid gilded wheels, and was drawn by eight horses covered with green velvet, embroidered with gold bees; each horse was led by a groom in the Bonaparte livery. At the four corners of the car, holding the tassels of the pall, rode two marshals, an admiral, and General Bertrand, who had shared the captivity of the Emperor.

"Around the catafalque marched the five hundred sailors of the *Belle Poule* . . . Then came all the Emperor's aides-de-camp who were still living, and all the aged veterans in Paris who had served under him. This was the most touching feature of the procession. Many tears were shed by the spectators, and a thrill ran through the hearts of eight hundred thousand people as the catafalque creaked onward, passing under the arch which celebrated Napoleon's triumphs, and beneath which at other times no carriage was allowed to pass. But enthusiasm rose to the highest point at the sight of the veterans in every kind of faded uniform,—Grenadiers of the Guard, Chasseurs, Dragoons of the Empress, Red Lancers, Mamelukes, Poles, and, above all, the Old Guard. 'Vive la Vielle Garde!'

shouted the multitude; 'Vive les Polonais! Vive l'empereur!'

"The procession passed through the Place de la Concorde, beneath the shadow of the obelisk of Luxor, which of old had looked on triumphs and funeral processions in Egypt; then it crossed the Seine. On the bridge were eight colossal statues, representing Prudence, Strength, Justice, War, Agriculture, Art, Commerce, and Eloquence. . . .

"On the steps of the Chamber of Deputies was a colossal statue of Immortality, designed for the top of the Panthéon, but pressed into service on this occasion, holding forth a gilded crown as if about to place it on the coffin of the Emperor.

"At the gate of the Invalides was another genuine statue—Napoleon in his imperial robes was holding forth the cordon of the Legion of Honor. . . .

"The coffin was borne by sailors into the Chapelle Ardente at the Invalides. 'Sire,' said Prince de Joinville to his father, 'I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.' 'I receive it in the name of France,' replied the King. Then Marshal Soult put the Emperor's sword into the King's hand. 'General Bertrand,' said the King, 'I charge you to lay it on the coffin of the Emperor. General Gourgaud, place the Emperor's hat also on the coffin.' "

And here he lies, sleeping where he wanted to rest,—on the banks of the river he loved.

What a strange arrangement for a tomb! But, as Mr. Hammerton says:

The arrangement does not interfere in the slightest degree with the architecture of the edifice, which would have been half hidden by a colossal tomb on its own floor; whilst we have only to look over the parapet to be impressed with the grandeur and the poetic suitableness of the plan. With our customs of burial, we are all in the habit of looking down into a grave before it is filled up, and the impressiveness of Napoleon's tomb is greatly enhanced by our downward gaze. We feel that, notwithstanding all this magnificence, we are still looking down into a grave,—a large grave with a sarcophagus in it instead of a coffin, but a grave, nevertheless.

If it is possible for the Emperor to contemplate it now, it must bring to him some satisfaction, or, perhaps, some regret.

The Hôtel des Invalides was intended to be what would correspond to our "Old Soldiers' Homes," and here Napoleon was laid at rest, protected by some of the old soldiers and guns and cannons of almost every known kind and make.

I might try to understand something about the military collections here, but I am confronted by a catalogue in five volumes. Imagine a catalogue running through five volumes! No matter,—guns all look alike to me. Mr. Whatley was delighted with all that array of murderous implements,—said they were splendid. Remembering what he had said of the collections in the Ryks Museum, I asked him if he thought this collection was genuine, and he answered:

"Yes! Every blooming gun!"

It is strange that men of peace will contemplate the implements of war with such satisfaction; yet they nearly always do.

In passing through so many rooms filled with

flags and banners from all nations, guns, cannon, armor, and such things, I must confess that that feeling of being on hallowed ground that comes over a person when treading historical places was entirely lacking. I could only feel that I was in the midst of war gods; the sense of death was not present.

But after a while we entered into the great domed room wherein lies all that remains of *the man*. There is a hole dug into the ground of about the same dimensions as the magnificent dome high overhead, and directly covering it, which has been lined with polished granite of a grayish color. In the center of the granite-lined opening, has been placed the sarcophagus,—an immense thing made of shining brownish porphyry. The floor of the great open crypt is paved with mosaic, upon which are to be read the names of his most famous battles, all laid in the mosaic, and twelve huge statues of marble stand guard around the crypt at equal distances from one another, their eyes fixed upon the sarcophagus, as if in pained surprise at his long silence.

It is all extremely austere, and it was not until that moment, as we stood at the edge of the well-like crypt and looked down upon the lonely-looking, solitary sarcophagus, did we feel that we were on ground sacred to the dead. Perhaps the strange, solemn blue light which shed its phantasmal rays over the place had something to do with our transformed feelings. Huge windows, filled with blue glass, are in the sides of the edifice, through which

the sun can pour down its flood of light only in long blue beams. I wonder why blue? It is so chilly. Light has so much to do with the thickness of the wall that separates us from the things just beyond,—just out of our physical vision; so much to do with our sympathies and our ability to respond to those impacts that we receive from some unseen source, once in a while, when standing in the midst of such surroundings.

Perhaps the music, coming softly and sweetly from the adjoining church, helped. However, it was very beautiful,—in a solemn way,—and I noticed that my companion had not once placed his hat upon his head, as he did in the cathedral at Brussels.

Greatness generally spells “loneliness,” but, nearby, is placed the heart of his second wife. Josephine is not there.

Upon our exit into the glorious sunshine, we ran straight into a wedding party just leaving the church; the pretty bride, all in white, a long veil trailing behind her, leaned on the arm of her newly-made husband, her face bright and smiling. We gave her our best wishes, and hope that she will always be just as happy as she looked that morning as she stood in the long porch behind the row of Doric columns. People gathered about her, many kissing her, and then the whole party swept down the walk, entered the waiting carriages, and drove away. Where? Who knows? Some man standing by said that she was the daughter of a military officer, but

I do not know who she was. The marriage sacrament was evidently the reason for the music we had heard in the tomb, for which we were grateful, as it had dispersed the hard, warlike atmosphere in which we had found ourselves at first enveloped, and had helped to bring about the more gentle and sacred feeling that made it possible for us to appreciate, in some degree, the magnificence before us.

One thing that particularly interested me, was the death-mask of Napoleon. I suppose it is a true one? Then, really, he must have looked quite different in life, when his eyes were open, because I cannot see much resemblance between his death-mask and the faces painted on so many canvases. Perhaps both are accurate; but the living face was different.

Here is also the great funeral car that was used to carry his ashes at St. Helena. His gods are all about him, but the whole place is softened and sweetened by the occasional music from the splendid organ so near him.

My head whirls in trying to follow directions. The streets wind, and slant, and zigzag, and just when one thinks he has a clew to the puzzle, *piff!* the name changes, and you are on another street; at least, another name is written, although, to me, it looks like one street. On one side of a crossing you are on a certain street; but the minute you cross over, you are on another street.

All around the Hôtel des Invalides, in side streets running in about twenty-nine directions, are such lovely old houses, with high iron fences protecting

them, and beautiful gardens at the sides. In many windows were boxes of blooming flowers,—geraniums generally,—which gave such a homelike, comfortable appearance to the grayish stone houses.

We just prowled around,—up one street, and down another,—for a long time, looking at everything generally and at nothing in particular. Paris is an old, old city, but the usual marks of age are nearly all lacking.

When we met people they looked at us in a friendly way, I imagined, and as if they would speak at the toss of a hat. Perhaps it was all imagination, but they looked like very friendly people.

CHAPTER VI

A TRIP TO SURESNES. SOUVENIRS OF VOLTAIRE. TABLE MANNERS

IN the afternoon, Mr. Whatley said:

"Let the art galleries go hang!"

And so we went to a lovely little place just outside of town, on the Seine, named Suresnes. We went by a steamer, which we took at the Tuileries. The "landing" is a small building moored in the river, and gives and sways with the motion of the water; it would not take much to make some persons seasick there.

After a bit, along came the steamer, tooting and careening; the gateway was opened, and we all boarded. Wooden settees followed the line of the railing, while a number were placed in the center of the deck. Every one crowded as close to the railing as possible; so did we.

These little steamers travel fast.

When one is on it the river looks different from what it does when looking at it from the banks, and, too, one can see under the bridges. How big they seem from below!

The conductor came and took our tickets and gave us in return a small metal piece, which was

given up at the end of our journey. That, I presume, is to show who has paid; if one should lose it he must pay over again; and if any one has stolen a ride he will be caught when he tries to get through the gate without his little round metal piece.

The river is lovely,—so many islands! Some of them quite large, and some are only green specks dotting the water. On one side, at a certain point, were magnificent woods,—great trees grew thick right down to the water's edge, and over all, a blue sky, flecked with tiny white clouds. We had occasional glimpses of white-walled houses, potted chimneys, and red corrugated roofs showing themselves between the waving branches of fine old trees; and the flash of sunbeams on some sandy-looking, white road, which disappeared behind some slight elevation, made us wonder where it led to. But, we never knew. It would not be an exaggeration for me to say it was a most charming trip, every inch of the way being filled with interesting sights certainly to one looking upon them for the first time. It sounds banal, I know, but they were not strange to me; I felt that I had seen it all before, at some time, in some far distant past; however, I suppose I should render thanks to the kodak and magazines.

When we reached Suresnes, we climbed the embankment at once and went to a café with a terrace across the front, which we had observed from the deck of the steamer, and whence we could look down upon the river. On the terrace were tables set out in their snowy damask cloths, and there were a lot

of people there, all doing as were we: having afternoon tea, or coffee, and looking across the river at the picnickers having luncheon on the grass.

Carriages and automobiles fairly rattled by, dashing over a bridge from the Bois, and then on down the white, winding roadway, where they were soon lost to view. There were hundreds of them. We all enjoyed watching the carriages more, because of the extremely attractive gowns of the women (automobile travelers are never so beautifully garbed). People did not seem to care so much for conversation as they did to sit quietly, looking, generally, across the river, or at the passing show; it was only occasionally that human voices disturbed the peace of the late afternoon atmosphere.

We sat there for a long time, doing nothing, saying little,—just idly watching the people, the ever-changing reflections on the river, and two persons who sat on the extreme end of the terrace and seemed to be speaking in whispers; they might have been speaking in low tones, but it looked as if they were whispering. What is more tantalizing than whispering? One straightway wants to know all about something that might, otherwise, not have interested him, and it causes one to indulge in all kinds of reflections that lead nowhere in particular.

As the evening came on, and the sun gradually traveled to the other side of the world, the woods across the river took on all kinds of somber shades, the trees casting their long dark reproductions on the water below.

Soon a little steamer came along, and we once more secured our places at the front end, where our vision would be unbroken. The view seemed different: the setting sun, streaming over the river and the houses and the somber trees along the banks, turned everything to a gorgeous amber and purple, while on the other side of the river the windows glimmered like burnished gold and copper, the Eiffel Tower, giant-like, overlooking all.

How charming it is to be able to get out of the city so easily,—out into the cool, green, quiet country! And to be able always to find something good to eat when one gets there! All at the cost of a few pennies. It costs only four pennies by steamer to Suresnes!

People here do such strange things with impunity. I do not believe people ever laugh at each other, and that of itself is extremely agreeable. It eases the tension to such an extent that one may go smiling on his way, with a chance to be at his best, and do all kinds of things without the fear of being laughed at. I really believe that in Paris a man might wear a straw hat, and a woman a linen dress in November, without creating any perceptible commotion. No one seems to pay the least attention to passing strangers. This may, or may not, be the fact. This is only as it seems to me.

Mr. Whatley proposed a restaurant dinner that evening instead of our usual one at the hotel. He took us to a café very close to the Odéon,—a fine, ancient-looking theater on the other side of the

Seine,—known as the Café Voltaire now, but which, in that great man's time, was the Procope. I had often read of it, and was pleased at this opportunity to go and visit it, and to eat a dinner in a place, which is said to have been so pleasing to one so famous. It is said that Voltaire used often to go to the Procope for his coffee and to exchange *badi-nage* with the wits and clever ones of his time.

There is a table, oblong, with four lean, emaciated legs, which is still preserved as the one at which he generally sat. Here is also his chair, standing alone in solitary state. Ah, well! even if it were not really his chair, this is a nice thing to do in memory of the famous man anyway. Let us all bow to it, and,—sit in some other chair.

It is also said that Napoleon often went to the Procope, as well as did dozens of others well known to fame,—even the Revolutionary despots. One needs to read a little of Voltaire, muse for a while above Napoleon's tomb, read a little of the horrors of that horrible revolution, so as to get into the spirit, and then come here and sit a while,—long enough to entice them all back into their old places, and then contemplate them. They are all here, but all may not see them.

The place is a quiet one, with a certain picturesque, though beginning to show some signs of age. It is furnished plainly, in good taste, and has a comfortable, homelike air about it,—just the sort of a place that a man like Voltaire might patronize.

We had an excellent dinner, including wine and

black coffee, for, I think, about a dollar each. There was no music, but a great deal of talking,—all the men with their napkins tucked under their chins and their mouths filled with food. Eating does not seem to interfere with conversation in any way, nor did the men lay down their forks or knives when making gestures, and I felt that a wonderful feat had been performed when I discovered that not one of them had been wounded. Here, to point a knife straight into another's face (or even a fork, or a soup spoon) is nothing at all. I wondered aloud if Voltaire, the man of form, and of elegance, also wore a napkin for a bib when eating at his "special" table here, and Mr. Whatley returned:

"My word! Of course he did! A Frenchman never changes!"

Our prejudices are amusing when not tiresome, and I must say that I never grew tired of the Englishman's prejudices, because they were amusing to me as an American. However, I discovered that I had to overcome my strong objection to men tucking napkins under their chins. Why not, if they want to? Perhaps they are correct, and I am all wrong.

However, no matter how a Frenchman eats his food, one must acknowledge that he displays rare taste in its selection, and this fact is in all probability more worthy of attention than the mere matter of deportment. It is said that perhaps one reason for the grace and elegance of the French people is the taste they display in the selection of their food;

coarse and depraved food will never produce a fine type of humanity,—to the contrary, I believe that it is conceded that the more refined the food, the more civilized the people.

After our excellent dinner, we sat there for a long time. Nobody asked us if we desired anything else, nor did the waiters brush our table, or do any other of the nerve-racking things that indicate to patrons that it is time to “move on.” No, we were not disturbed nor molested in any way, and I believe we might have stayed until closing time without any further attention being paid to us. Ah, such things are a joy!

Then we went out,—went out just to saunter about in the moonlight again. I believe the English never tire of walking; my companions seemed able to walk for miles without ever getting fatigued.

Moonlight in the heart of Paris is not like moonlight in Antwerp. Here, where the streets are as brilliant as day, it is not so shadowy and mysterious. Still, the silvery moonlight falling down upon the crimson and yellow of the street-lights makes a strange, beautiful combination, like some great, wonderful Arabian Night’s vision gradually unfolding to our view. The streets and boulevards were well filled, but not crowded, and all moved on without any jostle or unkindly noises. People do not seem to do a great deal of talking,—are not noisy in their intercourse with one another,—the noise seems to be rather, a sort of rumble and subdued roar that comes from the tramp of thousands of horses’ hoofs

and turning of wheels on the soft, wooden streets,—a different sound from that made by the human voice.

We walked on and on, over on the quiet side of the city, into more and more quiet quarters, meeting fewer and fewer people. The moonlight was glorious, throwing a silvery radiance over tall, old houses, which leaned against each other in friendly communion, along various small, quiet streets; tracing quaint and curious patterns over the walls and many-windowed Mansard roofs,—casting strange, elongated outlines over the narrow stone pavements outlined by their borders of black, rustling trees.

What wonderful dreamlike things one can see in the moonlight! Things that cannot be seen in the daylight,—things that by daylight would be too commonplace and prosaic to contemplate. Even the chimneys are transformed,—thousands and thousands of curious pipes of chimneys stick up from the high old roofs into the blue sky; some of them with curious hoodlike tops, giving to them the appearance of a lot of tall, lean, garrulous old women, with craned necks, standing on the roofs gazing at each other,—probably sticking out their tongues, and quarreling. Of course, on a moonlight night, one naturally expects to see such sights, and to let the imagination run riot,—that is what the moonlight is for. The nocturnal habit should by all means be cultivated; one sees such strange sights, while out of the night silence come such strange sounds,—

sounds whose meaning could not be explained any more than could one tell whence they come.

At last we reached the river,—the river all bathed in the white rays of the moon, the twin towers of the Trocadéro dimly outlined far off in the silvery distance against the indigo, starlit sky.

There were strange outlines everywhere along the river that would never be noticed in daylight, but, sad to say, we heard no chimes. One's mind constantly reverts to those beautiful Netherland chimes.

There are beautiful chimes on Sainte Clotilde's, but we were perhaps too far away to hear them. That is one of the sad things of a great city,—one gets too far away from the chimes.

A great double-decked tram crossed over the bridge near by, with an uproar, all alight, like some fiery monster looking for prey.

The quiet night walks are far more interesting and enjoyable to our little party than are the brilliant cafés, but one must see them,—we must see what all the rest of the world has seen.

The next day we concluded to find amusement for ourselves by riding about for a while on the top of an omnibus. Ah, the 'buses! What an enormous amount of amusement and real pleasure one can buy for two or three pennies! Looking down the boulevards from the top of a 'bus, the swarms of people always on the move, seem unending. They pour in from all the cross streets and side streets,—people, trams, omnibuses, carriages, cabs, delivery carts, and wagons piled high with merchandise,—every-

thing that can possibly move on wheels or legs. And they never seem to stop anywhere, always moving on and on, a long black stream up one side of the thoroughfare and down the other. On the Boulevard Saint Denis this traveling stream looks like a huge serpent, as the street is up and down, and down and up, with never a break in it.

CHAPTER VII

THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. FREE AMUSEMENTS. WORKMEN

ONE Friday afternoon we went to the Luxembourg Gardens to hear the Military Band,—a company of splendid looking men. We went early, in order to obtain chairs close to the bandstand, as we wanted to see and hear everything. How magnificent military music is out in the open air! Everybody was there,—old people and young people, and,—heavens!—babies by the dozen! All were there, and all applauded at every rendition, no matter what it was.

After the concert was over and the bandstand deserted, we went and purchased waffles, fresh and sizzling, from a small stove in the rear of a waffle booth not far away, and ate a disgraceful quantity. Music and waffles in the Luxembourg Gardens,—heavens! And then, the inner man satisfied, we just wandered about this enchanted garden of the Old World, where so many things speak loudly of that wonderful, terrible, de Medici woman, Marie. She it was who built the first Luxembourg Palace, after the death of Henry IV. 'Tis said that nothing remains of it now, but it was here, at any rate, and that is

foundation sufficient for the imagination to work from. She retained the original name of the place, which was called after the owner, the Duke de Piney-Luxembourg, and as such it is still known, and as such we will enjoy its beauty.

There were cool, shady walks under the great, rustling green trees, with an infinite supply of chairs placed hospitably under their cooling shade; there were statues, flowers, and fountains—the lovely Fountain de Medici, standing at the end of a little toy canal of clear, green water. It is like a high wall, or the façade of some fanciful building, covered with statues and sculptures, and the water flowing out from a sort of fount in the center. Vines grow along the little embankment, flower urns of graceful shape are placed along the sides at regular intervals, and from overhead, long green shadows are flung on to the quiet, somber water.

We stood there for a long time, thinking of many things, and especially of these de Medici women. They seem to pervade everything: they are not dead at all.

It is great amusement just to wander about and watch the people,—certainly it is to strangers in a strange land. One of the things that especially impresses me is the seeming ability of the French people to enjoy the small things of life, to grasp the little diversions and amusements as they present themselves, and not wait for something big to come along,—something that costs a lot of money. They will laugh at a joke (or, as Mr. Whatley says, “a

crack”), that we might turn up our noses at; and they do not stop at one laugh, either, but recur to it time and time again, their amusement not in the least abated. The antics of a child will give them the keenest of pleasure; even grown-up men and women will watch a Punch and Judy show for hours; a picnic in the country, a penny ride on the river, gazing in at the shop windows,—from all these little things they seem to obtain so much pleasure; and they cost so little. I must admit, however, that we enjoyed the Punch and Judy shows as much as they did, and each time that the villainous Punch rapped poor old Judy over the head with his club, Mr. Whatley roared, and ejaculated:

“Oh! I say, girls!”

And everybody around us laughed at him as much as at Punch and Judy. A laugh is very contagious.

Paris is filled with amusements that cost no money, or at least very little. Even the penny chair on the boulevard is a pleasure.

Many persons seem to find pleasure and entertainment in wandering among the bookstalls along the river embankments. That pleasure doesn’t cost anything either. They were all there,—all those people of whom I had read in the story-books; even a couple of clean-shaven, kindly-faced priests, in their long black soutanes and low, round hats of shining black plush or beaver. You will see all kinds of people,—“all sorts and conditions of men,”—standing about piles of books, old and new, looking at this one, and at that one; turning page after page,

reading a little here and a little there,—not always buying, however.

We, too, went and delved among the books for a while one bright sunny morning, just to see what had proved so interesting to others. Heavens! "Cæsar's Commentaries!" "La Dame aux Camélias,"—illustrated! Here was poor Camille dying in a curious-looking bed with a high headboard made of cane, like a chair-seat. Over there, among a high pile of old books, was a medium-sized book bound in green, called "L'Histoire de la Tour de Nesle," which I wanted to read because the binding was green; here was a yellow-backed book called "Crimes des Papes," and I wanted so much to find out what their crimes had been; here was a scarlet-backed book of dreams, or rather, a key to dreams, called "Clef des Sognes," and dozens and dozens of others whose titles conveyed no meaning to my mind: an unknown world lay before me. Here was a huge book on engineering; nothing in that that I could understand, except a picture of the Brooklyn Bridge; but there are so many things of which I know nothing that a few things more or less make no difference.

On some streets there are booths for the sale of toys, and the children crowd about, buying little toys and packages of things all done up in tinfoil paper. I do not wonder that the children are curious and want to buy, because I, a grown-up, could not resist the desire to see what was concealed in those mysterious, silvery packages. Of course, we bought some

of them,—chocolates, little cakes with pink sugar over the tops, and nougat were generally the mysteries revealed. It became a habit after a time, so that I could scarcely pass a booth without purchasing a wee package or a gingerbread man.

Over the doors of half the public buildings and places one sees the legend, which might mean so much, but perhaps means so little, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." One closes one eye and looks at it sideways, but it adds to the things of interest to be seen for nothing.

Another thing that amuses me, is the "Entrée libre" over the shop doors. Free entrance! Well, I should think so, inasmuch as it by no means signifies a free exit, so far as the purse is concerned.

There is so much on the streets of Paris to interest and amuse the stranger. The laundry girls, for instance. Their hair is always freshly brushed and artistically "done up," and with huge wicker baskets of clothes on their arms, they go along in their clean cotton dresses and white aprons, their hatless heads shining in the sunlight.

There are also the bareheaded millinery girls, immaculate, with huge hat boxes hanging on their arms, which they handle with an infinite grace.

I was always interested in watching the soldiers; with their sloppy trousers and lagging gait. They look more like Turks than Frenchmen, with their queer "get-up."

There are the great work horses, sometimes three in a row, with tinkling bells on their collars, always

drawing great loads. These are horses from Normandy.

In our walks we constantly met companies of young girls,—pupils at the Lycées or convents,—walking sedately along, two by two, dressed in plain black, stuff dresses and small, round black hats, very much like the priests' hats, a lady principal walking at the head of the procession, and an assistant at the rear. I am told that all schoolgirls are required to dress in this way. What a truly excellent plan! It does away with all the heartache and misery: one is dressed no better than the other; rich or poor, there's no distinction. As French women regard ragged or worn clothes as almost a crime, this is excellent for that reason.

Then, too, the workmen give a touch of color to the busy streets; they generally wear "Mother Hubbard" blouses, made of bright blue, over their other clothes. At first I laughed at these funny-looking men, dressed in their blue blouses, but later on, it seemed to me a very cleanly habit, saving, as it does, their woolen coats.

And the shop windows! Miles of them! Cheap junk, cheap jewelry in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, cheap things of all sorts! Then there are the first-class stores, where one may buy anything under heaven. I notice, however, that when articles of jewelry (as well as other things) are imitation, a sign to that effect is placed upon the article. I am told that it is against the law for a shopkeeper to

sell an article as genuine when it is an imitation, and that Inspectors make the rounds daily to see that the law is enforced. Excellent! Let us buy diamonds!

CHAPTER VIII

THE VENUS OF MILO. THE LOUVRE

ON the morning that we succeeded in our efforts to get Mr. Whatley to accompany us to the Louvre to see the object of so many dreams,—the Venus de Milo,—he started off with:

“My word! Oh, I say, my dear! What rot! What blooming rot!”

But he never drew back after having once started out on the expedition. How he did detest art galleries and museums!

We found her, away off at the end of a long row of sculpture, looking rather lonely in her ivorylike whiteness. She looked exactly like all of her photographs and reproductions, and I was trying to think of something to say that would be worthy the occasion, when Mr. Whatley said:

“Oh, I say, my dear! This is really too much! The old girl doesn’t grow a day older,—she looked just the same, exactly, ten years ago! Bah! I have a sort of uncanny feeling for a thing that doesn’t show any of the marks of time! A glance is enough, quite enough,—it is only an ordinary woman of unknown antecedents, with scant clothing on! A glance is enough, quite enough!”

Away went all the fine things that I was trying to conjure up, and I laughed, and Miss Whatley looked reproachfully at her father, and then, we all laughed—right there, in the presence of the most celebrated of all the wonderful treasures of the Louvre.

One would have to spend two hours a day for ten years to see all there is to be seen in this enormous gallery, so we promptly made up our minds not to be disappointed if we did not see it all the first day. However, there are many things that may, without inflicting any very severe pain, be overlooked. The difficulty is that one must see everything before he can tell what might have been overlooked.

To really see the Louvre,—to really see Paris,—one would need to have at least two pairs of eyes; eyes to see the effect, and eyes to see the cause: a pair of eyes to see merely the physical, and a pair of fourth-dimensional eyes with which to see down through the buildings and things that we see to-day, into what has been. One cannot help feeling that way, when he comes to look at all these things. Some little knowledge of what the past has been, and of the lessons it has taught, will give one a keener insight into the present-day things with which we are confronted at every turn. Sometimes these things seem quite meaningless; but, by turning back a few pages of history, a great light will be shed over them.

If we had the other pair of eyes, we might look down, down through the magnificent pile of buildings

called the "Louvre," and see far down below the shadowy outlines of the block-houses,—fortresses, perhaps,—from which, in all probability, it derived its name. But we cannot do this; we may only look at what stands here to-day,—the remnants of a building a thousand years old!

One almost becomes confused sometimes, when looking at certain buildings and churches, trying to remember what did, once upon a time, stand there. But it is difficult to reconstruct, unless one goes in for history, or psychology.

Beneath the Panthéon was once an abbey. The—well, nearly everything stands on the site of what was once something else. How many things one might see beneath Notre Dame, if we only had the other pair of eyes! An altar to Jupiter, Child-ber't's church, and heavens knows what else.

To any one interested in ancient Egypt and Assyria, the museum in the Louvre will be a treat. Here are hundreds of objects from those places,—sarcophagi, sphinxes, fantastic figures of gigantic proportions, with lion-like bodies and either human or rams' heads; monuments, headstones from far-away tombs, statues, bas-reliefs; great, terrible winged bulls, colossal figures, terra cottas—things that would fill a book just to enumerate them. I find a mysterious pleasure in looking at these objects that come to us from such a far-distant past,—I want to question them,—there is so much that one would like to know,—but, they never answer a word.

Mr. Whatley put on his glasses and deigned to

glance at a mummy or two, but pooh-poohed the whole collection and dismissed it with a wave of his hand. When I suggested that the French were great explorers and had practically invented the science of Egyptology, he said:

"My word! A Frenchman never invented anything but a soup!"

Nevertheless, "The Egyptian Museum is the largest and the most important in Europe.. It is not surprising that the collection here is far superior to that in the British Museum, when we consider that the Department of Antiquities in Egypt, from Mehemet Ali down to the Arabi Rebellion in 1882, has been practically controlled by Frenchmen, and that, in short, the French savants might almost be said to have invented the science of Egyptology." However, it seems too bad to subdivide things as they do. Here is the enormous sarcophagus of Rameses III, while the mummy itself is at the Ghizeh Museum (where it ought to be!) and the lid of the sarcophagus is at Cambridge University. Poor old Rameses! How art thou divided!

One comes again and again to look at the silent figures sitting there, so immobile!—all that remains to tell the story of those old fellows who lived and fought, and loved, in that silent, mysterious land so long ago. Perhaps they are not dead,—only pretending.

There is another Department, devoted to objects Phœnician. I cannot say "Phœnician" without at

the same time thinking "Tyre and Sidon, and purple,"—they are always linked in my mind.

In this collection is a vase from Cyprus, which Baedeker says is twelve feet in diameter, all carved from a single block of stone. The Ancients seemed to have tremendous ideas. What in the world would any one do with a vase twelve feet wide? What could such a vase be used for? Mr. Whatley said it was "preposterous."

Here is a great statue of the wise Marcus Aurelius, and busts of all the Roman Emperors: history right before our eyes! All kinds of thoughts come trooping through the brain as one stands and contemplates these old Romans. One feels himself in the presence of a strange life, as if watching a solemn procession of those who ought to be dead and in their tombs, but who, by some strange necromancy, have prolonged their lives beyond the boundaries of their tombs. They are not dead,—only feigning death, and something might cause them suddenly to spring again into activity. How much people to-day resemble them! Especially people of English blood. We still meet their actual counterparts out on the streets and boulevards, wearing the ordinary dress of to-day instead of their togas; some of them are leading dual lives, because they are still there,—on pedestals in the Louvre!

In the Assyrian collection there are a number of enormous winged bulls which have been constructed with five legs instead of four; and truly, the extra

leg would seem almost a necessity to support such a body if the creature were alive.

There are also enormous winged lions with human heads, which, somehow or other, do not seem so grotesque as one might imagine, as I suppose they are all symbols of some form of thought. I found myself going time after time to gaze at these monsters, and to revel in the train of thought that their contemplation invariably engendered, and felt that I could very well understand something of what Sir Henry Layard meant, when he said:

I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and to muse over their real end and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? (They used to stand at the entrance of temples.) What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody this conception of the wisdom, power, and antiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of a man; of ubiquity, than the wings of a bird; of strength, than the body of a lion. These winged human-headed lions had for twenty-five centuries been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stand forth once more in their ancient majesty.

One of the things that makes the Louvre different from other galleries, and much more difficult to comprehend, is that here are to be found paintings, sculptures, and antiquities of every size and description, from all ages, and from all lands. Examples of every known artist,—not alone the French, but Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Flemish, British, far off and ancient Babylon, and, say it gently, even from America. This all makes visiting the Louvre extremely difficult for all who have not unlimited time at their disposal. In Holland one sees Dutch paint-

ing and Dutch scenes; in Belgium one may see Belgian art, and be enabled to form some idea of the work of the country; but here, there is everything from everywhere to be seen; and though I spent nearly three years in Paris, I never did see them all.

Nearly everything in the collection of Greek statuary and sculpture is mutilated,—a head missing, or a leg or an arm or a toe,—something gone. It is a little depressing. It makes one long for the impossible; one wants to see it all “fixed” and made whole. I speak as a barbarian; artists always say: “No, let it alone!”

Here is a fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon, which shows some young women of Athens marching along, holding most beautifully formed vessels of strange design, in company with a couple of priests, and I want so much to know what goes on before and what may be following them from the rear; there is an elusive something about it all that keeps one’s mind roving. Well, let us be glad that we have even this much from that long, long ago.

The things that attract and interest me amuse my companions, and they laugh at me, and then,—we all laugh at each other, and Mr. Whatley generally winds up by saying:

“Oh, you Americans are funny people!”

Here is a sepulchral stele or grave stone, upon which is carved two persons in the act of shaking hands. That was carved there a long time ago, when people had ideas about death, reunion after death of the body, and all that sort of thing different from

those entertained by us to-day. Why do those people greet each other? Have they met before death, or after? Does it depict a reunion after death, or what? The subject of the carving interested me intensely, but when I tried to say something about it, Mr. Whatley exploded: "My word!" and left us long enough to go out into the Rue Castiglone to get a whiskey-and-soda.

One's thoughts run riot while viewing the collection of ancient pottery. It is not so much the pottery itself, as pottery, that is interesting; it is the thoughts and dreams that it suggests, until one is fairly enveloped in a veil of mysticism.

There are a great number of figurines of Tanagra terra cotta from Greece, which have been tinted and colored in all sorts of ways until they look very lifelike. They remind one of the lovely little figurines with which every one who has been to Mexico is familiar, and, like the Mexican figurines, are made to represent the occupations of the common, everyday life of the people. Therein lies their interest.

I am not afraid to cross the ocean all alone, and I am not afraid to do lots of things that many brave people might hesitate to do, but I am, as the children say, "scared" to go all alone into the big room styled the "Salle des Caryatides." I don't like it. It gives me the creeps. Four men were hanged in that room, and after Henry IV was assassinated, in 1610, his body lay in state in that room. I suppose they are all very dead by this time, but I do not like the room.

There is something else curious in this room. There are two ancient basins of Sicilian marble, placed at some distance from each other, and if you whisper ever so faintly at the edge of one basin, your words can be distinctly understood by the person listening at the edge of the other basin away across the hall, even though a score of persons should be standing between, and not one of them could hear a sound.

The place is full of interest, full of things that set up strange trains of thought, leading the mind into unusual places,—far out into those misty realms of speculation where we may not go at will, but must wait for the right line of thought to be started to take us in.

This room is filled with magnificent statuary; beautiful figures of noble proportions on pedestals of huge blocks of stone, but the barrel-like ceiling seems somber; and when I look up at the blackness of the arched opening at the end of the room, close up to the ceiling, I feel shivery. Henry IV might come back and look down with a ghostly eye, or those one hundred and ten Pages, who got spanked in there one day, might set up a ghostly howl. No, I don't like it,—when I am all alone. One must have company when one visits the Salle des Caryatides.

Why should a dog-faced baboon adore the rising sun? What would a dog-faced baboon know about either adoration or rising suns? But here is a portion of the base of the obelisk of Luxor, and these

horrid creatures are carved on it, and Baedeker's explanation is: "Four cynocephali [dog-faced baboons] adoring the rising sun." Upon what queer highways has the imagination traveled! Or have there ever been dog-faced baboons?

One beautiful morning we again found our way to the Louvre to see the Nike of Samothrace, (Winged Victory), standing there on the top landing of the Daru staircase,—a fine, effective position, but one quite different from the prow of a trireme. That wonderful, long-sung drapery still floats about her, even though there is no breeze blowing! But I wish she had not lost her head.

CHAPTER IX

THE BOURSE. A RAINY DAY

THE Bourse is a fine, impressive building, built in imitation of the Temple of Vespasian at Rome. That was its only interest to me, but Mr. Whatley went over one day, and came back fairly snorting with disgust,—said that the men were mere “money grubbers,”—“horrible persons”; that their faces were mean, with an eagerness to get money; was disgusted with their terrible noise, and screaming at each other. I listened, but laughed. I thought of our own Exchanges, and of some of the things that there transpire: of the “greased pig” at New Year’s and the “straw-hat war” on the first of September, and a few other such harmless antics, but I said never a word.

It sometimes rains in Paris. I had never thought of such a contingency; I had always thought of Paris as a place of perpetual sunshine and unlagging joy. But it rains,—sometimes.

One morning, when we went to the windows to look out, as we invariably did immediately upon awakening, we were most surprised. A cold, slanting rain was falling; the streets had been washed so clean that they fairly shone. The cabmen were

passing along by the hundreds, all with large capes thrown over their shoulders, flapping back and forth in the wind, a sort of oil-cloth cover drawn down over their white stovepipe hats, the rain running in streams over the backs of the horses.

This was delightful! This was the first morning that we had missed seeing the street cleaners in their blue smocks, washing the streets with their garden hose attached to rollers, which they rolled along from one point to another. There was no need for them this morning.

After a while we took a closed carriage and went out to see how Paris looked in a rainstorm. If you will give a cabman to understand that there is going to be a nice gratuity for him, he will be sure to help you to see all that you set out to see. And so, this morning in the rain our coachman drove us up one street and down another,—through crowded thoroughfares, and further out, into the quiet quarters of the drenched city.

Water was pouring in streams off the gutters of the tall old houses; was running in streams in the street gutters; was running in rivulets over the sidewalks; umbrellas hid the faces of nearly every one making his way along under the dripping trees; cabmen called to their clean-washed horses, and the air was full of the subdued noises of a rainstorm.

We came to the Place de la Concorde. The whole place was covered with a soft veil of silvery mist, the gray-white rain falling down in long, slanting sheets; the obelisk looming big and gray, pointing

a long gray finger to a gray sky; the fountains tossing their white, foaming spray to the breezes that blew swift across the great square; carriages and cabs darting fantom-like through the gray mist, each going its own way. Occasionally great omnibuses, of seemingly fantastic proportions, would rattle across with a waggle and roar, and disappear in the gray blotch of atmosphere. The black drapery of mourning on the monument of lost Alsace-Lorraine hung limp and dank over the lugubrious figure, the bead wreaths shone in their fresh bath, and the Chevaux de Marly seemed to be looking about for some sort of shelter. Luncheon tasted unusually good that day in the brilliantly-lighted dining-rooms, and I have often wondered just how much effect a good dinner has had on the history of the world.

CHAPTER X

EN PENSION. BATHING IN PARIS. THE JULIEN
ATELIER. NURSEMAIDS

AT length came the day when the Whatleys and I must part. Even at this distance of time I dislike to think about it. Our *bon camaraderie* had extended from weeks into months, with never a break,—not even a ripple. We had traveled together as a family, we had gone into all kinds of strange and curious places together, we had eaten all kinds of strange and wonderful dishes together, and we had drunk all kinds of strange drinks together; had wandered about in the moonlight and seen all kinds of quaint and curious things together,—these two delightful English people and the one, lone American woman.

Through an introduction to a friend of Miss Whatley's, I found myself that same day installed in a "pension" on the Rue de Longchamps, not more than five minutes' walk from the Arc de Triomphe. Mrs. Harmon,—the friend of whom I spoke,—called at the Grand Hotel for me, and together we went to the pension kept by Madame Français, while the Whatleys were well on their way to their little green island.

Madame Français was a friendly little woman, bubbling over with kindness and an apparent interest in every one under her roof-tree. She had always a smile on her face and a funny little twinkle in her large gray eyes. I had to look twice to see that she was not in reality smiling, as the suggestion was always there.

She had ten guests,—every blessed one of them English. I was the only American.

This was quite different from the grandeur of the large hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines, but its coziness and friendly atmosphere amply compensated for the splendor left behind.

The Pension was composed of two entire floors of a tall, gray old house, all the sleeping apartments being on the upper floor, and the parlors, dining-room, kitchen, library, smoking-room, and servants' quarters on the lower floor. Cerberus (the concierge) lived on the ground floor, and kept faithful tab on every one of us. I had read so much of this system of having doorkeepers, as it were, in Paris, that I expected to find it much worse than it really was. So far as I personally am concerned, I think it a very good arrangement, that is, if one is sure to get in before ten p. m. After that,—well, perhaps hotels are better.

My room looked directly on the Rue de Longchamps, and had two large windows which opened all the way down to the floor. They had little lace curtains that exactly fitted the windows, one for each side of the opening, hung up tight and plain like

a mat against the glass; then over these were red curtains of a thick, woolly material, which could be pulled back during the day. Two windows! That was positive luxury when one understands that all windows are taxed in Paris. Miss Betham-Edwards says:

The householder of narrow means must, above all, forego a cheerful outlook; and all windows, whether looking north or south, east or west, are taxed. . . . Doors and windows were first assessed under the *Directoire*, twenty centimes (four cents) only being charged per window in communes of less than five thousand souls; sixty (twelve cents) in those of the two first stories in communes of one hundred thousand. The new duty aroused a storm of opposition. "What!" cried a member of the *cinq cents*, "if I wish to put a window looking east in my house in order that I may adore nature at sun-rising, I must pay duty? If, in order to warm the chilly frame of my aged father, I want a southern outlet, I must pay duty? And if, in order to avoid the burning heat of Thermidor, I wish for an opening north, I must pay duty? Surely it is possible to choose an imposition less objectionable and odious!"

By a law of 1832, some modifications were made in favor of factories and workmen's dwellings. . . . A Parisian window is often no window in the proper sense of the term. Colored glass is now much used . . . to prevent neighbors from overlooking each other!

One really should appreciate two windows with panes of clear, clean glass, giving an uninterrupted outlook on to a beautiful thoroughfare, when he understands such conditions. I was always wondering what the tax was on windows five stories above the street, but I never had the courage to ask Monsieur Français.

One great drawback, however, was the fact that there was no bathroom, and to an American, this is a real hardship. Very well! Each morning a large-

sized rubber "dish-pan" was brought to my room, accompanied by an enormous copper jug of hot water. Upon the whole, it might have been worse, and I soon learned how to bathe in sections. One can send out for the "ambulatory" bath, too, which will be brought to the house at any moment desired. This I found very amusing. Of course, baths are to be found in all the large hotels, but in these old houses, they are seldom encountered. M. Rambaud says:

We borrowed many things from England, not the least valuable being bodily cleanliness, a habit of copious ablutions, personal hygiene, that had made scant progress during twenty-five years of military campaign.

Another author says that at the present time, the French are "Ardent devotees of *le tub*; *tuber* is now conjugated as a verb,"—so, I suppose we might say: "I tub; thou tubbest; he-she-it tubs; we tub; they tub; you tub," etc.

The bed in my room was a very comfortable one, but the maid insisted upon covering my pillows with the counterpane, which made me feel lonesome,—I wanted my pillows left on the outside, and every day, after she had completed the room and gone, I pulled them out and placed them on the outside. That was one thing that I never could get used to: I could eat anything, and do many things, but I could not accustom myself to looking at a bed without pillows showing on the outside of the counterpane. It makes a room look so ghastly lonesome.

We had no light in the bedrooms except that of

candles. Candles! I was delighted. Just think of getting into bed by candlelight! In Paris, too! I had to pinch myself and look again, to make sure.

In France one sees in houses so many objects,—furniture, hangings, china, and so on, that looks as though they ought to be in the Louvre along with the rest of the old furniture and antiquities, instead of in a private home. I am told that the French when they furnish a home furnish it for all time,—there is no refurnishing or “doing the house over,” as with us; hence, we see always, in nearly every house, pieces of beautiful old furniture, worn hangings, magnificently decorated china, lovely bits of pottery, and such things. It has been placed there to be used by future generations, and not to be discarded on the first day of May.

There were so many little things concerning the common, everyday life of the family that amused me. Monsieur Français, a sort of little father to every guest in the house, would come home at about five o'clock each evening; let himself in with his own key, instead of ringing the bell; hang his hat on a tall, lean rack in the hallway; tiptoe into the sitting-room, then steal up behind his wife and kiss her first on one cheek, then on the other. Madame would always give a little scream, throw up her hands, and ejaculate something that I did not understand; then they would do it all over again, and then stand back and laugh at each other. Then, he would ask for “Maman” (Madame Français' mother), run in a sort of funny little dog-trot to wherever she hap-

pened to be, and kiss her too, on each of her fat, rosy cheeks. I used to watch for this little comedy every day, when I happened to be at home, and it was always the same. I liked them because of their love for each other.

The little old mother-in-law was truly the household goddess. She was very fond of telling tales and legends, and was always pleased to find a listener. She told me the most amazing things: stories of revolutions, fairy tales,—all sorts of things, which she declared to be true, and to which I never tired of listening; then, if she saw that I really did believe her, she would laugh at me.

At the table, Madame sat at the center of one side of the table, instead of at the end, and Monsieur Français sat opposite her. At first this arrangement seemed a little strange to me, but after a while I liked it better, as it brought our hosts nearer to us,—the head of the table seeming so much further away. Monsieur Français always poured the wine and prepared the salad, and most wonderful sauces he could mix, right there at the table.

We never went to the dining-room for breakfast: coffee, hot milk, rolls, and sweet butter were brought to our rooms at about eight o'clock in the morning by Annette, the bright, chirrupy little maid,—and we could hear her coming, too, long before she reached the door. Quietness in the early morning hours was not one of Annette's virtues.

Mrs. Harmon was a student at one of the Julien studios, and was, at the same time, engaged in copy-

ing a great painting in the Louvre for a church somewhere in England. She was a bright, clever woman, but my liking for her was based on the ground of her friendship with the Whatleys, rather than on her cleverness.

One day, she asked me if I would like to go to the studio with her. Of course, I "liked," and so I went with her to the Rue de Berri, a street just off the Avenue des Champs Elysées, not far from the Arc de Triomphe.

In a very large room were probably twenty or thirty students,—all girls,—with big, checkered gingham aprons fastened about them, right up to the neck. Each had a large easel before her and a canvas, or paper, resting on it. I believe every one was standing at work, although each was provided with a stool.

In the middle of the room was a platform, quite high, upon which stood a young woman with pretty, fluffy brown hair fastened back from her face with a bandeau, but not another bit of anything else upon her. She had one arm extended and the hand lifted, in what seemed to me a very difficult pose; but she held it, and stood there, without any apparent movement, for fully a quarter of an hour. The instructor, whoever he was, went about from one student to the other, pointing out this and that, talking all the time. He would take off his glasses, suspend them at an acute angle, and then use them as a "pointer," correcting and suggesting. Then a sort of murmur went around the room, and before I knew what had

happened (as I had not known what to expect), all were rushing toward the doorway, out into a large hall. The model then threw a heavy dark cloak around herself, and went out too. It was lunch time! No one even so much as looked at the model, and I was told that no woman student would speak to a model who posed for the classes. Why? The poor girl! They could not work without her.

I was told that there was always a scramble for positions,—that the first arrivals got the most desirable positions; that each must sketch from the position in which she finds herself upon her arrival for the day's work.

Upon this occasion, they were sketching in charcoal, and I was greatly interested in walking about and looking at the different sketches made from so many different angles. What a lot of difference a few inches make!

I was introduced to a number of the young students. They all seemed intensely in earnest, and talked shop all the time: what the instructor had said about this, and what he had said about that. None of them seemed to have an optimistic opinion of her own efforts; indeed all seemed a little depressed over their work; a little of the wind had evidently been taken out of their sails by that professor, whoever he was. This may, or may not have been true, but it seemed so to me.

I presume the richness of the art all about them has a certain tendency to depress as well as to stimulate. It creates that impalpable something called

“atmosphere,” undoubtedly, but at the same time it is fairly obvious that the glories and wonders of this world of art may be almost overwhelming to those who aspire to follow.

In company with a number of others, we went to lunch at one of the Duval places, where many students go for luncheon. Upon entering, one is at once presented with a printed *menu*, the prices of all dishes set out at one side, upon which the waitress marks one's order as soon as it is given. Thus one always knows exactly what has to be paid,—he can keep tab on his score. If one wants a napkin, that is extra. Everything is spotlessly clean, and the food is excellent, although extremely reasonable in price.

It was with a feeling of loneliness that I began once more to go about by myself,—to see, and look at whatever happened for the moment to strike my fancy; to indulge my moods, and to turn up my nose and make faces at the things I didn't like. I missed the Whatleys sadly, but, at the same time I realized that a person can see many things when all alone: thought is not disturbed by conversation,—the interior sense is stronger. One should always look at pictures alone.

I would often walk down to the river, not far away, and stand there, leaning over the embankment, and watch the washerwomen in the long, low buildings along the Seine, where they work, washing and pounding and beating their linen all day long. Seeing no signs of factories or mills, no tall

chimneys, no black, spiraling curls of smoke, I asked Monsieur Français one day how all the people lived, how they earned a living, and so on. His answer was:

“Oh, they wash each other’s linen!”

And after a time, it did not seem to have been such a foolish answer, for in all directions are to be seen the signs of laundries: “Blanchisserie” here, “Blanchisserie” there, everywhere,—and they do very beautiful work at very small prices. No wonder the French women can wear such dainty clothing! They do not have to spend a fortune to keep it clean. It cost me only ten cents to have shirtwaists done up in exquisite style. I could buy white kid gloves for as low as thirty cents, and get them cleaned for two cents.

Sometimes I would just prowl about, up one street and down another, always finding much to interest me in the everyday life of the people about me: servants going to market with huge baskets on their arms;—people going to the *rotisseries* where already-cooked food could be had, strings of chickens hanging up by the open doorways, a great canopied stove about six feet long, filling up one side of the shop, birds turning over and over on long spits placed over the blazing charcoal fire.

The locality in which I now found myself was a beautiful one, with lovely houses on wide tree-lined streets in all directions; not a sign of poverty in the whole surrounding neighborhood; every street straight and beautifully clean. Everything was ele-

gant, but there was not a vestige of anything picturesque. Wealth and elegance do not seem to go hand in hand with picturesqueness. I must admit that modern comforts are much to be preferred, when it comes right down to the point of actualities, but the old-time houses are so much more interesting,—to look at, at least.

Only two or three blocks away was the Trocadéro, which fills the eye with its huge dimensions, and whose great towers I had so often seen from the river, and at far distances. There was the Rue de Lubeck to be explored, and the Avenue Kleber, Avenue Henri Martin, Avenue Victor Hugo, Avenue Marceau, Place d'Iena, Rue Boissieri, Rue Malakoff, Rue de Chaillot, the Champs Elysées,—all within a few minutes' walk of my new home. Oh, yes! and the residence of the Countess de Castellane, *née* Anna Gould, in the Rue Malakoff. This great palace, of a pinkish marble, looks more like an art gallery than a home; but it is beautiful.

Just a few steps away was the Guimet,—a museum devoted to those objects which best illustrate the religions of the far East: idols, statuettes, models, objects taken from temples, votive offerings to different gods, jewels, and such things. Each time, I came away with a new religion. One time, I was a Buddhist; another time, a most devoted follower of Confucius; another, a follower of Tao, or a full-fledged Brahmin. One can choose any religion he likes, for an hour or two, and feel none the worse for his change of view.

The small building is itself a beauty,—a little gem set in its green surroundings of grass and trees,—a fit habitation for this extremely interesting collection.

There are such numbers of nursemaids, most wonderfully dressed. Yards of ribbon hang from their caps,—in some instances, down to the hem of their skirts,—of the brightest and most joyous shades of red, green, blue, yellow and combinations of colors: "Alsatian" caps they are called, I believe. The nurses wearing gray circular cloaks and mob-caps, with long streamers of wide ribbon reaching to the bottom of their skirts, are wet nurses, and the ribbon costs as much as two dollars a yard, it being manufactured for this special purpose: red for a boy's nurse, and blue for a girl's. They add a certain note of color to the gray-and-green thoroughfares that is very pleasing to the eye.

These things may all be commonplace, but the commonplace things of Paris were all so many new and interesting things to me, as they were being seen for the first time. One can form no idea of the difference in the nursemaids of different countries until he has seen them. There is a wide difference between those of Holland and those of Paris.

Everybody at the pension laughed because I had found anything of interest in the fact, and were thoroughly amused at an American's ideas of things. Each evening at dinner they were all ready for my account of the day's sight-seeing. Of course, they laughed—we all laughed. They were always telling

me how to see this and how to go about seeing that, and many times would go with me to make sure that I would see whatever it happened to be that they wanted me to see.

I do not have the pleasure in looking at the houses of Paris that I had in looking at the queer old houses of the Netherlands. One does not see here the stair-step roofs with their goggle-eyed windows; one sees instead the steep Mansard roofs, with their lace-like borders of iron grill work and their pot chimneys.

The trees, however, compensate for much,—trees in all directions, on all streets. Perhaps the rich green of the thousands and thousands of beautiful trees that line the streets of Paris, appeals as much to one's sense of the beautiful as anything else in the whole city; and I believe that they are a real commercial commodity, attracting the thousands of people who love to come here to spend their money, although, from all accounts, the Parisians themselves have not always appreciated their beauty and commercial value. From an old letter written in February of 1848, I was amazed to read with what disregard the people treated their lovely trees.

There is hardly a tree left on the boulevards, the Champs Elysées are devastated, the Palais Royal much injured by fire, the Tuileries gutted, the streets pulled up. . . . I walked all down the boulevards on Monday, and never saw such fearful havoc. From the Rue de la Paix to Montmartre there is not a tree, not a column, not a lamppost, not even a railing left standing. Even the wooden shelters of the coach inspectors are lying in the middle of the roadway, charred and smouldering ruins.

The mind must work with diligence to gain any realization of such a condition, when to-day everything looks so joyous, and the green trees wave in all directions.

Some afternoons I would take my little silk work-bag and go to the Champs Elysées and do as hundreds of other women did,—sit there, under the trees, in a comfortable boulevard chair, and make “fancywork,” keeping an eye on the street and on my busy, chattering neighbors. Thousands of carriages drove by every afternoon on the way to the Bois, and whether one knows any one in them or not, the sight is an interesting and amusing one.

CHAPTER XI

L'ÎLE DE LA CITÉ. THE CONCIÈRGERIE. SAINTE
CHAPELLE. NOTRE DAME

ONE day I set out all alone, to see what I could,—and what I might enjoy,—of the small island in the Seine called the Île de la Cité, where are to be found most of the buildings devoted to government purposes, to the administration of law, order, and justice,—all under the shadow of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Perchance the close proximity of the miracle-working Virgin may tend to temper justice with mercy.

As this little island was in reality the nucleus of Medieval Paris, this location for Government buildings may perhaps be a natural one, although in the present day it seems a little out of the way. However, this is the spot upon which to study the history of the town, if one wants to indulge in that pastime.

The Palace of Justice itself is a very old building (portions of it, at least), but one would never think of it as such, with its fresh white curtains draped at the windows, as in a private home, its general air of freshness, and its great gilded clock that never strikes when I happen to be near. However, it is

in fact nearly a thousand years old; indeed, it was an old building long before we were even discovered. I suppose there must have been quite a little excitement when the news was heralded up and down these corridors that a new continent had been discovered.

Joining on to it, forming a long unbroken street line along the Seine, is the Concièrgerie, with its conical-shaped towers, giving the place, in that one spot, a medieval appearance that is at once attractive and repelling. Poor Marie Antoinette! I do not suppose it would be possible for one to look at this old prison without thinking of the poor, ill-fated queen; for here it was, in a miserable little cell, that she spent her last days. When I reached the place, I found that I might not go in unless I had a permit. I was disappointed, and suppose I must have looked as I felt, for an officer told me to go to a certain room of the Prefecture and ask for a permit, and that it would be given to me, but, at the same time, he looked as if he were not quite sure of it, as I was a lone woman. However, I had the courage to do as he advised, although I dislike prisons of every sort, and all prison officialism.

When I opened the door of the office in the Prefecture and went in, with what seemed to me a very, very modest request, the man in charge, an officer,—a big portly man with pink cheeks and dark mustaches, looked at me; then, without any words, asked:

“How many?”

When I said I only wanted one wee little ticket,

he looked up at me again, and then laughed,—laughed loud and heartily,—and gave me the permit: about half a foot of it. I at once went back and presented it, and was thus enabled to see all that I wanted to see of the horrible place. One feels the atmosphere strongly, and I never went back again.

Most of the revolutionary prisoners were confined in the Conciergerie before their heads were finally chopped off and their numbers added to the score of the “knitting women.”

A little monument has been placed in the cell of the poor queen.

Her room was the third door on entering to the right . . . it was on the ground floor, the window opening on the courtyard, which was crowded all day with prisoners, who looked in through the glass and insulted the queen.

The first cell occupied by her was the old Council Chamber of the Conciergerie, but after the plot called the “Affair of the Carnation,” she was removed to the one described in the *Diurnal of Beaulieu*, under date of October 16th, 1793, (the day of her execution) as the most damp, unhealthy, fetid and horrible prison in Paris.

They say that the hackney-coach which brought the unfortunate queen to the Conciergerie was filled with blood; that the driver did not know, but that he suspected whom she was, having had to wait a long time; that on arriving at the Conciergerie, it was some time before they alighted; that the man got out first, and the woman after; that she supported herself on his arm, and that he found his coach all filled with blood.

What, in the name of Heaven, had they done to the poor queen? One does nothing but exclaim: “Poor Queen!”

Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball says:

To none of the numerous prisons of the Terror, prolific as they are in tragic and pathetic associations, does a greater sentimental interest attach than to the dungeon in which the heroic Marie

Antoinette spent her last days. After a captivity of nearly a year in the Temple, the ill-fated queen was removed, on the 5th of August, 1792, to a dark cell in the basement of the Tour Bombée, lighted from the courtyard by a single loophole of a window. Here watched night and day by gendarmes, she remained till October 15, 1793, when she was taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal. . . . The next day the daughter of the Cæsars left her cell forever, to be conveyed in a rough trumbril to the guillotine, on the Place de la Concorde.

This historical dungeon, which M. Vitu feelingly declared "could not contain the tears which it has caused to be shed, and ought to have been walled up in order to bury the memory of a crime unworthy of the French nation," was transformed into a Chapelle Expiatoire by Louis XVIII in 1816. . . . The Prison Chapel adjoining was the hall of the Girondists, in which this most enlightened party of the revolutionists are said to have celebrated their last night by a banquet.

Right next to Marie Antoinette's cell is the one in which it is said the monster Robespierre spent a short time before they took him out for the final coincidence. That is one execution that fills me with a barbarous satisfaction.

Through the small windows of the corridor leading to the cell of Marie Antoinette one can see the stone table and the fountain where the female prisoners went to make their toilettes. It is still used as a prison for criminals; and if they feel anything of the history of the place, it must affect them in any way but a cheerful one. And the Morgue, too, not very far away!

There are some magnificent apartments still to be seen in the Palace of Justice. There is one huge room, paved in black and white marble, with a vaulted ceiling of painted and gilded wood, that is well worth seeing. It is known as the "Salle de

Marbre." The Salle des Perdus is also a magnificent room 240 feet long.

Every man I met in the place was politeness itself, and the officer who admitted me talked in a very pleasant way, but I confess very frankly that I should not like to be taken as a prisoner and placed there in solitary confinement. Think of all the thoughts that might crowd in upon a lone prisoner in that place! And even to-day, it is still a prison,—a prison for those destined for the assizes, and for those who have been condemned to death.

Sainte Chapelle (the Holy Chapel), adjoining the Palace of Justice, and really a part of it, once witnessed all those horrors, as well as all those gorgeous pageants and ceremonies that took place when royalty inhabited the Cité. And to-day one can scarcely enter its precincts without the mind wandering off,—far away from the jeweled windows and gorgeous surroundings,—on a still hunt for those who once, long ago, trod these spaces; and especially for him, the saintly king. One could hardly enter here and not think of Saint Louis, although we can see him but dimly, half hidden as he is by the mists of legend and tradition. Already he seems half mythical, and the descriptions of him are of a man half saint, half man, such as the following quotation:

King Louis was tall of stature, with a spare and graceful figure; his face was of angelic sweetness, with eyes as of a dove, and crowned with abundant fair hair. As he grew older, he became somewhat bald and held himself slightly bent. "Never," says Joinville, when describing a charge led by the king, which turned the tide of battle, "saw I so fair an armed man. He seemed to sit head and shoulders above all his knights. His

helmet of gold was most fair to see, and a sword of Allemain was in his hand. Four times I saw him put his body in danger of death to save hurt to his people."

No matter what he really looked like, this is a marvelously-wrought jewel that he has given to mankind, filling one with some subtle, undefined emotion. Buildings influence some persons as music or colors do other persons. Sometimes the dividing line seems to be very faint; one can almost,—but not quite,—catch a glimpse of what lies just beyond his ken. Well, no matter; they are not here,—they have all gone,—even the sacred relics! And we can come, Guide Book in hand, and never encounter one of them. We may gaze and marvel as long as we like.

At first sight, one is almost dazzled by the gorgeousness of the light falling in long beams through the fifteen fifty-foot windows of the Sainte Chapelle, each window filled with the most magnificent, jewel-like colored glass, containing a thousand or more complete pictures. It seems a miracle. The stories told in this beautiful stained glass are the usual ones,—Old and New Testament stories,—one window being devoted to the story of the finding and translation of the sacred relics, and Crown of Thorns, and a portion of the true cross, for the safe housing of which Saint Louis had the Chapel built. Here is poor old Saint Denis, walking along, nonchalantly carrying his head in his hands, much as a gentleman of to-day might carry his hat if his head happened to need a little fresh air. Saint Sebastian seems quite resigned to his arrows, Saint Lawrence

to his gridiron, and Saint Stephen doubtless understands, from his appearance at least, that those horrible stones are only painted. But the gorgeousness is beyond mere words.

I would sometimes go, quite alone, and spend an hour or so just gazing at the beauty of the place,—at the unspeakable beauty of the great rose window; at the colored shadows across the floor,—reveling in the blue and begilded atmosphere that floods the whole place.

There are two parts, an upper and a lower. The upper room is dedicated to the relics, and the lower, to the Virgin. I prefer the one dedicated to the relics, although they are now over in Notre Dame; at least, they say—well, let us believe! What difference can it make whether they are there or not? One feels so much better to believe everything.

What strange things are told of these relics—of their power to work cures of horrible diseases and so on. History is history; if we believe one thing, why not the other? S. S. Beale tells of one curious thing:

On the Good Fridays of each year the chapel scarcely sufficed to contain the crowds of sick persons who flocked to it from all parts of the city. All maladies were supposed to be curable through the virtues of the holy relics, but especially that known as *le mal caduc*. At midnight the relic of the True Cross was exposed, and at the same moment the chapel was filled by the most fearful shrieks of these poor epileptics. The afflicted threw themselves about, foamed at the mouth and fell into convulsions, invoking the aid especially of S. John the Baptist and S. Spire.

The people were convinced every year that some wondrous miracle had been wrought; but the abuses connected with this nocturnal exposition were so great that, in 1781, Louis XVI ordered it to be discontinued.

To my mind, the roof is almost as lovely as the chapel itself, with its airy, lacelike flèche, its spires and angels, and its quaint gargoyles.

A curious legend is related in connection with the actual design which was accepted for the Holy Chapel. Two of the candidates for the work met on their way to Paris, at an Alpine inn, and the younger, an enthusiastic and confiding artificer, showed his plan to his fellow-traveler, who preserved silence about his own plan.

That night the elder of the two attempted to murder his rival, stole the plan, and set off for Paris early the next morning. King Louis was delighted with the design, and entrusted this unknown artist with the task of building the chapel. When it was finished the architect retired secretly to a monastery, in order to expiate his heinous crime.

The actual designer became mad, and, some years afterward, wandered to Paris; whereupon, seeing the realization of his plan in stone, he suddenly recovered his reason. It was, however, too late; his story was discredited, and the unfortunate architect died in obscurity.

Rest to his troubled soul! We will revel in its beauty, no matter who designed it. History says that Pierre de Montereau designed it.

These wonderful churches! How can they be described? Mr. T. Okey, in speaking of the so-called Dark Ages, says:

Within and without, the temples of God were resplendent with silver and gold, with purple and crimson and blue; the saintly figures and solemn legends on their porches; the capitals, the columns, the groins of the vaultings were lustrous with color and gold. Each window was a complex of jeweled splendor: the pillars and walls were painted or draped with lovely tapestries and gorgeous banners; the shrines and altars glittered with precious stones,—jasper and sardius and chalcedony, sapphire and emerald, chrysolite and beryl, topaz and amethyst and pearl. The church illuminated her sacred books with exquisite painting, bound them with precious fabrics, and clasped them with silver and gold; the robes of her priests and ministrants were rich with embroideries.

I was always trying to make myself think that I liked the Cathedral of Notre Dame. So much has been said and written of it that I felt foolish,—that there must be something wrong with me, through and through,—that I could not care for it. I said to myself:

“Come, my child; let us reason together.”

But I did not like it. I went dozens of times, always with the idea that I would like it in time; but I never overcame a certain dislike of that great and glorious cathedral. There were times when it seemed beautiful and wonderful to me; but that spirit of sacredness, of something holy and mysterious, which was so strongly felt in other cathedrals, was, somehow or other, missing. I could not create it for myself.

Notre Dame is, as we all know, a great and magnificent cathedral, but for some reason it never possessed any attraction for me. I have sometimes thought that the proximity of that dreadful Morgue just behind it had something to do with this antipathy. In the rear of the cathedral, the Morgue! Near the west gallery entrance, the horrible, unspeakably repulsive statue of Etienne Yver being devoured by worms while two saints seem to be making some very feeble attempt to save him! and, away up on the top, those devilish gargoyles leering over the city, frightening away the good spirits that might feel any inclination to take up their habitation in the place, and send their beneficent influence far down below! Much incense would be required to dissipate

the combined influence of so many malignant spirits.

The exterior was much more pleasing to me than the interior; there was light and air outside, and, too, one could run if one got "scared." It may be that some influence of the Temple of Reason still lingers about the church, when the sculptures were all spoiled and mutilated; when the image of the Virgin was replaced by the one of "Liberty." Liberty is all very good in its place, but every right has its own limitations.

Ah, the stained glass of the windows! That is beautiful! I was going to say something about those windows at Brussels; but what is the use of comparisons, except to spoil things? One could not fail to admire the great rose window over the front entrance. Forty-two and one-half feet of most gorgeous colors, casting their red, green, blue and golden reflections across the somber grayness of the great floor, in a dazzling circle of lights! The rose windows of the northern and southern transepts are just as gorgeous, but the beaming sunshine enters there with rather more reluctance than it does through the great western window.

Viollet le Duc, "the great architect, has described how his passion for Gothic was stirred when, taken as a boy to Notre Dame, the rose window of the south seized upon his imagination. While gazing at it the organ began to play, and he thought that the music came from the window—the shrill, high notes from the light colors, and the solemn, bass notes from the dark and more subdued hues."

I would often go, and just wander idly about, looking at whatever happened to interest me at the moment, inhaling the incense, and thinking of the many things, tales and legends, that I had heard in connection with this church of "Our Lady."

The miracle-working statue of Our Lady of Paris, which stands just at the intersection of the southern transept with the nave, is lovely,—a beautiful woman, tall and stately, suggesting a queen rather than a Madonna, a sweet, benign expression on her lovely face,—is generally surrounded by bunches of glimmering candles. Come in on a dark day, and there she stands, the glittering, fluttering tapers all about her; and afar off, through the haze of incense, one sees the high altar whereon dozens of candles are smoking and gleaming through the gloom. If I could like Notre Dame at all, it would be on a dull day. It is interesting to note the immense personal popularity of some Virgins, and Our Lady is undoubtedly one of the popular ones.

Another time, on a gloriously bright day, I went in. I heard the great organ for the first time. Music makes a great difference in one's devotion. The sun sent down long, quivering shafts of light through the many-colored windows, and a golden splendor seemed to envelop the whole place, making the candles about the wonderful Virgin mere points of silvery lights through the long distance. Candles were lighted in many of the thirty-seven chapels, it being evidently a feast day of some kind.

There was one thing that occurred here in the

year 1728—a curious thing, containing many elements of the humorous, if one can overlook the seriousness of its results:

Some scaffoldings erected for the purpose of repairing the roof afforded a gang of daring thieves the means of concealing themselves among the rafters. At the first versicle of the Second Psalm of the Vesper Service, the signal agreed upon, they dropped a number of beams, planks, and tools from the top of the roof down into the midst of the throng below; at the same instant their colleagues stationed near the different doors set up a shout that the roof was falling, and in the terrible panic and confusion that followed, stole quantities of snuff-boxes, watches, rings, and other jewels. So great was the crush that upwards of four hundred persons, either injured or knocked insensible, had to be provided with hastily-improvised litters and looked after in the *Parvis Notre Dame*.

The thieves meanwhile got off safely with their booty that time, but it is supposed that they belonged to the celebrated band of *Cartouche*, all of whom were executed on the *Place de Grève* some years later.

It would seem almost unjust to execute men who could work such a scheme as that.

The coronation of Napoleon, as described by Thiers in "*Histoire de l'Empire*," would make any one who was not a Catholic grin:

On the altar had been already placed the crown, the scepter, the sword, and the robes. The Pope anoints the forehead of Napoleon with the holy oil, then blesses the sword and scepter, and draws near to place the crown on his head. Napoleon, observing his intention, decidedly, but without brusquerie, takes the crown from the hands of the Pope and places it himself on his head.

This act, whose significance was understood by all taking part in the ceremony, produced an indescribable effect. Then Napoleon, taking the crown of the Empress in his hands, approaches Josephine, who was kneeling before the throne, and places it with manifest tenderness on the head of his consort, who at that moment burst into tears. Then Napoleon ascended the imperial throne, his brother holding the hem of his robes.

The Pope, according to usage, proceeds to the foot of the

throne to bless the newly-crowned sovereign and entoned those lines which had resounded in Charlemagne's ears in Saint Peter's when the clergy of Rome had suddenly proclaimed him Emperor of the West, "*Vivat in æternum semper Augustus!*" Thereupon cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" a thousand times repeated, rang through the aisles of Notre Dame; and at the same instant salvos of artillery announced to all Paris the solemn moment when Napoleon was consecrated.

Napoleon, it seems, was really crowned by himself and not by the Pope.

The three great entrances are all outlined with sculptures,—the one in the center being outlined by figures representing the Last Judgment. I do not object to the twenty-eight Kings of Israel and Judah standing there in a row on the front of the cathedral, but I do object to the horrible gargoyles,—hideous monsters of unclassified animals,—perched about, over the walls and towers. Why should they be on a church? They represent devils, birds of prey, dragons, wild animals of all kinds, many of them half-man and half-beast, and nearly all of them are depicted with gaping jaws. One, more horrible than some of the others, is in the act of tearing a rabbit limb from limb; another is crunching a poor little mouse; one devil has stuck his teeth into the back of a smaller devil and is carrying him away. Hideous monsters they are; but I notice that they are on a number of churches in Paris; that they are a part of the drainage system.

The flying buttresses would naturally arrest the attention of any one who had never seen any before. When I first saw them, I just stood and gaped. What mysterious looking things,—like a row of

great arms stretched out and then curved upwards, to hold the church and keep it from falling! Seen by moonlight, from across the river, the effect is exquisitely beautiful; the whole becomes invested with a majesty whose influence never quite fades from the mind.

Even the great space before the cathedral I do not like,—the “Parvis Notre Dame,”—it still suggests executions and criminals, as well as untold numbers of innocent victims. They used to bring the condemned here before their execution, and force them to tell the public how sorry they were for their crimes. Saints and angels defend us! If guilty, the only sorrow would be because of discovery, and not for the act committed, and who could blame them? That kind of sorrow doesn't count for anything.

Every one said I must be sure to climb to the tower. Heaven forgive me,—I did! The view is, of course, all that is claimed for it,—beautiful. One can see all Paris, when there is not too much haze. I should advise every one to make sure of that before the climb is made, for it is no easy task. The gargoyles again! From what strange realm did the artist secure his models for those awful creatures? There are over two thousand of them, and no two are exactly alike. I like very much what S. S. Beale has said of these creatures:

The exterior decoration of Notre Dame is very rich. Gargoyles, monsters of the most grotesque type, called also tarasques and magots, are there, encircling the towers, and disputing their importance with the Angel of the Judgment. The monsters stand,

as they did centuries ago, gazing down upon Paris and its doings for good or for evil. Think of the events they have witnessed from the burning of fifty-four Templars in a slow fire by Philippe IV., to the horrors of the Commune. They must have seen the flaming villages and chateaux during the Jacquerie, and witnessed those useless sorties during the last war, when the Parisians vainly endeavored to escape from the city and gain one of the outside army corps. They seem to look down in scorn upon humanity—. . . and all the ages through, the brutes have had the same expression of scorn, of spite, of diabolical ugliness, that one feels it to be a comfort that they are fixed safely to the gallery of the towers, out of the way of working mischief.

But that is Paris. The whole history of the city fairly bubbles with the amusing, with romance; and perhaps this it is that takes the horror from all its grimmest tragedies. One settles down to study the history of a church, of a monument, of a locality,—of what not?—and up bobs some gargoyle, some bit of romance or tomfoolery that throws the *couleur de rose* over it all, and we forget the disagreeable in our contemplation of the gargoyle, or the romance, or some mirth-producing episode. Death, bloodshed, riot, war,—who could connect them with Notre Dame as we see it to-day? Yet they are all tightly linked with its long history.

CHAPTER XII

OLD PARISIAN STREETS. JEAN VALJEAN

SOME days I would take an adventurous plunge into the unknown,—would simply board a tram and ride until I came to some spot or street that seemed to offer opportunities for exploration and investigation, or to some point of which I had heard or read.

I had often heard of the interesting streets in the older parts of Paris, and I made up my mind to find some of them and see them for myself. To see things for oneself,—that is the thing!

One day I took a tram, mounted to the hurricane-deck, went out on the Boulevard Saint Germain, and there I sat, looking at the long rows of tall, fine old houses, which were once (and still are, I believe) the homes of members of the aristocratic old families. The exteriors do not tell much to the casual visitor; one must turn to history and romance to know what the interiors are like. Here and there I recognized some house that had been made famous, or at least of interest, from the accounts given to us by historians and different writers of novels or romances.

At Saint Germain des Prés, I left the tram, and started in to just prowl about, to wherever my fancy

happened to dictate. All about this lonely-looking old church of a bygone time are dozens of little, narrow, shadowy streets, lined with queer old houses, tall and lean, with big square chimneys, capped by the long, black chimney-pots that crown their roofs.

Here were numbers of streets of which I had sometimes read; one picturesque little street was called the "Cour de Rohan" (Rouen) not far from Saint Germain des Prés. Old mansions with high, steep roofs were all along the street, their timeworn faces all weather-stained, but still looking on bravely at the life that paraded itself before their long, narrow, doorlike windows, and making an effort to appear as young as ever, by decorating them with gay geraniums in low boxes placed in the windows,—the poor old gray houses all mixed up with the fresh, lovely young flowers.

Some of these old houses have faces, very expressive faces,—faces which one instinctively likes or dislikes, faces that go straight to the heart.

It is very quiet and tranquil back here in these long-ago streets. It doesn't seem at all like Paris,—like one's preconceived ideas of Paris; but to see this old part, over here across the river, is to see something of what the city once was like, and to come time and time again to visit it. I walked on and on. People passed me, looked at me, but never a word was said to me. Sometimes I would turn around to stare after some one who had passed me, only to find him or her doing the same thing. Dreadful!

Near by I ran into another old street (more like an inner court of some monster mansion than a real public thoroughfare) of which I had often read,—the Passage du Commerce. It was filled with the same style of high old houses, from the windows of which dangled strings of clothes hung out to air (it must have been for air, as the clothes had not been washed). A red blanket here, a bunch of something blue or green there, gave to the place a picturesque appearance that was extremely satisfying to the eye.

Every once in a while I would come across a cart backed up against an old stone wall, filled with fruits or vegetables and, in a few instances, with old clothes for sale. Generally the proprietors were old ladies of very unattractive appearance and uncertain age, who never hesitated to offer their wares to any one coming along the street, with a persistence that sometimes was amusing,—to a mere onlooker.

These old streets are so full of history and historical traditions that one feels almost as if she were treading on sacred ground. A whole volume,—many perhaps,—could be written of them; of who lived here, in this tall old mansion, or of who once lived in that strange, quiet old place, surrounded by its walled garden.

Not far from Saint Germain, on a little street called Rue de Sèvres, is the old house in which Madame Récamier lived during the time she was holding her immortal salons. One has an inclination to go and ring the old door-bell and inquire if Madame is “at home,” but—she is not there. All

that remains are her painted likenesses and reminiscences, and we must pass on.

I once ran into another lovely old street,—the Rue du Parcheminerie,—not far from the Boulevard Saint Germain, running from the pretty Rue de la Harpe to the Rue Saint Jacques: a lovely old-world street, with the same kind of high, narrow old houses, with their faded green-shuttered windows. I do not know that it has any “reputation” whatever, or that “anybody” ever lived in it, but I liked it for itself, for its quaint, quiet, well-bred, old-world appearance. I loved to wander about the little old street, with its faded houses and quietude,—its lonely lanterns and flagstone pavements.

Another attractive old street filled with high, narrow houses was the Rue du Jardinot; then I came upon the Rue Serpente, a narrow, winding street, and dozens of others. One could spend days in wandering about and ruminating upon what has been. The invocation of the gray, fading Past, one of the most exquisitely subtle pleasures of the mind, is quite possible to any one who spends a little time in rambling about these old streets, looking at these old houses of a bygone Paris. In some of them, it is a comparatively easy matter to call up, once more, the splendors of the past, and close out altogether the sense of modern life. In many of them, the venerable appearance of the timeworn buildings, and the silence of the long narrow spaces, readily lend themselves to such a mental pleasure. A cultured, or an imaginative mind, may find ample cause

for emotion at almost every turn, for on almost all sides the personages of history or fiction seem to spring out from the long silences to greet us. One feels continually as though some of these characters were peeping from behind the faded green shutters, and wondering what we are doing down there in the streets.

On the Boulevard Saint Germain is a great statue of Danton, which one cannot pass without being reminded of the Reign of Terror, and that it was in this very neighborhood that he lived—in the Rue des Cordeliers. So did Marat; but one would have to have unlimited time if he wanted to follow them all up and listen to the tales that they might have to tell. What a long vista of terrible events the very sight of this statue calls up to the mind! When informed of his death sentence, Danton replied to his grim messenger:

“My dwelling will shortly be in nothingness. As to my name, you will find it in the Panthéon of History.” And he might have added, “and my statue in the Boulevard Saint Germain.”

But as one thinks upon these things, up bobs something amusing that causes us to banish them into the mists that already begin to close over many of the tragedies of that time. The radiant attractions of history,—especially of French history,—would lose much if all were minutely explained, and the things doubtful gain much by our ability to cover them with the glamor of legends and that elusive something called “sentiment.”

Queer old inns abound, too, but I could never find sufficient courage to enter them all alone. My companions at the pension threw up their hands in horror, figuratively speaking, at the audacity of my prowling about in "such localities" alone. One small English woman said:

"Are you dreadful Americans never afraid of anything? Just fancy walking about quite alone over there!"—shaking her head toward the river side of the house.

I was surprised; I had not had the slightest fear or apprehension; it had not entered my head that there was anything to be afraid of,—that there might be any danger lurking in the open streets of Paris, even though they were narrow and crooked; and I must confess that I saw nothing whatsoever to disconcert anybody in these nice, tranquil old streets, picturesque houses, and quiet, well-mannered people. If these old places really had bad reputations, they truly succeed in concealing them in the modest, decent faces which they present to the passing stranger.

I went about in that vicinity many, many times, and never was troubled or molested in any way by anybody. People sometimes looked at me, perhaps because I seemed to be so aimless; but I should not have known it had I not been looking at them also.

I believe wide streets and grand boulevards are destructive to the artistic impulse. The brilliant personages of French history,—the great artists, musicians,—seldom lived in wide thoroughfares. They

were nearly always to be found in the small, narrow, friendly, picturesque old streets.

My enjoyment in wandering about was so contagious that I seldom ever had an opportunity afterwards to go alone,—all my fellow *pensionnaires* wanted to visit these localities too. I stumbled upon places,—beautiful old streets and fine old houses,—of which these people, who had lived for many years in Paris, had never even heard. However, I had not really discovered anything,—I was walking in the footprints of others,—I simply remembered the many things I had heard and read.

Another old street that is teeming with reminiscences of the past is the Rue Visconti, very near to the School of Fine Arts. It is so narrow that two carriages could not possibly pass each other, and the sidewalks are scarcely wide enough for one person; the other always walks out in the street.

Here high old houses snuggle close up to each other, in a friendly, neighborlike way that might be very appealing were it not for the suspicion that they gossip. What things they might tell each other, behind the heavy green wooden shutters that screen nearly all of the long, narrow windows! What they might tell of Jean Racine, who, once upon a time, lived in one of these tall old houses; of Balzac; of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the beloved of long ago, in whom Voltaire declared that he had found an ideal intellectual companion. "The fine old mansion at No. 115 Rue de Grenelle, next to the southeast corner of Rue de Bourgogne, covers her grave."

The place is teeming with phantoms; one might see them,—just catch a glimpse of some gray, shadowy form flitting through the street, or whisking around some corner, or ringing one of the dull-looking old doorbells, if one could come at the psychological moment.

There are some curious old, four-sided lanterns hanging over some of the doorways, and occasionally a door is opened wide enough to let one get a peep at a spot of garden in the rear of some of the houses. There may be gardens in the rear of them all, but I do not know.

Prowling about the Boulevard Vaugirard one day, we came to a lonely-looking little street in southern Paris, known as the Rue Plumet. Readers of "Les Misérables" will recall that it was in this street that Jean Valjean lived, in his old house with its walled-in garden, with Cosette and the old housekeeper, after he left the Picpus Convent. What a lonely part of Paris! Hardly a person was in sight, and we walked quietly along, looking in at numbers of walled-in gardens with lonely-looking old houses set far back; there were many of them in this vicinity. This is also not far from the Institut Pasteur.

We did not limit ourselves, but went often, far from the lines of busy travel, and came bumping into all kinds of strange quarters.

Mrs. Harmon and I walked and walked one day, up one old street, and down another. Sometimes she would make a hurried little sketch, and then we

would wander on again, looking about for some picturesque café or inn in which to have luncheon.

We found all kinds of queer-looking places,—dark-browed, narrow-eyed old inns, on streets whose names I cannot now recall. We would invariably enter with the firm determination to take only a cup of coffee and bread and butter, or something equally light, and just as often ended by ordering roast veal and green peas (as only the French can cook them), and eating some of everything in sight. One can find veal and green peas, cooked with a pinch of garlic, in every restaurant in Paris, I believe. Our resolutions,—no one's resolutions,—can possibly stand the test of the odors from a French kitchen; one will eat whether he is hungry or not; and if one is not hungry upon entering, he will find his appetite before many minutes pass by.

Upon one occasion we found ourselves in a place where the diners all seemed to be acquainted with one another,—came in and sat down at a long table, evidently reserved, and ate and talked together in a way that showed long acquaintance. The proprietress took the cash in over a zinc counter, behind which were rows and rows of bottles; she superintended everything in the front part of the establishment, throwing out occasional remarks to the family-like diners at the long table, as though she knew them all very well.

The persons at this particular table gave us just a passing glance, then paid no further attention to us. We sat at a smaller table over on the other side

of the room. It was queer, but I could never find that place again, although we looked for it several times; it always eluded my researches; all I can vouch for is that it was not far from the School of Fine Arts. It was truly a very old-fashioned place, but served most excellent food at extraordinarily cheap prices.

We sat there for a long time, over our coffee after the luncheon, and talked of things that we might never have thought of in another place. Environment sometimes casts strange spells.

On one side of the Luxembourg Gardens we ran into another beautiful, picturesque old thoroughfare,—the Rue Ferou. All along the street are quaint, tall, pot-chimneyed old mansions of five or six centuries ago, with their heavy old green-shuttered windows, and their walled-in gardens, and walks about two feet wide. At the end of the street can be seen the high towers of Saint Sulpice, the trees of the Luxembourg Gardens adding just the needed touch of living green, and the reminiscences of Masséna and Athos (both of whom once lived in this street) just the needed touch of sentiment. All of these old streets and houses are impregnated with the associations of these wonderful people, real and imaginary. It seems almost impossible that some of the characters created by Balzac, Dumas, and Hugo, were not real personages; and one continually feels like going out on a still hunt for some of them; it seems almost as if we might find trace of them,—

somewhere. One of the beautiful things about the characters of romance is that they never die,—they live on and on, in a perpetual existence, so that it is not strange if sometimes amid these surroundings we feel as though we might catch a shadowy glimpse of some of them flitting around some gray corner.

One of the “shadowy” ones, who might perhaps be flitting around some gray corner, and that I always felt like looking for, was my beloved Lecoq, the wonderful creature of Gaboriau’s inventive genius. Here he lived, in this long, narrow, slant-eyed, cross-grained old street, the Rue Montmartre, not very far from Saint Eustache. It is a very narrow street, paved with flagstones, and over numbers of doorways are curious old square lanterns, and in nearly every window there is to be seen the sign “*Chambres à louer*” (rooms to let). I wondered which house it was in which he had lived; there were numbers that answered very well to the description.

These characters of fiction are sometimes much more strongly impressed upon the imagination than are those of history. All things said, however, this particular street is not one in which I should choose to dwell. It looks sinister, and has a more wicked look than do those other old streets.

Not so very far away from the long stream of travel on the Rue de Rivoli, at No. 4 Rue du Mont Thabor, is the house in which our own beloved Washington Irving lived for a while,—another one of the tall old houses filled with phantoms. Just

next door is the house from which the spirit of Alfred de Musset winged its flight.

If one is going to look at all the old streets and houses, because of their associations, one need not be idle in Paris. The city fairly teems with them.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PANTHÉON. VOLTAIRE'S FUNERAL

ALMOST any building with a dome is beautiful to me, and the Panthéon proved to be no exception, although the interior is much smaller than the exterior would lead one to anticipate.

This is another place that is filled with those things that cannot be seen with the physical eye,—the memories of the great souls who have been laid to rest in the cavernous vaults of stone beneath the church, to be carted away after a time to some other place, leaving behind them only a marble tablet to tell the terrestrial story, and the impalpable influences that fill the place for those who can sense them.

Mirabeau was the first of the great men to find a resting-place here, though only for a short time, "being accompanied in great state by four hundred thousand people," all howling and wailing at the death of so great a man.

Then Danton was brought, in such a state that his face had to be rouged and powdered to hide his decomposed features, although his body was allowed to remain "covered with blood-stained linen, an arm 'holding an iron pen' hanging outside the coffin." A howling crowd followed, weeping the death of its

"divine hero." He, too, stayed but a short while.

When I read of the funeral honors of Voltaire, I am never quite sure as to whether I ought to laugh or to weep with the crowd that accompanied him,—there were so many elements of humor that I am sure he would have been delighted could he have seen them. He, too, was permitted to rest here for a while.

The description runs thus:

The body of Voltaire, brought to Paris from the Abbey of Scellières, passed the night of 11th July, 1791, on the spot where the demolished Bastille had stood.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, a car of monumental proportions drawn by twelve horses, moved off for the Panthéon. It was surmounted by a sarcophagus of Oriental granite, bearing a figure of Voltaire in a half-reclining position as if asleep. He was clad in a purple robe, and a young girl was laying a crown of golden stars about his brow.

All Paris lined the streets as the procession went by. The route comprised the Boulevards, the Rue Royale, the Plac Louis XV., and the Quais, and then up the Rue Saint Jacques.

The first halt was made in front of the Opera (on the site of the present theater of the Porte-Saint-Martin), where hymns were chanted; the second, on the Quai des Théatins (now the Quai Voltaire), in front of the house of M. de Villette, where the great man died.

There, a band of fifty young girls, wearing classical costumes, designed by David, surrounded the funeral car, over which fluttered the torn flag of the Bastille; they were joined presently by the widow and daughters of the unhappy Colas and the artists of the Comédia Français, in theatrical dress. Children walked in front of the cortège, strewing roses before the horses' feet. It was all admirably arranged, and everything had been provided for—except the weather.

Suddenly a terrible storm broke over Paris. Orosmane made haste to shelter Mérope and Jocaste beneath an umbrella; Brutus, Susignan, Zaïre, and Nanine scuttled into a hackney-coach; the fifty virgins, bespattered with mud to the waist, tucked their peplums under their arms, and tying pocket-handkerchiefs round their throats, draggled on through the mud under a perfect deluge of rain. The colors began to run, and the figure of the dead

hero to look more and more lamentable every moment; the Roman Senators' togas hung limp and wretched under the down-pour, which obstinately refused to stop.

It was under these discouraging circumstances that Voltaire, 12th July, 1791, entered the Panthéon.

How different from this was the funeral of Victor Hugo, in 1885, when, as T. Okey says:

The whole population (except the Faubourg Saint Germain and the clergy), from the poorest laborer to the heads of the State, issued forth to file past the coffin of their daring poet, lifted up under the Arch de Triomphe, and by their multitudinous presence honored his remains borne on a poor bare hearse to their last resting place in the Panthéon. Amid this vast crowd, mainly composed of laborers, mechanics, and the petite bourgeoisie, assembled to do homage to the memory of the poet of democracy, scarcely an *agent* was seen; the people were their own police, and not a rough gesture, not a trace of disorder marred the sublime scene.

Others have come,—and gone; Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Zola. There were a lot of wreaths made of dark-colored beads, and many dried leaves strewn about in the vault where Hugo had lain, which, however insignificant in themselves, were all signs of the honor in which France holds and revers the memory of her great ones.

France, or rather Paris, is so generally spoken of as "frivolous," that it is with a keen sense of pleasure, not unmixed with surprise, that one discovers that she is not "frivolous." One has only to witness the great honor that is bestowed upon her great men, and the beautiful reverence paid to their memories, to realize that beneath a smiling, joyous exterior, there lies a great love and reverence for the beauties of character, intellect and achievement,—that they know and understand the deep things of life.

One cannot enter and leave the Panthéon without a deeper feeling of admiration and appreciation of the French people.

The exterior of the Panthéon is a wonderful vision in the moonlight, and I have always been glad that I saw it so for the first time. Of all the paintings of Saint Genevieve on the interior we can read in the guide books. One does not care to think of the saint here; one wishes only to think of the great men who have so lately gone away.

CHAPTER XIV

CHURCH OF SAINT SÉVÉRIN. SAINT GERVAIS. OTHER
CHURCHES. THE MADELEINE. THE MARKETS

ONE afternoon Madame Français herself went out with me on an expedition, and a most desirable companion she was, as she had never known any home other than Paris, of which city she knew every stick and stone.

We went to the church of Saint Séverin, "built on the site of the oratory of Childebert I, where Saint Cloud was shorn and took his vows,"—an old, old church, hidden in a perfect labyrinth of small, dark, odoriferous streets in the Latin Quarter.

At first sight I liked it; it pleased me. The whole front is a perfect embroidery of gargoyles, carvings, and statues, topped off by a lovely old tower. Queer figures of strange form and shape peep out from the most unexpected places. The gargoyles here do not have such hideous, leering faces as do those on Notre Dame; they suggest rather kobolds, gnomes, and such things; the devilish is not so prominently suggested.

The interior of this church is very dark, as the tall old houses built so closely around it keep out the bright light of day. Through the gloom a num-

ber of candles could be seen glimmering on the high altar, and the solemn, restrained light was streaming in through the many small windows filled with their wonderful, exquisite stained glass of ancient date (nearly all of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, I believe). In one window is Saint Anthony in most gorgeous apparel, with his staff and his bed, his very pink feet kept warm by the holy fire; and to make it look homelike, near by reclines his faithful friend the pig,—a nice, fat, well-fed pig,—all in most beautifully colored glass.

It is not a large church; just a gorgeous little gem tucked away back in an out-of-the-way corner, filled with religious mystery, art treasures, and incense. It seemed like a house of worship; it had the right atmosphere; it was a real church.

We looked at the lovely fifteenth- and sixteenth-century chapels, with their twinkling candles; inhaled some of the sweet-smelling incense that filled the whole atmosphere; Madame said a prayer before one of the saints, and then we went on,—to another bit of ancient history.

Only a little distance away is the little church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, which was once upon a time the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu,—one of the oldest hospitals of Paris. Here, in this church, the university held its first sittings.

It was in a narrow, exceedingly dirty court; and when we entered the place we found a queer, little old white-haired man, in an embroidered black robe and a skull-cap, in charge. No other persons were

there, and we were free to indulge any curiosity that we may have had regarding the place.

It is now used as a Greek Church, and there was none of the paraphernalia of the Roman Church in evidence.

This little old man (who was a Syrian) was as curious as a sparrow; he cocked his head on one side, settled his black cap a little further back on his head, and looked us over. The inspection was evidently satisfactory, for he invited us to come in as though he were asking guests into a home of his own. He chattered and talked,—seeming glad to have visitors,—said he could see plainly that we were appreciative and intelligent. Whereupon I nudged Madame Français. She did not even smile, but gave me an extremely amused look, and I could feel myself swelling, puffed up with pride.

The little church is a humble one, with no claim to the artistic; but if one listens closely, in the right frame of mind, he might perhaps hear some phantom voice whisper: "Dante!" But it is impossible for me to think of Dante in Paris; the somber Florentine must forever remain in those frescoes; why should he climb down out of those frescoes of Ghirlandajo's and come here, to roam these old Latin-Quarter streets of Paris. He must stay in Florence. We cannot think of him here. However, as each place has its gods to whom incense must be burned, we must acknowledge the shade of Dante in the vicinity of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, and burn our in-

cense. S. S. Beale writes, in her captivating way, of this old quarter:

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were periods of great intellectual activity. Students flocked to Paris from all parts of Europe, and the left bank of the Seine became a colony of Colleges. Saint Julien was in the midst of these schools, and in the streets surrounding it were dwellings for the students of the various nationalities.

The little Rue du Fouarre takes its name from fouarrage, the straw upon which the students sat during the lectures; and so large was the attendance in 1535, that the authorities were obliged to erect two gates to prevent the circulation of carriages during the lessons.

Bruno Latini, Dante Alighieri, Petrarca, and Rabelais, were among the students of the Rue du Fouarre, the three last referring to it in their writings. Dante, especially, mentions his old master Sigier de Brabant in his "Divina Commedia". . . . The poet also bears witness to the violent discussions which took place in the street, and adds that he found comfort in going to Saint Julien to say his prayers. . . . For several centuries the old church was the seat of the general assemblies of the University; and by a decree of Philippe le Bel, the Provost of Paris was obliged to go there every two years to take an oath to observe the privileges of the students, who were under his jurisdiction. He bore the title of Conservateur de l'Université with much pride; but he must have had a troublous life, for the students were always quarreling with the citizens; and in the reign of Charles VI., the then Provost, Hugues Aubroit, rebuilt the Petit-Chatelet (which was close to St. Julien) in order to defend the City against the nocturnal incursions of the scholars. . . .

Up to the sixteenth century, Saint Julien was also the scene of the election of the Rector of the Faculty of Arts . . . , and upon these occasions, notably in 1524, the students seemed to have amused themselves, after their kind, by breaking doors and windows, wrenching knockers, and such like playful imbecilities. . . .

But Saint Julien was not simply the center of the University; it was also the headquarters of many guilds and corporations, such as the Confraternity of Notre-Dame-des-Vertus, the Paper-makers, the Ironfounders, and Roof-tilers.

But, what matters it? They have all passed away. Nothing remains but the wee chapel and reminiscences.

This little old man said that he himself was a Syrian. Whatever he was, his intelligence was of no mean order; he knew many things. He showed us some church vestments most wonderfully wrought in rich embroideries: altar cloths, and the like, and he talked of his special form of worship as of something that had been given to mortals (that is, certain mortals) straight down from Heaven. There was a censer hidden away somewhere, which he brought out to show to us. If it was genuine, it must have been worth many thousands of dollars,—fairly glittering as it did, with shining jewels, curious carvings, and inlaid work.

For me the place was filled with an unfamiliar atmosphere. Each unfamiliar sound made me start and turn around, looking for—I scarcely know what: some stray spirit, perhaps, that might peep from behind one of the ancient stone columns.

Later on, we bade the little Syrian man adieu, and left the chapel, with an invitation to return, given in the most friendly spirit.

We then entered our carriage and ended up the afternoon by a drive to the Bois and coffee at the Restaurant Paillard,—a large, fashionable café in the beautiful woods. All the “entertainment” was there, in beautiful gowns and furbelows, and it seemed as though we had made a jump of ages from those two old churches across the river; this was the Paris of to-day; the other, the Paris of yesterday.

Each day one gains new knowledge of what Paris has been, and with it, a new feeling, a new under-

standing, of what one sees at present. Not to understand the cause, to some extent at least, would make the effect of what one sees in Paris seem rather confusing; for the old, the past, the historical is all so interwoven with the new, the present, the going-to-be historical, that cause must be known to appreciate and enjoy the effect,—that is, the present, its beauty, its gayety and pleasures. To me the pleasures of Paris seem to be the intellectual rather than the merely frivolous. What intellect! What achievement! What evidences of greatness all about! What wonderful things have been accomplished in Paris! The trend of French intelligence is scientific in the widest meaning of the word. Paris is a thinking city; her present aspect and condition show it. She is not a brooder or a dreamer,—she thinks clearly and quickly, and then her thoughts go whizzing through the universe.

Another day, I went to see Saint Gervais,—another one of the old-world churches that appealed to my fancy. It is filled with reminiscences, paintings, stained glass, and the dimness and “religious light” that one wishes to see in a church.

All along the sides of this church are little chapels filled with frescoes and pictures, wee altars, and twinkling candles. Here is a medallion of “God the Father” by Perugino, and a great gilded crucifix on the high altar that glitters and beckons whenever a stray sunbeam falls upon it. The edifice is very dark and quiet within, and seems far away from the

double-decked trams and unwieldy omnibuses that go scuttling through the busy streets so close by.

The place is full of shadowy reflections, for this is where the wonderful woman, the brilliant letter-writer Madame de Sévigné, was married. One instinctively thinks of her when here.

Some of the smaller churches, which are in no sense of the word, "show" places, please me (individually) more than do some of the great begilded and bepainted ones. They have such a "church" air about them, that one feels as though he were in a place of worship. I do not dislike the great churches,—not at all,—but I also like these.

The Church of Saint Eugène is another "churchy" church. It is so dark that it is only with difficulty that one can see, through the obscurity, the twinkling lights of the high altar. The kneeling figures are like so many blobs of shadow on the gray floor. The people here kneel at their prayers with such seeming abandon and forgetfulness of self.

One Sunday morning I went to the Church of the Madeleine to hear Mass and burn incense to the gods, but I could not determine to which ones,—the gods of Greece, or the gods of Rome. However, once inside, the Greek Temple is lost sight of in the paraphernalia of the Roman service, and I joined in, with probably several hundred others, and burned my incense on the altar of Rome.

O Antwerp! There are no stained glass windows here through which the sun can send down its long red, green, blue, and golden gleams onto the bowed

heads of the worshipers, and the silvery haze of incense wends its way in long, quivering slants up to the three cupolas in the roof, which furnishes what light there is in the templelike Christian church. All that I could think of, as I looked through the haze at the richly appareled priests, was Chopin,—of how he lay here in state, of how the world for the first time heard the divine strains of his wonderful Funeral March, which was performed at intervals at his own funeral solemnities.

I do not know what Mass was sung that Sunday morning, but the miraculous strains filled the sanctuary—faint and spirituelle they were at first, then they burst into thunderous harmonies,—magnificent and awesome. One instinctively fell to his knees. There was one exquisite soprano voice that was invariably accompanied by the harp, and the excellent intoning voice of one priest in particular, as it chanted the musical Latin phrases, added immeasurably to the beauty of the service.

If a priest cannot chant in a soft, pliant voice, he should not be permitted to say Mass on Sundays. A harsh, metallic voice spoils it all, and destroys any sacred influence that might otherwise be felt. So much depends upon a musical intonation. Mass is one of the beautiful things of life; and no harsh sounds should ever be allowed to mar its religious effect. Ernest Renan, in his "Patrice," says:

Nothing equals the grandeur of Catholicism when one contemplates it in its mighty proportions, with its mysteries, its cult, its sacraments, its mythical history, its patriarchs, its prophets, its apostles, its martyrs, its virgins, its saints—immense agglomera-

tion of eighteen centuries, in which nothing is lost, an ever ascending mountain, a gigantic temple to which each generation adds a story.

And I might add to this wonderful list, and its wonderful masses—its magnificent music.

The Madeleine is much more beautiful on the outside than it is on the inside; although the great group,—Mary Magdalen being borne to Paradise by two angels,—of snowy marble on the high altar is a glorious vision to one who first sees it through the veil of incense floating about the choir.

I had no need to feel ashamed of my own church in Paris, and the next Sunday morning, I went there, to the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the Avenue de l'Alma,—only a short walk from my pension.

The Gothic church is of beautiful white marble, inside as well as outside; the windows filled with exquisite stained glass,—new and modern, of course, but very beautiful.

I admit, quite candidly, that I went to see who was there,—to see, if by any possible chance there was any person present whom I had ever seen before; but there was no one, and I felt lonely. They were all my countrymen and countrywomen, but I did not know them. Always afterwards, I went to the Roman churches, among the French people, and I was never lonely or disappointed, because I did not expect anything. But to be in an American audience in a strange land, and not know a soul, nor be able to speak to any one,—when I wanted to call out, "How do you do?" and shake hands and em-

brace everybody there,—that was too much! So, I stuck to the strange churches and strange congregations.

It is said that the “swells” go to the Sainte Clotilde. That may, or may not be true, but what I went for was not so much to see the “swells” as to hear the bells,—the beautiful chimes. I would travel far to listen to the music of chimes.

Sainte Clotilde is a large, beautiful, modern church, which cost something over a million dollars in the building; but the interior impresses one as being medieval,—with its carved choir-stalls, its high, medieval-looking altar, rich with inlaid work and carvings; its stained-glass windows, its paintings, and its chimes.

I believe that of all the churches in Paris, Saint Sulpice appeals to my heart the most. The atmosphere of these churches is sometimes very strongly felt, and one finds oneself yielding to all kinds of strange fancies that go scuttling through the brain, while outwardly listening to the strains of music that reverberate and circle round and round the sanctuary, and watching the glimmer of the candles on the far-away high altar.

In a small chapel is the Dauphin’s little organ, which was purchased at the Trianon sale in 1793; I only mention the fact, to ask why it should be here? Why should it not be in the Louvre, instead of in a church? To be sure, the church authorities bought it; but I should think it would look better in a museum.

The church,—in the form of a Greek Cross 460 feet in length,—is filled with the beautiful things of the ecclesiastical world, each of its twenty side-chapels being a little gem of gorgeous frescoes, paintings, and marbles. In one chapel is a beautiful image of the Virgin Mary, which conveys the impression that she is standing in the clouds, the light falling down upon it from somewhere in the ceiling. Theatrical perhaps, but very beautiful!

In another chapel is one of the things that I detest: the Martyrdom of Saint John the Evangelist. Bah!

The music for the services is created by a masterly hand. But whose? I do not know. I only know that it is of the kind that will cause a person to go back time after time, just to hear it. There is no more devotional expression of the soul than music.

During the sermon one Sunday, the devotional was almost lost sight of, in the desire to laugh. The preacher twiddled his thumbs, kept chasing one after the other all the time, stopping only long enough, at regular intervals, to point a fat, pudgy finger at the congregation, as he emphasized some point in his discourse, and then resumed the twiddling.

One afternoon Madame Français and I went to visit the church of Saint Étienne-du-Mont, where I again had an opportunity to luxuriate in the glories of stained glass, offer incense to the tomb of Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, and call to mind those great men,—Racine and Pascal,—who

found their last resting-place here, under the protection of the saint.

The stained glass of this church is gorgeous, but one must not examine one window too closely if he does not care for the disgustingly grewsome. It is an illustration of the allegory of the wine-press.

Our Lord lies upon the press in the presence of the Father and the Holy Spirit, bathed in a sea of blood, which flows from His sides, His hands, His feet. Underneath, the blood pours down through an opening into a large cask. Prelates and Kings carry to a cellar those barrels which have been filled with the Sacred Blood by the Doctors of the Church; while, from under a rich, classic portico, we see the faithful flocking to confess their sins, and to receive the Holy Eucharist. In the distance, the Patriarchs are digging the ground and pruning the vines, while the Apostles gather in the vintage. St. Peter throws the grapes into a vat, and a chariot drawn by the Ox, the Lion, and the Eagle of the Apocalypse, and guided by the Angel of S. Matthew, carries the Divine vintage to the four quarters of the earth. Such is the allegory of the wine-press, the *Pressoir mystique*, the outcome of the verse of Isaiah: "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me"; but, unfortunately for the correctness of the illustration, there is, in this window, a large concourse of people, great and small in worldly means and wisdom.

If one can forget the subject, pleasure in the contemplation of this wonderful window is unlimited. I do not like these dreadful subjects; but they must give joy to the true believer.

The shrine of the saint is well worth seeing. It is made of gold and silver, all studded with precious stones set in wonderful designs, and carved with statues of the saint herself, the Virgin Mary, and the twelve Apostles. Inside, there is supposed to be preserved a portion of the old wooden shrine in which the relics of the saint were first kept, as well

as the relics themselves, which, I may say, are not exhibited to the public, so we accept them on faith. Candles were burning all around the shrine, and kneeling people,—troubled souls,—surrounded it on every side. Votive offerings, in gratitude for wonderful cures, and so on, were hung upon the walls in great profusion. I cannot understand why votive offerings should so often take the form of little silver hearts.

We all generally close one eye when listening to the tales and legends of saints, but very clever people tell strange stories sometimes. Why should plagues and pestilences cease, and all manner of threatened evil be averted,—even the waters of the Seine subsiding during a threatened flood,—simply by the carrying of this shrine in a solemn procession through the streets? I never saw any of these things done, but if we accept historical accounts for one thing, why not for the other?

Believe! Believe! Never raise uncomfortable suggestions or questionings,—that spoils everything. One cannot enjoy these things when all the time he is doubting. Always believe it is all true. After all, nothing is too wonderful to be true. Believe what you like,—when you get home.

La Trinité is a great modern church, with a somewhat ancient appearance, that appeals to one more because it was from here that Rossini was carried to his long rest in Pere la Chaise before being sent on to Florence, than because of anything else, perhaps. In his "Paris Churches," Mr. Lonergan says:

Nilsson was there, and the duet between Alboni and Patti, the *Quis est Homo*, from Rossini's own "*Stabat Mater*," set strong men, as well as sentimental women, weeping until their eyes were red. Rossini's coffin was covered with Parma violets, his favorite flowers, and with ivy.

Having always heard of the wonderful vision which Saint Eustache presents at evening, when the altar is all aglow with twinkling candles, the atmosphere sweet with smoking incense, the floor dotted with kneeling figures at their devotions in the twilight, I waited to make my first visit at such a time.

One evening, when we were to take dinner at an old café of note in the vicinity, we whetted our appetites by attending vespers at this wonderfully beautiful old church.

The sanctuary fairly blazed with gleaming lights; but even so, the far-away ceiling faded away into misty darkness; there was that strange reverberation caused by the shifting of numbers of prayer-chairs backwards and forwards; the strange and unexpected sounds that always come from a vast congregation of people (a cough here, a sigh there; the clicking of beads; and over all, the sound of the organ away off through the clouds of hazy incense, and the low, subdued tones of the richly appareled priest. S. S. Beale says of Saint Eustache:

On entering the church, the effect is most impressive, and upon any great festival, or during the evening services of the Adoration Perpetuelle, when the whole east end is a-blaze with candles, few churches can compare with it in grandeur. Saint Eustache, like most large churches, looks grandest in the evening, when the altar is a-blaze with lights, and long vistas fade away into the darkness; but under all conditions it is a splendid church, a mass of harmonious coloring from floor to ceiling.

Flying buttresses support the nave, choir, and transepts; and a multitude of gargoyles, fantastic in design, representing men, women and children, with foliage terminations, and mostly winged, surround the pilasters of the aisles.

Again I went, in the morning, to an early Mass. I wanted to hear the music, which is always splendid, and to see the market-women at their devotions. The great market, the Halles Centrales, is within a stone's throw of the church, and it is difficult for me to think of one and not of the other—the mind constantly reverts to the ancestors of these market women, kneeling there, busy with their beads and prayers,—to those fearsome women, who with their knitting in hand, sat counting the heads of the hated aristocrats as they fell into the waiting basket from the guillotine. The market-woman of to-day is a nice, round-faced, rolypoly bit of humanity; but looking around at the beautiful windows, frescoes and paintings of Saint Eustache, even while listening to the wonderful strains coming from the magnificent organ, the mind constantly wanders away to the “knitting women,” the ancestors perhaps of the market-women.

How some of these churches take hold of the affections! No wonder men have gone smilingly to death in most cruel forms for love of church! It is not so much what is in a church, it is not perhaps the jewel-like windows, it is not the marbles nor the paintings; it is some indefinable something, some influence perhaps,—something that eludes analysis,—that encroaches upon the affections, and leads men into all kinds of strange adventures because of it.

One loves some of them at once, or the reverse. I went at divers times to these churches that attracted me, and the influence was always the same; just as my dislike of Notre Dame was always felt.

To go from Saint Eustache to the market is only a moment's travel. After listening to the most exquisite music of the ecclesiastical world, in the quiet of the vast sanctuary, it gives one quite a startling sensation to enter into the commotion of the Halles Centrales.

We have markets in America, yes! But really, this great Paris market is not to be laughed at,—not by any means! Even we have to admit that it is a large one; it covers something over twenty acres, divided into ten sections, each section containing over two hundred and fifty stalls. The whole is intersected by roofed-over streets, leading from one division to another, and it cost Paris something like two million and a half dollars to build.

There the market-people stand, offering their wares, talking back and forth to one another from stall to stall, and eating and drinking. Personally, I saw nothing whatever of what I am about to relate, but when I think of the "garbage man," and the barrels and barrels of food cast away from our great restaurants, hotels, and cafés, and of how much good might be done with it, the French way of disposing of such refuse seems especially to recommend itself. Nothing is ever wasted in France, and the refuse from the large hotels and restaurants, banquets, and similar places, instead of being thrown

away, is rearranged and tastefully redressed in small "portions" called "jewelry," taken to the markets, and sold for a penny or two. Mr. George Augustus Sala speaks especially of this custom, and says, in his intensely interesting way:

"Here is the 'jewelry' at last! We pass between a double line of stalls heaped high with the most astonishing array of cooked food that I have ever set eyes upon. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, pastry, confectionery and cheese are all represented here, ready cooked, but cold, and arranged, not on plates or dishes, but on quarter-sheets of old newspapers. I imagine one pile, consisting of the leg of a partridge, the remnants of an omelette, the tail of a fried sole, two ribs of a jugged hare, a spoonful of haricot beans, a scrap of filet, a cut pear, a handful of salad, a slice of tomato, and a dab of jelly. It is the microcosm of a good dinner, abating the soup. The pile constitutes a portion, and is to be bought for five sous, or twopence-halfpenny.

"There are portions as low as two sous; indeed, the scale of prices is most elastic in ascending and descending. There are piles here to suit all pockets.

"Are your funds at very low ebb, indeed? On that scrap of a back number of the *Figaro*, you will find a hard-boiled egg, the gizzard of a fowl, two pickled gherkins, and a macaroon. A breakfast for a prince, if his Highness be impecunious.

"Are you somewhat in cash? Behold outspread on a trenchant leading article from the *Republique Française*, a whole veal chop, a golden store of cold

fried potatoes, an artichoke à la barigoule, a sumptuous piece of Roquefort, some barbe de Capucin salad, and the remains of a Charlotte Russe. A luncheon for a king, if his Majesty's civil list be a restricted one. But there are loftier luxuries to be had.

"Behold an entire fowl! See at least the moiety of a *Châteaubriand aux Champignons*. Yonder are the magnificent relics of a demieselle de pré salé, the remains of a sole à la Normandie, the ruins of a buisson d'écrevisses, half a dozen smelts, the backbone of a pheasant, and, upon my word, some truffles; yes, positively, truffles! It is true that they are mingled with bits of cheese and beet root, with a dash of meringue à la crème, and a suspicion of Sauce Robert. All this is gathered together on a front page of the *Pays*. A dinner for an emperor, when imperialism is at a discount, and Cæsar does not find it convenient to dine at the Café Riche or the Maison Dorée.

"The fragments which form the 'jewelry' of the Halles Centrales are brought down in big baskets, between seven and eight, every morning, by the garçons of the great boulevard restaurants, or by the larbins from the hotels of the ministers and the foreign ambassadors. If there has been overnight a dinner at the Ministry of the Interior, or at the Baratarian Embassy, the show of 'jewelry' in the morning will be superb. Whole turkeys and capons, all but the entire hams and hures de sanglier scarcely impinged upon, pièces montées, the majestic

vestiges of a poulet à la Marengo or a saumon à la Chambord, will decorate the deal boards of the stalls in the Halles. Out of the fashionable season, the supply comes principally from the leading restaurants, where the 'leavings' are the perquisites of the garçons."

By this arrangement, very poor people can have a king's dinner for a very few pennies, and nothing is wasted, but all things used for a good purpose.

The Halles Centrales, too, are interesting from other points of view, and because of other associations.

The Halles Centrales and their quarters have always been the center of populace in Paris; they still remain the place where, in spite of modern surroundings, new straight streets and vast roofs of iron and glass, you can most usually find the types that make up the lower tradition of the capitol. There the random sellers of ballads, the street artists, the homeless singers gather at night.

CHAPTER XV

A MUSICALE. FRENCH FRIENDLINESS. ANECDOTES

ONE evening a young woman whose family lived in an apartment on the Rue de Longchamps, not far from us, invited a number of the ladies in the pension to come over to her house to hear some music, and added an invitation for "that American girl who is staying over there,"—so, I went too.

This family was Irish, but had lived the greater part of their life in France. There was the father and mother, a brother and a sister. Both brother and sister were art students, and, in addition, the sister was an excellent musician.

There was a fairly large salon, with an immense window of stained glass on one side. In that corner was a concert grand piano; pictures and sketches lined the walls; bits of carved ivory and nicknacks were strewn about. In another part of the room was the Irish emblem,—a harp. Altogether it was a charming room, full of rest suggestions. I liked its begilded ceiling, its picture-lined walls, its pieces of rare furniture, and its great, black, open piano. I felt the atmosphere of the home at once upon entering its salon.

All this fine, old-world furniture seems to have an

influence of its own: it puts the mind into a state of tranquillity, consequently the body falls into a state of rest and ease.

Introductions over, we all began at once to converse, and I was delighted to find out how well Americans are liked in Paris; every one fairly beamed with cordiality.

The room was fitted up with all the paraphernalia of electric lighting, but not one was burning: all the illumination came from numbers of wax candles distributed in various nooks and corners of the room, —two burning in little brackets attached at each side of the music rack of the piano.

I asked Miss Ahnrate (the sister):

“Why candles instead of the electric light?”

“Fancy trying to woo the goddess in anything but candlelight!” was her answer.

No matter, the effect was charming; and I sincerely enjoyed all the evening brought to me, for, among other things, it brought to me a friendship with these clever people that has never been broken.

Then some wonderful man, in plain evening dress, —with a clean, smoothly-shaven face and coal-black hair, made music for us. No one spoke a word. His music enveloped us in a strange repose—in that peculiar condition of mind that takes possession of one when listening to certain sounds, that is too vague and elusive for any attempt at analysis; but perhaps we all know what it is.

What strange visions one may sometimes see under the influence of certain music! As I sat there,

in the soft dim light of the candles, trying to listen to what the "master" was saying, I could catch glimpses of tall, Dante-like figures,—somber, stately,—coming out of some dark, somber, green space, remote and blurred by indistinct cypress trees. I could see the luminous haze of moonlight cast over some far-away landscape, the location of which I did not know; I could see shimmering waters; hear strange sounds of a night in some land I have never seen. With the change of harmony came a change of vision. I am always sorry when these friendly dream-people leave me, because I cannot call them back (they come only when I hear the same music again); but I see them so plainly that I believe I should know them were I to meet them in real life, and that I should recognize those strange, beautiful landscapes should I happen to see them.

Many such evenings followed. However, I found out that music does not make its appeal to every one as it does to me. I had always imagined that any one who could paint pictures would love music, and every other manifestation of art, but this, evidently, is not true. Mrs. Harmon could not endure the sound of a piano, and would grow nervous and fidgety before a performer could finish a single number, saying it made her ill. And she would then go home, or into some other room, away from the sound of the music.

Not long after that bit of knowledge had drifted to me I became acquainted with an artist from Holland, who painted almost exclusively scenes from

his own land, and he told me that he never read a book of any description,—never even looked between the covers of one; that he detested books, and had never read any since he left school. How can it be possible? Yet he assured me it was quite true. He was a man of refinement and apparent culture. I should think—well, no matter what one thinks; it seems to me an abnormal condition.

I do not know how people used to comport themselves in the drawing-rooms of the long ago, but in reading a piece of advice given by a French gentleman of great culture, to his nephew, and recalling all the magnificent accounts of “salons” that I have read, I am rather curious. This cultured Frenchman says:

Behave yourself well and correctly, even when you are bored. Do not frown, that is impolite. Do not smile to yourself, that gives an air of self-sufficiency. Do not move the muscles of your face, else you will seem to be talking to yourself. Do not stretch yourself at length in arm-chairs, these are the manners of the tap-house. Do not lean too far forwards, or you will seem to be contemplating your boots. Let your body make an angle of forty-five degrees with your limbs. Assume the vacant and composed expression of a prince at a ceremony. You may, if you like, turn over the leaves of a photographic album. . . . When you put on a white cravat, do not swear at the stupidity of the custom. A drawing-room is a permanent exhibition; you are a commodity and commodities are not disposed of unless properly exhibited. . . . The only trouble in this is its hypocrisy. You are all dogs, each running after his bone; dinner is necessary,—that I agree to; but for God’s sake! do not say that you despise the bone, and, if possible, do not smack your chops so often!

May the saints defend us! And it was a Frenchman who said it!

Speaking of the French liking Americans. I have

discovered one curious thing, and that is, that nearly all of the criticism leveled at Americans (and English, too) in Paris, has been written by Americans and English. Why? I cannot imagine. A Frenchman seldom criticizes the Americans and the English in his books. Our own people are the ones who do the laughing at us. But again, I wonder why? If a young American goes to Paris to study painting or music for a couple of years, he seems to think that by that act he has become a Frenchman, and is in a position to laugh at the rest of his countrymen who come to Paris, and may not understand some things about the city. I have heard of several instances where our own people laughed at us because we did not happen to know that the Palais Royal was no longer the "center of fashion." No matter,—we want to see it anyway. Why not? It is historical,—filled with reminiscences,—we want to see it.

Another writer laughs at some young girls who have come to Paris to study painting, because he overheard them say, in a plain little restaurant where there was nothing in particular exciting, "How Bohemian!" Well, why not? It is a credit to those little American girls that they did find it "Bohemian,"—it speaks well for their home training. They will lose their illusions soon enough, but—Well, the French do not laugh at us. All kinds of things, amusing and otherwise, are liable to happen to people in our own country, among familiar surroundings and where they understand the language spoken, so, why not in Paris?

Mr. John L. Stoddard tells of an amusing incident in Paris, but which might happen elsewhere as well:

In Paris, when the seats are occupied [referring to the omnibuses], the little sign "Complet" [which means filled] inexorably keeps out all intruders. This leads sometimes to strange mistakes on the part of tourists, one of whom is said to have declared: "I have visited every place in Paris except *Complet*; but whenever I have seen an omnibus bearing that name it would not stop for me!"

Well, that is nothing!

One day, while I was stopping at the Grand Hôtel, a young woman called out, clear across the table, to some persons with whom she was acquainted, and asked, in a loud tone, what all those little "Bhyrrs" were all over the town. There was a silence,—then every one grinned. Really! How should she know? They were the public conveniences that spoil every Boulevard in the city, and this foolish little sign of something or other, was painted in red and yellow letters over the tops of every blessed one of them. She thought that was the name of the place, whatever it was. Of course, these things are always funny,—to the other party. In spite of my sympathy, I, too, laughed,—we all laughed. Who could help it?

CHAPTER XVI

CAFÉ-CONCERTS. CAB HORSES. PARIS CROWDS

ONE evening Monsieur Français invited me to accompany himself and wife to a café known as the Café Rouge. It was the first time I had had an opportunity to go out at night since the departure of the Whatleys, and I was delighted.

This café was fitted up with mirrors on the walls, and red velvet chairs. On the backs of the chairs were little brackets upon which to stand cups and glasses, for every one who enters must buy some refreshment: that is the rule of this café. There were no tables.

I understand that none except high-class music is ever performed here. Certain it was, that a magnificent program was rendered that evening. The men smoked, drank their coffee, beer, or wine; the women generally drank coffee or wine, and no one spoke a word. Except for the music, I believe you could have heard a pin drop. Evidently the patrons were all music lovers.

These café-concerts are very popular with the French people, and nightly the crowds congregate to hear good music, which is offered to them for the price of a cup of coffee.

After we left the café,—at one in the morning,—we walked for a long distance before we finally took a carriage for home.

It was all serene, with the peace of the quiet nighttime. The streets were very dark. The houses loomed up through the blackness like huge specters.

Not to see a city by night is, to my mind, a great loss. The night silence of a great city's streets, of its tall, shadowy houses lined up in long, somber rows, the mysterious shadows cast by Heaven knows what; the strange, unfamiliar sounds; the soft, dense shadows of waving, rustling foliage overhead; the terrifying ghostly outlines of flying automobiles,—their great spectral, fiery eyes glaring down through the black caverns of streets, or staring at one through the dark penumbra of the long lines of trees; the sudden blare of horns that makes one jump and start; the blurred figures scurrying along the sidewalks on the other side of the street,—all lend some indefinable something to the dim night walk that is never to be seen or felt in a daylight ramble through the same thoroughfares. It creates a subtle, and at the same time, a powerful impression. One can feel the night, the mystery of it. When one searches for all these things in the daytime,—*presto!* they are gone!

It looked as though all the buildings, the domes, the spires, and the towers that create the wonderful sky-line of Paris had been removed; not an outline could be seen through the impenetrable blackness,—only dim blotches.

The "silvery shimmer" of the moonlit river was gone,—it was black as the night itself, and the lights from numbers of barges and boats, from the lamps along the banks, and from the lights flung over the bridges, only intensified its wrinkled blackness.

A cab with a blue light came along. The driver cracked his whip in an insinuating way, and Monsieur Français called out something,—I did not understand what it was,—and in we got.

In Paris only carriages with lights of a certain color go to certain localities. If one cannot find his own particular "light," it is optional with the driver whether he takes you home or not. If he does condescend to do so, rest assured the tip will be large enough. And who could blame them? So, I presume we were fortunate enough to have happened upon our own color.

However, we soon reached the brilliantly-lighted Champs Elysées. The beautiful roadway was covered with silvery splotches of light between the elongated shadows of the trees, which showed green as emerald through the shining electric lights behind them.

These Parisians must go to bed early, for there was scarcely a light burning in a private house from the Palais de l'Elysée to the Arc de Triomphe,—all was in darkness except the still, brilliantly-lighted cafés-chantants, which lay back behind the trees in the intermittent flare and shadow.

The poor cab horses! So much has been said of the cab horses of Paris that it sounds banal to men-

tion them; but, truly, they do have a style of architecture all their own,—peculiarly their own, I am inclined to think, for I have never seen any equal to it, anywhere: razor backs, extraordinarily long ears, strangely constructed knees, and uncertain age. Some of them are, perhaps, Rubenses or Rembrandts,—or some of the other Old Masters!

It might not be kind for a mere observer to say that drivers were unkind to their poor, four-legged co-workers, but I hope that the horses understand and take it all in good part. Perhaps they do, as they speak French and seem to understand every word of the choice invectives showered upon them in such unlimited vocabularies.

To stand at night in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe and look down the Champs Elysées, and the ten or twelve other streets and avenues that radiate from this point, is to experience an Arabian Nights' vision. The dozen "Great White Ways" are so many streams of light flowing to so many points of the universe. It makes one contemplative.

On several occasions Miss Ahnrate and I took a carriage, and rode down the Rue de Rivoli in the evening, just to see the beauty of the streets at night. For miles this street is lighted so that it is almost as light as day; and on the Boulevards, there is a perfect blaze of colored lights as well as of white lights, shining through the foliage of the long lines of green trees,—a very unusual sight, as large cities so seldom allow trees to grow in their busy thoroughfares. It only proves that it can be done.

A ride on the top of a double-decked 'bus from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille in the evening, when all the city is ablaze with light, is one of the most interesting and diverting rides to be found in the whole world, I believe; and so Miss Ahnrate and I found the top seat of an omnibus preferable to a carriage for that purpose.

One evening we took the mother of Madame Français with us, and she climbed up to the top of the 'bus with the agility of a girl in her 'teens (she must have been sixty, at the least). The dear little old lady! She knew Paris like a book, and pointed out this and that place, with always something to tell of every one of them. According to her accounts, there are ghosts and spooks all over Paris.

It is one thing to see all these things, but it is quite another matter to describe them, but De Amicis has succeeded to a wonderful extent. He says:

The boulevards are blazing. The shops cast floods of brilliant light half way across the streets, and encircle the crowds in a golden haze. The illuminated kiosques, extending in two interminable rows, resembling enormous Chinese lanterns, give to the street the fantastic and childlike aspect of an Oriental fête. The numberless reflections, the thousands of luminous points shining through the trees, the rapid motion of the innumerable carriage lights that seem like myriads of fire-flies, the purple lamps of the omnibuses, the hundred thousand illuminated windows, all these theatrical splendors half conceal the verdure which now and then allows a glimpse of the distant illuminations, and presents the spectacle in progressive scenes.

All this produces at first an indescribable impression on the stranger. It seems like an immense display of fire-works, which suddenly extinguished will leave the city buried in smoke.

This was all true, and more; but while exceedingly beautiful, would not be apt to impress an American

(who is used to brilliant street illuminations) as it would the beautiful-souled Italian.

Many times we would spend our evenings just riding about, through the bright streets, watching the crowds at the cafés, or filing theaterward, and enjoying the huge spectacle.

The thing that impresses me most is the absence of hurry and rush. These people are orderly and methodic; they move along to whatever their destination may be, in a leisurely manner, without any agonizing rush or undue haste, which is very satisfying to the observer:

I should admire the French (if for no other reason) because of the tender manner in which they treat their old people. Any old person in the house is treated almost as a goddess of the household. Our little old lady was the real goddess of the family with whom I was staying. They deferred to "Maman" in everything,—or what she wanted to do, or have done. I have seen picnickers,—parties out in the country for an outing (parties, here, parties there, in the Bois, everywhere), and almost invariably, there was an old lady in the party, every one present giving her the greater share of attention.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TOMB OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

ONE afternoon Miss Ahnrate and I started out for a little prowl about the neighborhood, my mind busy with what I saw; hers, busy with Home Rule for Ireland, as her intermittent conversation indicated.

While wandering about the Trocadéro, I suddenly espied a small cemetery, and suggested at once that we go in and call upon this silent company, in this silent city. Reading tombstones may not be a hilarious form of amusement, but it is one replete with melancholy interest to those who find pleasure in looking upon these last resting-places of the great sons of men. And of them there are a goodly company in Paris.

This was Passy. We went in, at a modest little gateway, and were quietly talking as we walked along the neat paths, looking at this monument or that one, when I saw at a short distance, behind some tall trees, a snowy-white mausoleum much resembling a mosque,—something that looked Mohammedan, or Russian,—and we started at once for it. Upon reaching it, we found it to be the tomb of poor little Marie Bashkirtseff! I had supposed that she was buried somewhere in Russia.

As I stood peering in through the glass doors, I suddenly heard the dull throbbing of funeral music, and for an instant could not decide whether I was "hearing things" or whether I really had heard music. I turned quickly around, looking for I scarcely knew what, and Miss Ahnrate was standing there, at the edge of the walk, looking down the narrow roadway. A funeral was coming in through the entrance. A black funeral car, with no glass at the sides, bore the casket that lay on a sort of pyramid in the open space, almost completely covered with flowers. Men, dressed in black "dress suits" and tall silk hats, walked at the sides and formed a procession in the rear, their white-gloved hands hanging at their sides. A band of music marched in front, all their instruments muffled.

I only stood long enough to catch a glimpse of the little procession, then fled behind the tomb of Marie, so that I could howl and wail without being seen. No matter who it is, I am always chief mourner. I have no need to know the one in a casket,—I howl anyway. And funeral music in addition! No, I could not bear that.

Soon the somber procession, with its muffled music, passed by to another part of the cemetery, and I came out from my retreat.

We peered in through the glass doors of Marie's tomb at the white marble bust of the beautiful young girl, which was standing on a pedestal over in one corner, the eyes bent in a pensive look down upon the spot where all that remained of her beautiful

body was reposing in its long sleep. The body was not put into the ground, but is lying in its casket in a marble-lined bed in the middle of the tomb, a slab of marble covering the opening, which can be raised at any moment.

A little altar is built at one end of the tomb, which has upon it a cross and some flowers. Stretched across one wall, is a large unfinished picture, which I think is of her Holy Women about which she talked so much. It was merely a sketch, the outlines very dim. Lying there, also, was the manuscript copy of her "Journal." At one side stood a chair. It all appealed to me as pathetic, considering the many plans she had formed and was so intent upon accomplishing, when death stopped it all.

A few days before her death, she wrote in her "Journal":

I have not been able to go out for the past few days. I am very ill, although I am not confined to bed. . . . Ah, my God! and my picture, my picture, my picture! . . . I have a constant fever that is sapping my strength. I spend the whole day in the drawing-room, going from the easy-chair to the sofa, and back again. I cannot leave the house at all, but poor Bastien-Lepage is still able to go out, so he had himself brought here and installed in an easy-chair, his feet supported by cushions. I was by his side, in another easy-chair, and so we remained until six o'clock.

I was dressed in a white plush morning-gown trimmed with white lace, but of a different shade. . . . "Ah, if I could only paint!" he said. And I! . . . There is an end to this year's picture.

And now, here she lies! The last entry she ever made in her "Journal," was written just eleven days before she died,—Monday, October 20, 1884:

Although the weather is magnificent, Bastien-Lepage comes here instead of going to the Bois. He can scarcely walk at all now; his brother supports him under each arm; he almost carries him. By the time he is seated in his easy-chair, the poor fellow is exhausted. Woe is me! And how many porters there are who do not know what it is to be ill! Emile is an admirable brother. He it is who carries Jules on his shoulders up and down their three flights of stairs. Dina [a cousin] is equally devoted to me. For the last two days my bed has been in the drawing-room, but as this is very large, and divided by screens, *poufs*, and the piano, it is not noticed. I find it too difficult to go upstairs.

And she died eleven days later, just twenty-four years of age. Who would not stop long enough to whisper one little prayer?

The following was written by François Coppée, and was "printed in the 'Catalogue of Marie Bashkirtseff's Paintings' exhibited in Paris in 1885, shortly after her death":

At this moment Mlle. Bashkirtseff appeared. I saw her but once. I saw her only for an hour. I shall never forget her. Twenty-three years old, but she appeared much younger. Rather short, but with a perfect figure, an oval face exquisitely modeled, golden hair, dark eyes kindling with intelligence—eyes consumed by the desire to see and to know everything—a firm mouth, tender and thoughtful, nostrils quivering like those of a wild horse of the Ukraine.

At the first glance, Mlle. Bashkirtseff gave me the rare impression of being possessed by strength in gentleness, dignity in grace. Everything in this adorable young girl betrayed a superior mind. . . .

She replied to my congratulations [about the acceptance of her picture by the Salon] in a frank and well-modulated voice—without false modesty acknowledging her high ambitions, and—poor child! Already with the finger of death upon her. . . .

It was time for me to leave, and moreover for a moment I experienced a vague apprehension, a sort of alarm—I can scarcely call it a presentiment.

Before that pale and ardent young girl I thought of some extraordinary hothouse plant, beautiful and fragrant beyond words, and in my heart of hearts, a sweet voice murmured, "It is too much!"

Alas! It was indeed too much! A few months after my one visit to the Rue Ampère, I received the sinister notice bordered with black, informing me that Mlle. Bashkirtseff was no more. She had died . . . having taken a cold while making a sketch in the open air.

Once again I visited the desolate house. The stricken mother, a prey to a devouring and arid grief, unable to shed tears, showed me, for the second time, in their old places, the pictures and books. She spoke to me for a long time of her poor dead child, revealing the tenderness of her heart, which her intellect had not extinguished. She led me, convulsed by sobs, even to the bed-chamber, before the little iron bedstead, the bed of a soldier, upon which the heroic child had fallen asleep forever. . . .

But why try to influence the public? In the presence of the works of Marie Bashkirtseff, before that harvest of hopes, wilted by the breath of death, every one would surely experience, with an emotion deep as my own, the same profound melancholy as would be inspired by edifices crumbling before their completion.

Yes, there she was! And she must have been as lovely as the word-picture of Coppée, if that marble in the corner resembles her.

But she is not, as I have heard said, forgotten. The art students at the house tell me that almost the first thing a new student does after securing lodgings, is to buy a copy of her "Journal,"—that it has practically become a sort of text-book to every student in Paris,—certainly to those in the Julien Studios. It is filled with the criticisms and instructions of the great Julien himself, as well as those of Tony Robert-Fluery, and Jules Bastien-Lepage; sufficient, I should think, to make a good text-book for any student.

In her "Journal," Tuesday, August 21, 1883, she says:

And my will? All I shall ask in it will be a statue and a picture, the one by Saint-Marceaux, the other by Jules Bastien-Lepage, placed in a conspicuous position in a chapel in Paris,

and surrounded by flowers; and on each anniversary of my death that a mass of Verdi or of Pergolesi, and other music, may be sung by the most celebrated singers in remembrance of me. . . .

And so it is! On each anniversary of her death, mass is sung in the Madeleine, just as she had wished; and I am told (although of this I cannot be positive, as I have never attempted to attend) that now the crush has become so great that tickets are required; that a certain number are distributed to the students at the different studios; that all the great ones of the city seek admittance to this mass in remembrance of Marie Bashkirtseff. Grace to the dead!

That reminded me that I had not yet been to the Gallery of the Luxembourg, where the picture so often mentioned in Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal," (entitled *The Meeting*) now hangs.

Miss Ahnrate and I set out the very next afternoon to pay our visit to the picture gallery of the Luxembourg, which is not in the palace itself, but in a modern structure erected at a short distance from the Petit Luxembourg, which is the official residence of the President of the Senate. The main palace itself is the seat of the Senate.

How beautiful are these sweet, old-world gardens of the Luxembourg.

After entering the picture gallery, we traversed several rooms before we found the picture we sought. Yes, there they were! hung up on the wall,—the ragged little urchins! On the 30th day of April, 1884, Marie Bashkirtseff entered in her "Journal":

Things are not so bad, after all, for the Gaulois speaks very well of me; it gives me a separate notice. The article is very chic. It is by Fourcaud, the Wolff of the *Gaulois*.

The *Voltaire* treats me in the same fashion as the *Gaulois*. Both notices are important ones. The *Journal des Arts* also mentions me, and *L'Intransigeant* speaks of me in terms of praise. . . . It is only the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois* and the *Voltaire* that give a general mention of the pictures on varnishing day. Am I satisfied? It is very easy to answer that question; I am neither satisfied nor dissatisfied. My success is just enough to keep me from being unhappy; that is all. . . . We remained for a long time seated on a bench before the picture. It attracted a good deal of attention, and I smiled to myself at the thought that no one would ever imagine the elegantly-dressed young girl seated before it, showing the tips of her little boots, to be the artist. . . .

Have I achieved a success, in the true, serious meaning of the word? I almost think so.

The mystery of the picture, to me individually, is that a young girl, with practically unlimited wealth at her command, would be inclined to depict this phase of life,—the ragged little urchin life. I write her own description of her painting, which is a very accurate one:

Six little boys in a group, their heads close together, half-length only. The eldest is about twelve, the youngest six. The eldest of the boys, who stands partly with his back to the spectator, holds a bird's nest in his hands, at which the others stand looking. The attitudes are varied and natural.

The youngest boy, whose back only is to be seen, stands with folded arms and head erect. This seems commonplace, according to the description, but in reality all these heads grouped together will make an exceedingly interesting picture.

It is an interesting picture. The varying expressions on boyish faces, especially when viewing a bird's nest, could not be more accurately and vividly portrayed. One of them is a devilish-looking little urchin, too, with hands thrust deep down in his

pockets, a most quizzical expression upon his face,—no one could safely prophesy as to what he might do next.

Again: Grace to the dead!

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY

IT is much more comfortable to visit the Luxembourg Gallery than the Louvre, because the Luxembourg is much smaller. Also, the arrangement of the pictures is charming; one feels very much at home,—as if it might be possible for one to become somewhat acquainted with its treasures. But this acquaintance requires time: one must come again and again.

This gallery is devoted to the works of modern artists,—to those still living, as well as to those recently dead. Here are to be seen the works of Dubois, Saint-Marceaux, Chapu, Barrias, Currier-Belleuse, Delaplanche, Mercié, and numbers of others, in sculpture; and in painting, we may spend days in looking at the masterpieces of Henner, Lefebvre, Carolus-Duran, Cormon, Baudry, Breton, Cabanal, Gervex, Courbet, and others.

The place is filled with modern art treasures, and it is a real pleasure to go there and look at the work of artists of our own time,—people who seem to be in touch with ourselves, and of whom we seem more able to gain some understanding.

I like to go and ramble among these works of the

modern artists after a time spent at the Louvre, and feel the difference,—a difference that can readily be sensed. In the Louvre, one feels as if he were trying to sail among the gods; here the gods have come down to us so that we can occasionally catch a glimpse of them, and a faint understanding of what they are trying to impart to us.

It is never well to be positive in our opinions about things we do not thoroughly understand, but it seems to me that the work of the artist of to-day compares more than favorably with the work of the older painters.

Witness the landscapes. There is no landscape by any of the old masters that can compare with the work of to-day.

Getting down to things modern: here is a beautiful statue of Sarah Bernhardt, by Gérôme, all in colored marble, that seems like an old friend whom we might greet and ask about the health of "Camille."

Rodin's *La Pensée* is a curious creation. A head, with a strange sort of cap-like headgear on it, sticks out from a great block of stone. The face does not strike my fancy, or appeal to my sense of the really beautiful, but it is all that the name implies,—a thoughtful, pensive face, the mind far away, leaving it still and deeply meditative.

Mr. James Huneker, in writing of Baudelaire, says:

Baudelaire built his ivory tower on the borders of a poetic Maremma, which every miasma of the spirit pervaded, every

marsh light and glow-worm inhabited. Like Wagner, he painted in his sultry music the profundities of abysms, the vastness of space. He painted, too, the great nocturnal silences of the soul. . . . Rodin, too, is a Baudelarian. If there could be such an anomaly as a native wood-note evil, it would be the lyric voice of this poet,

And, I suppose, the carvings of this Rodin.

His Kiss impresses me as extremely Baudelairean. This work attracts and holds the attention until it is with difficulty the eyes turn themselves away. So it is with all of his works; but at the same time, there is always that feeling of "a strange spirit from medieval days." One interesting point, too, from a psychological view, is the fact that Rodin was an ardent admirer of Baudelaire.

There is an attractive painting by Sain, called Excavations at Pompeii, which I liked because of the beautiful faces of those Italian women, working there in the blazing heat, carrying the baskets heaped up with the dirt and lava, which had been carefully dug away from the buried ruins,—all in their bare feet.

What happiness these people must have experienced,—these wonderful artist people!—to be able to go about with heads and hearts filled with these beautiful creations: visions, landscapes, seas and skies. To be able to interpret what one sees is greatness as well as joy. One absolutely ignorant of the grammar and rhetoric of art must still be enriched and ennobled by its contemplation. For the eyes must thereby be opened to the beauties of nature.

One never seems to appreciate or understand the

real difference in light until he undertakes to see pictures in these galleries. To see them in the morning light is best, though just why, it might be difficult to say. Light is light. Yes; but the afternoon glow over the great galleries is shadowy and somewhat somber; in the morning, there is a brilliance in the light that wanes with the day. All who have been there will understand what I mean.

One might really consider the beautiful Petit Palais, at the entrance to the Champs Elysées, as a continuation of the Luxembourg Gallery, for here are to be seen those paintings, sculptures, and other works of art "purchased by the City of Paris at the annual Salons since about 1875."

In looking upon the work of modern artists, at least as represented in these collections, one notes an almost entire absence of those religious subjects to be met with in the works of the old masters. I saw only one Mary Magdalen in the whole collection, and that was by Bastet; and but one Crucifixion, and that was by Henner. Saints and angels seem to have gone entirely out of fashion, and all the dreadful instruments of the Passion have been almost lost sight of in the more peaceful things of the present day: the arts and crafts, the peaceful home life, the beautiful birds and flowers,—all are to be seen now, instead of the dreadful things of the long ago.

There is a large painting called *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, which is amusing. The idea that such a thing would be a temptation to a man like this saint, whose mind was so far away from women

of the world, or any other kind, I am inclined to repudiate. The picture is very beautiful, but the artist would have to invent some other kind of temptation to make it seem like a real temptation to Saint Anthony. For some reason or other, this particular saint has always been represented by the artistic world as being tempted by woman, but just why, I do not know.

Here is also a beautiful portrait of Marie Bashkirtseff. If one enjoys looking on at what is being accomplished in our own day, I know of no more enjoyable a place than the Petit Palais,—next to the Luxembourg Gallery.

CHAPTER XIX

PICNICKING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE. FRENCH CUSTOMS

SOMETIMES, of a Sunday, Miss Ahnrate, Mrs. Harmon, and I would take our lunches and go to the Bois for the day. Generally we would go by one of the little steamers, get off at Suresnes, and cross over the bridge into the woods, wandering about until we came to the right spot. Thereupon, both of my companions would get out their materials and sketch——And I? Well, I would write, read or simply lounge in the grass, allowing my mind to wander wheresoever it would, keeping an eye on the various picnic-parties scattered about in our vicinity.

The Bois is not far from the heart of Paris, yet on these quiet Sunday mornings it seemed thousands of miles away. The beautiful green of the velvety lawns stretching away as far as eye can reach, the ceaseless singing of the birds, the shimmer of the waters of the small lakes and the murmur of human voices coming to one in gentle waves of sound, make a subtle but powerful impression. One never forgets such influences.

Later in the day more parties would come and

sit in the grass and have their luncheons: bread by the yard and a bottle or two of common wine. These picnic parties never seemed to carry anything except bread and wine. When I think of all we require for a picnic dinner (roast chicken, pies and cakes, pickles and cheese, ice-cream and coffee) I begin to wonder at the frugality of these French picnic-baskets and the joyousness of the revelers on such slim fare.

After having our own luncheons, we would walk and walk, ending our jaunt always in the neighborhood of one of the cafés in the Bois, or at Suresnes.

Upon one of these occasions, we went to a beautiful café,—the Chalet,—situated on a little island in the middle of the Lac Inferieur in the Bois. This café is built in the style of a Swiss chalet, and very attractively set in the midst of its green background.

People were coming and going constantly in long streams of carriages that seemed interminable.

The women all seemed very amiable to one another, and indulged in extremely affectionate greetings,—kissing, French-fashion, on each cheek,—not on the lips,—every one receiving two kisses.

This custom of cheek-kissing might cause one to ponder a little on how in the world do they manage the “make-up”? Of course, we all use powder,—so I cannot understand how they dare to indulge in such affectionate greetings. We can side-step the powder difficulty by kissing on the lips; but these people kiss on the cheeks, and do not seem to look any the worse for it.

And the men, too! Heaven save the mark! They kiss each other, first on one cheek, then on the other, just as do the women! Perhaps it is all very well; but at first sight it seemed ludicrous. However, one becomes accustomed to anything, in time; and I do not see why men should not indulge in this extreme form of greeting if they so desire. I am not sure that mere acquaintances do this,—the custom may be practiced only between old friends or relatives.

I also noticed that ladies in France do not offer the first greeting to the gentlemen,—that matter is left to the stronger sex. The man must take the initiative. I am not sure that I approve this custom, but, as ours is in direct opposition, I must make allowance for prejudice.

There is a wonderful atmosphere in Paris. I do not know just what it is, but one can sense it. Its effect is to make one full of unrest, of a desire to attain,—to do things. One soon begins to want to accomplish something. Just what I scarcely know; but the desire is to study and acquire knowledge. Such unlimited opportunity! Art, art, everywhere! And lessons are very cheap. It seems as if one might almost be able to draw and paint just by looking at the collections, by breathing in the art atmosphere, and listening to the students' talk.

I suppose all these desires are immeasurably greater than the ability to attain, but life is richer for having had the ability to desire. One is judged as much by his desires and aspirations as he is by his accomplishments sometimes.

Strolling about one afternoon, engaged in that agreeable pastime of doing nothing, Miss Ahnrate and I came upon a beautiful, green breathing-place. All along the walks people were sitting in the chairs or on the benches, idly looking at whoever happened to pass, or engaged in greetings and conversations with one another. We soon discovered an attractive spot, close to the pond, and sat down, too, to see whatever was to be seen.

I saw numbers of handsomely-gowned women sitting there, under the trees, busy with lace work or crochet, watching the passers-by, or observing the children at play.

The Parc Monceau, "that trim and aristocratic garden,"—a beautiful little park in itself, is made still more attractive by the statues and monuments of the "dearly beloved" that are scattered through the green vistas.

Here is a beautiful monument to Guy de Maupassant,—he of the curling hair and poetic brain; here is also Ambroise Thomas, with his dream child Mignon offering him a great bunch of flowers; here is Gounod, surrounded by his creations,—Marguerite, Juliette, Sapho; here is Chopin, contemplating that which he most loved,—Harmony and Night,—with the serene consciousness of his power to evoke them at will. These wonderful men and their dream-creatures are scattered all about,—one meets them at every turn.

The neighborhood is a very aristocratic one, and the beautiful homes facing the park have all the

advantages of a private house set in its own green woodland, and not a shadow of Montmartre is to be met with in a stroll through its quiet precincts.

We sat there for a long time, enjoying the beauties all about us, and letting our minds dwell on the things they represented, and then,—Heaven preserve us! went to a cook-shop, not so very far away, bought a chicken, and sat at a table on the sidewalk while it was being cooked, and then ate the whole thing, washing it down with sour red wine.

The stoves of these cook-shops are not like our stoves; they are more like forges, covered over with a roof. They use “spits,” which are placed over a charcoal fire, and revolve round and round, until the bird is done. At one end of the spit is a small bell, which rings at the moment it is set to ring, much after the manner of an alarm-clock.

People come into these shops, order a chicken, a steak,—anything,—then, until it is cooked, sit at a table out on the sidewalk, where it is served when ready. I often went to these cook-shops for things, whether I was hungry or not, just to enjoy watching these clock-like “spits” go round and round. A long pan, the full length of the spit, set underneath, catches all the grease that drops from the roasting meats, and is then used for other things. Just what I do not know. I only know that the cook is very careful to catch each drop.

CHAPTER XX

ART-STUDENT LIFE. ÉCOLE DES BEAUX ARTS.
SÈVRES. SAINT CLOUD

LATER on I became acquainted with another artist and his family. This man was one of my own countrymen,—from a town in Ohio,—both himself and wife being students at the École des Beaux Arts (School of Fine Arts). Two children of theirs, a boy and a girl, were attending a private school.

This family lived in a small, quiet street just off the Boulevard Saint Michel, and led a life that, from many points of view, appealed to me. The question of finance was not one to disturb them (that was all provided for), and they lived here, in the Latin Quarter, among students, surrounded by all those things that make life worth the living,—art, music, and congenial companionship,—giving themselves up to the study and pursuit of knowledge (painting and philosophy); both taking the philosophical lectures at the Sorbonne, in addition to doing their art work at the Beaux Arts.

Every Friday evening they gave an “At Home,” to which came many students, as well as numbers of other clever persons. There I met some especially bright and enthusiastic English students,—

young women, who seemed to think of nothing but their work and studies. I also met some clever American girls who were studying music. These girls lived in a picturesque old mansion not far from the Bon Marché, and one afternoon they had a "spread," to which I was invited.

Upon this occasion no one was invited but Americans. They made peanut candy, and some things in a chafing-dish, which none but Americans could comprehend. Then we had cake and several other curious "coincidences," and very, very much conversation. No matter how much one may like a foreign city and foreign things, there is something about home things that is very appealing when one is in a strange land. The odors from that chafing-dish lingered with me long afterward.

Not long after that one of these girls took a heavy cold, and died. Her poor little body was sent back to Cleveland to her grief-stricken parents. But we will always remember that "spread," and how joyous she was that afternoon.

Many such things happen to girls so far from home. This young girl was a magnificent pianist, and, perhaps, had she lived she might have become famous. Who knows?

In speaking of the School of Fine Arts, Mr. Richard Whiting says:

Admission to the Beaux-Arts, the first art school in France, and in the world, is usually obtained by application to a professor for leave to become an "aspirant" member of his class, or, man taken on trial. Most Americans go to Gérôme, and Cabanal is another favorite master.

The student calls on the master of his choice to show his drawings, and if they are approved, he generally gets leave, forthwith, to enter the professor's class at the great school.

This first interview over, the next meeting will be in the *Antique*, at a very early hour, when the professor is walking the great common hall in which all the "aspirants" work. His men rise as he approaches, and listen with an air of profound humility to his criticism. They never get nearer to him than that, except at the annual dinner, to which each Atelier invites its professor.

This homage to the professor is the only payment at the Beaux-Arts, where the poorest lads of all countries get the first teaching of the age without the expenditure of a sou.

Some day the professor will tell the student—in answer, perhaps, to his second or third timid application—that he may leave the "Antique" for the "Atelier," where they draw from the living model.

Here, after a short probation period of fagging, he will enter upon the more serious part of the course. The work at the Atelier is done in the morning; and to fill up the time the student often goes to a private school outside, such as Julien's, where Boulanger, Lefebvre, and Tony Fleury teach.

At these schools you enter for a part of the day, or for the whole day, just as you like. The fees range from fifteen francs to forty francs a month. [Three to eight dollars.] This meets the wants of men who cannot get into the Beaux-Arts, or who do not care to try, because they think it too academical, or who object to its many holidays, or fancy a particular master outside. . . . There is special teaching for lady art students at Julien's, and Carolus-Duran, Chaplin, Aublet, etc., take pupils.

The École des Beaux Arts is an enormous school, housed in an enormous building, or rather a collection of buildings; and in addition, is almost an art gallery in itself. I do not know how many students are enrolled, but there must be hundreds of them,—one meets them everywhere.

One of the things of interest in the school is the great painting, the Hemicycle, by Paul Delaroche, in the amphitheater. This picture represents the schools of Art of many ages, and according to Mr. E. Reynolds-Ball:

The idea of the picture is to portray the classical representatives of the arts—Apelles for Painting, Phidias for Sculpture, and Ictinus (Parthenon) for Architecture,—distributing prizes to the great painters and sculptors of all ages.

In this composition are seventy-five figures, all on a colossal scale. The muse who symbolizes Gothic Art, represented with long hair and dressed in a green mantle, is said to be a portrait of the artist's wife, daughter of the famous painter of battle-pieces, Horace Vernet.

He also says that this "is perhaps the finest modern work of the kind in the world."

One Saturday I went with the artist family to spend the day at Sèvres and Saint Cloud. That sounds so tame and uninteresting when the excursion was so crowded with the lovely things of existence.

We went out by steam tram; we took seats on the "hurricane-deck," and every foot of the way was just so many feet of beauty and romance to me. I sat there, idly watching each new disclosure, each new view of the landscape never seen before.

It was a clear, cool, bright day,—a splendid day for a ramble of any sort. From our elevated position we could see up and down the roadway; we could catch glimpses of white-walled houses of ancient appearance set back in their gardens, the soft green of the grass contrasting vividly with the darker green of the rustling trees. Jars of porcelain, filled with flowering plants, were in many of the windows and on the balconies, while around numerous houses were quite high walls, mellowed and yellowed by time and the sunshine.

We went through several small villages,—mere hamlets,—all looking white and clean, passing in

the road numbers of women wearing the sabot and carrying huge baskets on their arms.

Looking back toward Paris at a certain point, the wide view over the city was like a vast rolling ocean of red-tiled roofs,—a perfect sea of houses, row after row, pierced here and there with domes and towers and steeples, all shining and shimmering in a golden haze of sunlight.

Turning a long swinging curve, with a *chug-chug*, we arrived at Sèvres. Of course, we went into the porcelain manufactory, where we were permitted to wander about, and where I feasted my bewildered eyes on the thousand and one magnificent objects by which we were surrounded. I was especially interested in discovering that all those little roses and cherubs and garlands are really painted by hand,—no shop-made work in them. I am fearful that some of those “company” things we show at home, sometimes, are not genuine; no matter! So long as we do not find it out, it will not spoil our enjoyment in their possession. Knowledge is sometimes cruel. A piece of Sèvres costs a fabulous sum. But no wonder! Handwork is generally expensive to all except the hand that actually produces it. I have an idea, however, that there is still some other reason for its fabulous cost.

Later on we went for dinner to the strangest sort of place. By myself, I should never have discovered it, but my acquaintances knew all sorts of delightful places to eat. Something good to eat is half the pleasure of any excursion, to my mind.

Downstairs, there was just a small, extremely common-looking café, of which an old lady was in charge. She greeted my companions with a smile of very goodly dimensions, and after a moment's conversation, led the way to a room upstairs that overlooked a garden in the rear of the house. The walls of the room were literally covered with cartoons, sketches, and drawings of many descriptions—humorous and otherwise. This was evidently a place known to the fraternity.

A large, hospitable-looking table stood in the center of the room, and chairs sufficient were at once brought in,—the old lady talking and gesticulating with unabated animation as each item of the proposed dinner was mentioned. She acted as if we were her specially-invited guests, and begged of us to be at home.

We did straightway; the father laughing and talking with his children with all the joyous *insouciance* of a boy. It would have been an impossibility not to have been happy, and the louder we laughed the more the old lady seemed to enjoy it. She came in with each course, and talked, and talked.

More veal and green peas! We also had cauliflower cooked with cheese, and many good things; the whole dinner, including wine and coffee, costing us only about fifty or sixty cents apiece.

All the afternoon we wandered about the beautiful country, climbing the little rolling hills, catching wonderful views from first one point, then another, finally wandering into the park of Saint Cloud. And

when I say that this park contains one thousand acres, more or less, one can readily understand that we did not see it all in one afternoon.

It is a great pleasure just to stroll about, letting the mind roam as it will, for the place is filled with historical associations, which can be made to live again by a quiet contemplation of the grounds so pregnant with them. A stone here, a remnant of a step there, a statue, a fountain,—all tell of the past. The cascades are still here, and one wonders at the elegance and magnificence of the past. These cascades of Le Nôtre's were displayed for the first time at a great fête given by Louis XIV; and one wonders what the beholders thought of them at that time. Here, too, in the palace chapel, is where Napoleon married Marie Louise. Indeed, the place is filled with phantoms; but one must regret that the palace is no longer there, and that we can only know it by hearsay.

From the terrace of the old palace, one has an exquisite view over the surrounding country; and from the platform a little higher up, known as the *Lanterne de Diogène*, the view is unsurpassed.

We sat there for a long time, gazing off over the Seine winding, like a silvery thread, through the valley below; and, afar off, through a gossamer-like haze, we could see the snowy church of the *Sacre-Cœur* on the Heights of Montmartre, the Oriental-looking towers of the *Trocadéro*, the golden dome of the *Invalides*, of the *Panthéon*, and innumerable towers and steeples of churches.

One could spend days in roaming about the place. This is not so much the place to study history as it is to imbibe impressions; then the history of Saint Cloud becomes a living thing. It would be a beautiful place in any event, but the glamor of the past throws a spell over all its natural beauty, adding immeasurably to its attractiveness.

The little town itself is nothing,—a mere village. The eating-houses scattered about are uninteresting, and anything but picturesque. However, one need not look at them, if he wants to dream of the past.

Many days after this first visit were spent in the same way,—dinner with the old lady, then rambles and sketching in Saint Cloud.

The two children of my artist friends fairly glowed with a knowledge of the past that had been acquired without effort: it was all spread out before them, so that their knowledge and understanding was of a kind almost impossible to acquire from books alone.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SORBONNE. A VISIT TO THE JARDIN DES PLANTES

UPON another occasion, I went with my artist friends to the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, where they attended the lectures on Philosophy.

This is an inspiring place,—one feels the atmosphere at once. The eye, also, is pleased; for beautiful paintings cover the walls, exquisite statuary adorns the rooms and halls. Here is a great amphitheater that accommodates about four thousand persons; and everything is present that will tend to stimulate the imagination as well as to arouse the intellect. Baedeker states that there are over seventeen thousand students in the five faculties, including three to four thousand women; and all of these students receive this instruction without the expenditure of a dollar. The lectures are free to all. This is another one of the beautiful things that France does for the world at large.

Later on I met an entrancingly pretty American girl. She had been graduated from Stanford, and was then taking lectures at the Sorbonne, but confessed that she had difficulty once in a while, as French in Paris seemed to be pronounced somewhat differently from that at Stanford.

In the Church of the Sorbonne is the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu,—somewhat theatrical, but beautiful. A sculptured image of the marvelous man reclining against a calm, superb woman representing Religion; at the foot, is a doubled-up, grief-stricken female representing Science,—all in marble. I cannot, however, believe that the sagacious, all-powerful Cardinal, ever wore that resigned, entranced look upon his face in real life.

One beautiful day the American family and I made a day of it in the Jardin des Plantes,—a huge garden-park of seventy-five acres, filled with terrible, horrible and, at the same time, interesting things.

It is a huge botanical garden, filled with exquisite plants and flowers of every known description, but,—there are horrible reptiles there, curling and wriggling in their pavilions, and more ferocious animals than would be found in half a dozen circuses, and around which is always a throng of the curious, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at these terrible creatures. Having just finished reading "The Story of Ab," I was more interested than I might otherwise have been in viewing the great Anthropological and Paleontological collections.

Here one sees the growth and development of all the races and sub-races of mankind, as shown by skeletons and casts, and one stands and ponders a bit on what has been and what now is. This must be an extremely interesting spot to the *savants* who devote their lives to these studies.

There is the huge Menagerie, Botanical Garden,

Laboratories, Library, Lecture Hall, as well as various Museums. In addition, the huge garden is decorated by statues of men famous in this particular line of research, huge groups of marble illustrative of the combat between men and animals, and so on.

Stuffed animals abound here; and there are great numbers of casts which have been taken of celebrated criminals' heads, besides there are numbers of death-masks of famous men, which almost anybody would find interesting.

With its vast collections of plant life,—as well as of animal life past and present,—it has become really a vast outdoor university, to which students and *savants* from every clime come, to their own pleasure and profit.

We returned by way of the river, in that soft, purple evening light of which Paris seems to have such a generous supply; and while the scenery along this part is not so beautiful as it is further along (at the other end of the City), one gains some idea of the vastness of the shipping interests of the place. Large wharves and warehouses extend for a great distance along the river front, all looking huge and shadowy in the misty light. To quote an authority:

Paris is the chief mercantile port of France. More than 18,000 craft descend the river annually from Paris, and more than 23,000 ascend it; and about seven million tons of goods (valued at 28,000,000 francs) are entered and cleared via the river. This water-borne merchandise consists principally of building materials, wine, forage, manures, grain, flour, spirits and coal.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MONA LISA. THE MESSAGE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. THE PAINTINGS IN THE LOUVRE

ONE of the most agreeable opportunities of life must have presented itself when one finds himself at liberty to wander through the Louvre at will,—through miles and miles of paintings, sculptures, and other treasures of art,—and satiate himself with those things which appeal most to one's sense of appreciation. If one is rushed,—has only a short time at his disposal,—this is not possible; but to one having an abundance of time, it is delightful to take one painter at a time, study his pictures, and try to form some opinion as to his message.

As there are over a thousand paintings in the French section alone, one can easily understand why it would require time to even glimpse them all.

The works of the French painters attracted me very strongly for the reason that I was on French soil, where one could, supposedly, see their work to better advantage than elsewhere. Where could one hope to see pictures to better advantage than upon the artist's own ground?

Here are also acres and acres of the paintings of foreign artists,—the work of artists from all over

the world. I doubt if any one has really seen all there is to be seen here, for the place covers fifty acres of ground!

I had wanted to see the Mona Lisa all my life, and,—here she was! I had wanted to call upon her the very first day I was in Paris, but got switched off to the Morgue instead!

Every one speaks of her "inscrutable smile," but I see the same smile, or rather expression, in almost every face given to the world by the wonderful Italian.

One cannot help wondering of what she is thinking,—of what she can possibly be looking at, as she sits there, slightly leaning on the arm of her chair. She seems to be a little amused at something,—something that is not revealed to us, as it is just out of the range of our vision. She is not uproarious over it, whatever it is,—simply a little amused.

I looked and looked, trying to find out why people raved over it so much. But, after all my scrutiny, still I don't know; I have never discovered the reason for its tremendous popularity. I found that I did not like her nose; it is somewhat repellent. Her chin was too pointed, I thought; and the top of her pretty face seemed too heavy for the lower portion. That is merely my taste. The whole world says she is beautiful beyond words.

Nearly all of Leonardo's women look at one from the corners of their eyes, instead of straight in front, which adds somewhat to the mysteriousness of their expressions. So much has been written of this one

picture, that to even mention it seems banal, but while it is a strangely attractive face, I found, after gazing at it a number of times, that I did not think it so beautiful after all.

That same expression exists, to a greater or less extent, in the Virgin of the Rocks. It is also to be seen on the face of the beautiful long-haired angel squatting at the left side of the Virgin. Artists make infants perform strange feats. The infant by the side of the beautiful, long-haired angel has twisted his first two fingers in a way that is peculiar. It could not be done by an infant. We tried it ourselves and found it a difficult maneuver, and wondered how the little fat baby had managed it. The Infant Christ holds out His hands in a sort of supplication to the angel and child, and I could not imagine why, since the child points his crossed fingers at Him, and the beautiful long-haired angel aims an index finger at the Christ child while looking the other way. It makes one long to understand just what the artist had in mind.

The rocks in the background look unnatural,—uncanny. One would hesitate to visit that spot alone in the dark. It is impossible to explain or try to describe paintings with mere words; their meanings are too elusive.

In his beautiful picture of Saint Anna, the Virgin, and the Infant Jesus, there is again that peculiar expression,—the same “inscrutable smile.” This picture is an expression of family affection. Saint Anna is holding the Virgin upon her knees, while

the Virgin extends her arms to the Infant Jesus, who is lovingly clasping a little woolly lamb. Sweet smiles are on all the faces; even the little woolly lamb is smiling as he turns an inquiring face up to the Virgin and her mother. What a beautiful woman Leonardo da Vinci has presented to us in Saint Anna! She is Mona Lisa grown older.

The paintings of Mantegna seem to strike a note entirely different from that of other artists; in his crucifixion, the ærial city, which seems to float in the background, is strange and suggestive; one feels a desire to start out on a still hunt for it, and when found, to wander along that filmy pathway that seems to lead up to the gossamer-like city on the hill. But no one, perhaps, could ever find it.

In this Crucifixion, the soldiers about the cross all seem like gentlemen,—courtiers, not rude Roman soldiers. Mr. Reynolds-Ball says:

This painting, perhaps the finest example of Mantegna in the Louvre or elsewhere, formed the predella of the great Madonna by this Master in San Zeno at Verona. Both were formerly in the Louvre, but at the Restoration the Madonna was returned at San Zeno.

Mantegna's Madonna of Victory is most gorgeous. The Madonna is seated in a throne-like chair of rich, dark wood, all carved and studded, while over her is a canopy formed like a great spreading shell, almost covered with jewel-like flowers, and leaves, and vines. Théophile Gautier has said of this picture:

This masterpiece is a page of chivalry in a frame of chastity. These warrior saints, these rich decorations, and this profusion of

flowers and jewels give to religion an unwonted aspect of triumph and brilliance which lends originality to a somewhat hackneyed subject.

Another one of the strange, beautiful pictures by Mantegna, is his Parnassus, and according to various authorities, is one of the painter's masterpieces. Jules Guiffrey says of it:

One of the purest masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance is Parnassus,—that picture where, in a landscape that one only sees in dreams, the nine Muses, in light tunics, of varied and clinging hue, gaily dance and sing upon the grass to the sounds of the lyre with which Apollo seated on the left, accompanies his own songs. Pegasus is on the right, and Mercury is standing near him; while in the middle distance, on a rock, cut out in the form of an arch, and showing in the distance the green and flowery declivities of Helicon, Mars and Venus are revealed, standing in front of a mass of orange trees. Near them, Cupid annoys with his arrows Vulcan, who appears, furious, at the entrance of a grotto where his furnace flames.

Nowhere else, in all the work of Mantegna, does woman hold so great a place as in this picture, inspired by a woman as attractive by the charms of her beauty as by the cultivation of her mind. These Muses, in their varied attitudes of healthful grace, without affectation or archness, reveal memories of antique sculpture; and we believe that we can see the inspiration, or the copy of a Greek marble, in the beautiful body of Venus, who is the one nude female preserved to us in all the works painted by Mantegna.

A whole host of phantoms seem to hover about the beautiful picture of Madame Récamier, but one must come in the right frame of mind to see their filmy, shadowy outlines. Perhaps that of Chateaubriand is strongest,—one can scarcely think of one and not of the other. It is not the face of the exquisitely-posed woman that is so beautiful; it is not the beautiful feet which have been left bare; it is the—well, something intangible that draws with an attraction that holds people spellbound before it.

One ponders and ponders, trying to find the secret of the lure.

There was one painting, in a room close by, that fairly hypnotized me: I could not get away from it. Time and time again I felt compelled to go and look at it. It seems to me the very incarnation of some sinister evil, but I never found out just what the picture meant. It is the Youthful Martyr, by Paul Delaroche. Why martyred, and who did it, and how was it done? Perhaps I shall never know.

This painting represents a beautiful girl, dressed in a white robe, floating in water of a dark, somber green, the face alone being above water. Her hands are tied together, and she is dead! Dead! Upon a high, steep bank above the river, stand a man and a woman, looking with strangely quiet eyes down upon the floating, dead body of the young girl,—two motionless figures against the somber sky, while the dim outlines of some strange-looking vessel just dip in at one end of the picture. There is a somber hue over the whole picture, which attracts and repels at the same time. Are the man and woman parties to the deed of blood, or helpless, sorrowing friends? Again I ask: Why was she martyred, and by whom, and for what reason? Was she one of the Christian martyrs? I wanted to find out, and have never found any one who knows. I could not get away from that painting, but I have never heard it mentioned by any one else.

I rather like these lonely-looking pictures, such as *Le Printemps* by Rousseau. What a far-away,

lonely place! The few gaunt trees trailing off into a far-distant space make one long to sit down and gaze away off somewhere, into some unknown sphere; and the pale water offers no temptation to those who like to go wading,—it is too lonesome looking.

O, Italy! I believe I like the Italian pictures best of all. What beautiful faces! The women given to the world by Italian painters are nearly all beautiful.

Perugino's "Madonna, Saints and Angels" is filled with lovely faces. Here is the beautiful Virgin, with little soft curls falling on either side of the face, and the angels in the golden background, really angelic in their loveliness. But these angel faces are always the faces of human beings. We have not yet been able to get beyond that, with all our splendid representations. And, too, the wings that sway at the shoulders of angelic forms, as well as all the marks of Monsieur le Devil are borrowed from the animal kingdom. Therefore, despite the soarings of imagination, we have not been able to pierce the unseen and depict it upon canvas. No supernatural messenger has yet arrived in the artist's world, or he would carry some sign or mark to show that he was not of the earth, earthy. No, these angels are all human beings.

Raphael leaves me cold. He touches me in no spot whatsoever. I look upon the good fortune to view his paintings as one of the beautiful opportunities of life; but they leave me without the least desire

to look behind them, to peek around the corners of the frames to see if there is not, perhaps, some way of getting through, into the beautiful places depicted.

Andrea del Sarto has the opposite effect upon my imagination. His colors are so warm, his faces all so friendly and human, that one has a feeling of understanding, as of somebody who can be approached and interrogated.

Titian's *Entombment* is one of those great paintings that attract by its contrasts,—the contrast of the white of the dead body with the white of the linen sheet wrapped about it; the contrast of the frowning man with the parted hair in the background and the gentle, sympathetic man in the foreground, who is lifting the feet of the dead Saviour.

So it is with the *Girl at Her Toilet*. She wears an enigmatic expression, as though the man in the deep shadow behind her had said something, the effect of which had been to stay her hands as she was in the act of pinning up her hair; in another instant, she will whirl around and face him with angry eyes. He had better have a care. To quote:

The light is concentrated with unusual force upon the face and bust of the girl, whilst the form and features of the man are lost in darkness. We pass with surprising rapidity from the most delicate silvery gradations of sunlit-flesh and drapery to the mysterious depths of an almost unfathomable gloom, and we stand before a modeled balance of light and shade that recalls Da Vinci, entranced by a chord of tonic harmony as sweet and as thrilling as was ever struck by any artist of the Venetian School.

This contrast of light and shade is as pronounced in all of Titian's pictures as are those curious, æs-

thetic eyes in the pictures of Memling, and the strange combinations of rich dark contrasting colors in the Van Eykes. These are characteristics that, to my vision, are apparent in the works of each one of these masters.

The beautiful feature of the Madonna with the Rabbit is the exquisite woman in the foreground (with pearls in her hair, which are entwined about a sort of bejeweled bandeau) holding the infant in her arms. The face expresses the most tender affection for the babe. At one side, the Madonna kneels on the ground, clasping a tiny white rabbit with one hand, while she seems to be trying to turn the Infant's head with the other, so that he may see bunny. It is very beautiful in its extreme simplicity;—but, the faces are all human.

How the people come and go! It is interesting to note the different pictures that seem to have the largest personal popularity. There are hundreds of paintings here of which we have never heard; there are dozens of which all have heard; and these great, popular, well-known works are the first ones sought out. Naturally this would be true: they were the ones that I searched for first; I wanted to see those that every one else had seen. But in my seeking the famous canvases I saw hundreds of pictures that were just as lovely, and in some instances, much more so, than many of the great masterpieces. It is interesting, too, to attach oneself to a group and listen to the comments. One learns much in this way, and, in addition, it is an entertaining enterprise. The atti-

tude of different persons toward pictures makes an interesting study.

When I come across pictures by Dutch artists, I feel as one meeting some old friend unexpectedly. That is how I felt when I came suddenly upon *The Lacemaker* by Jan Vermeer of Delft. She looked just like the little roly-poly woman in Rotterdam who taught me how to make lace. As the woman in the picture leans over her bobbins and cushions, intent upon following the design tacked to the cushion, so did the little woman lean in her window in Rotterdam when my attention was first attracted to her, and the possibilities of lace-making as a diversion. It shows that times have not changed very materially since Jan's day, so far as lace-making is concerned.

When I was in the Netherlands, I found myself so often objecting to portraits, of which there is such a profuse collection. Now, that I am away, and those days are a mere dream, I find that when I meet one of these Netherlandish portraits that I salute it with pleasure,—as I might some one I once had known.

Portraits, in certain instances, are fascinating. One stands long before them, wondering and thinking. The one of René Descartes, the real father of modern psychology, by Franz Hals, halts the attention, and one gazes with thoughtful eyes into those strange, slumberous orbs almost half covered by the heavy, drooping lids. It is a face that pleases. One thinks of the marvelous intellect that glowed under that great mass of curling hair.

Franz Hals' Bohemian Girl is a lovely picture of a strongly-built, sturdy little Dutch girl, with a curious smile on her little fat, round face, looking out at the corners of her eyes,—but in a different way from Leonardo's women. This is the Dutch style of stealing glances from the corners of the eyes. Da Vinci's women do it in the Italian way.

This girl's hair falls loosely at the back of her head, and a straggling little "bang" falls over her forehead. I am just as curious about what she is smiling at as I am about what Mona Lisa is smiling at; this little Dutch girl has also an "inscrutable" smile.

Terburg's *La Leçon de Lecture* has a woman in it that is gifted with the most extraordinary pug nose imaginable,—it turns everlastingly heavenward. This is undoubtedly a portrait, and that she is from Holland there can be no doubt, judging from her dress. The child, however, is a beauty,—a dear little curly-headed thing, trying to read something from a book as big as the family Bible, while the woman looks off into space, a preoccupied expression upon her face, as though she were trying to count the pieces of soap necessary for the laundry, while endeavoring to "do her duty" and hear the child say its lesson. Her mind is far away from the child and its lesson.

Are great paintings ever supposed to be humorous? *The Animals Entering the Ark*, by Fr. Snyders, strikes me as "humorous," and I keep wondering if he really meant it?

Here are twenty-two great paintings by the prince-

ly Rembrandt, but I enjoyed the work of this Master more in his own country. It seems to me that all his canvases should all be there together. It was so familiar and homelike to see dear old Bathsheba still at her eternal bath. She was bathing in every gallery in Holland and Belgium, and Rembrandt gives her a bath in the Louvre as well. She does not convey the idea that she is really taking a bath so much as that she is simply posing as a study in the nude. Baedeker says that it is an "excellent though realistic female study," and the word "realistic" describes Bathsheba.

It seems to me that the extreme elegance of the Vandyke people renders them just a little cold and supercilious. A curl out of place, a lace collar just a little awry, would bring them down at once from their gilded frames to protest.

The stately, magnificently-gowned woman in *A Woman and Her Child* seems too old and too stately to be the mother of the little girl standing at her side, dressed like a little grandmother, her dress a reproduction of that worn by the mother. She is too magnificent in her stateliness to convey the idea of a mother. This woman could never caress a child,—not with that wonderful lace collar around her stately white throat! She looks an empress,—surely nothing less. No other less mighty station would fit her magnificence.

Vandyke's portraits of the *great and mighty* are all just as stately and magnificent.

For a few mornings I devoted myself entirely to

Corot. His painting of *Le Pont de Nantes* suggests such wonderful dreamlike possibilities. What strange-looking little houses are built on the bridge that spans the river! I wanted so much to come close up to them, to cross the bridge, and see what the fronts looked like,—but they were only painted, and I could never get any closer to them, or peer into those imaginary front windows facing the bridge. The landscape beyond the bridge is cut off short, as it were, leaving the feeling that there are wonderful things to be seen just beyond the line of vision; one can see, dimly, that there is a house nestling on the misty hill-side, but cannot see it plainly enough to tell anything about it. Oh, these elusive pictures! They keep one guessing and wondering all the time! Corot himself said: “When everything becomes visible, there is no longer anything.” Ah! so he means to mystify us!

Not all pictures have this effect upon one,—only a few of them. Many pictures are not suggestive at all. They tell one all they mean to tell at once, and are done with it. There are other pictures that affect one as Alice was affected by the looking-glass;—one wants to look behind them, or crawl straight through them, and go wandering on and on, through the miraculous gates, out into the enchanted land beyond. To revert to *The Youthful Martyr*, that man and woman on the river bank affect me in that very way: I want so much to clamber up that river bank and demand of them whether they killed that young girl, or whether they know

who had done so cruel a deed. But what can one do with painted villains? Oh, perhaps, they were saints, or other persecuted ones? I do not know. All I know is that the beautiful girl is dead and her body is floating in the river.

Corot keeps one on the *qui vive* all the time. In the beautiful La Vallon a little group of country women and a child stand looking away off at something. One of the women is pointing at it, whatever it is, and I am filled with the most intense curiosity. I, too, want to see what they see. But, as usual, it is just beyond the grasp of vision. I have no idea of what they are so intently gazing at, and feel a sense of injustice that they can see what I may not see, and, alas! never shall be able to see. But that is Corot. He keeps one's curiosity ever keyed to concert pitch.

Greuze is a great favorite with most people because of his beautiful delineation of young, girlish faces, but I did not seem to get all the pleasure from their contemplation that others seemed to get. However, one cannot say that they are not beautiful, but I do not detect any great mentality in those lovely girlish faces that smile at one so bewitchingly.

Rubens was evidently an admirer of women of imposing size, for nearly all of his women are not only "stout" but decidedly fat. Those eighteen or twenty immense paintings of scenes from the life of Marie de Medici all depict fat women, many of them robed in pink, but this fatness does not seem

to detract any from their beauty on canvas. The walls of one immense room are lined with these robust women; they seem more like scenes from the lives of the Olympian gods than from the life of a real personage.

Marie de Medici ordered them, I believe, for the Luxembourg Palace, when that was one of her residences, and they illustrate, in an allegorical way, her marriage with Henry IV, being said to form the most important series of such paintings in the world.

The Venus, in the painting Venus and Love, is another fat woman,—enormous,—and the little Love is so very, very thin that one begins to wonder whether there was a double meaning intended. However, the attitude of the woman is so sweet and caressing that it is an easy matter to forgive her the extra pounds.

Mrs. Harmon was copying the Immaculate Conception, by Murillo, and her splint-bottomed stool was surrounded most of the time by people standing about, watching each stroke of her brush, till I wondered how she could possibly do her work. However, she did not seem to mind it, and painted away, day after day, as though other persons did not exist for her. A copyist must have an enormous amount of faith in his ability, or it would not be possible to do his work, in this way, under the public gaze. When Mrs. Harmon's picture was finished, I could not tell it from the original. I suppose an artist might; but, to the uninitiated, I do not see how it

would be possible. It was all there, color for color, moon for moon,—all! And—she received \$1,500.00 for it. Of Murillo's Immaculate Conception, Aimé Giron says:

In a diaphanous atmosphere, gilded with an invisible clearness as of Paradise, the winged heads and bodies of little angels are moving: the former gracefully grouped, the latter boldly and skillfully disposed.

The celestial infants have followed all the way to the earth the rays of celestial light in its elusive gradations of color under its imperceptible glazing.

In the center, in the act of ascent, the Virgin rises in ecstasy. One corner of a cloud, the crescent moon, and a masterly group of little angels, naked and enraptured, bear the Immaculate aloft. Gracefully and statuesquely posed, and broadly draped in a white robe with sober folds enriched by an ample scarf of light blue, she modestly hides her feet under the drapery and chastely crosses her hands over the breast in which she feels the conception of the Son of God operating. Her head under its disheveled waves of black hair, a little turned back and bending slightly to one side, is raised to heaven with uplifted eyes and open mouth, as if to receive in every sense the flow of the spirit. The face, in the exquisite sweetness of a surrender to piety, reflects the bliss of Faith, of mystical voluptuousness, and divine ecstasy. The expression is religious, but the Virgin is human, and full of life in the firmness of her lines and the warmth of her flesh-tints.

Beneath the suppleness of the drawing and the soft touches, we recognize in Mary the Immaculate, the woman, and even the Andalusian.

Peace Bringing Plenty by Vigée Le Brun, is another marvel of soft, sweet beauty. In it are two women. The face of the blonde is marvelously beautiful, the hair entwined with roses and foliage; while a magnificent woman of the brunette type looks down into her face, one arm thrown about her shoulders, seeming to lead her away somewhere,—to some enchanted land.

The ceilings of the Louvre form a picture gallery

by themselves. If one holds a small hand-mirror, he can see the ceilings without lifting the head at all.

Paintings of most gorgeous colorings cover all the ceilings, room after room, and the copious use of gilding gives the effect of frames about them. These paintings are well worth looking at, as many of them are more beautiful than the pictures that line the walls.

We used to go to the *Gallerie d'Apollon* and sit there, on a settee, and examine the ceiling pictures by the hour; and we did this too, in the *Salon Carré*, the magnificently-decorated ceiling of which was executed by *Simart*.

It is in this room that one discovers the exquisite *Betrothal of Saint Catherine of Alexandria*, by *Correggio*. "So beautiful are the faces," says *Vasari*, "that they seem to have been painted in *Paradise*."

After looking at these gold-background paintings of the Italian Masters, everything else seems tame. I love them, even though these masters did not study anatomy so thoroughly as did the Dutch. Personally, I believe I would rather look at pictures devoid of all anatomical exactness than to stumble on to another such display as I saw in that dreadful room in the *Rykes Museum* filled with, as *Baedeker* says, "*Anatomical Subjects*." These pictures of the Italians are minus the horrors I encountered in that gallery.

There is here a charming picture of an Old Lady Reading Her Bible, by *Gerard Dow*, which *Baedeker* says is the mother of *Rembrandt*. My attention was

attracted to the painting because of that notation. She was a beautiful old lady, if that is her portrait, but her son did not resemble her very much.

One might suppose that atmosphere is atmosphere,—nothing more. But if one looks at Claude Lorraine's Harbor at Sunset and then at his Harbor at Sunrise, he will be surprised to see what a difference there is,—what a difference between the light of evening and that of morning,—even though both canvases have the same grayish-pink tints. One might be able to tell the difference even if the name were omitted from the paintings.

There is a Hall of Portraits,—portraits of different artists,—which I found interesting for the reason that I, personally, find that a painting means more to me if I know something of the painter. Thus, for me to see his portrait, and be able to form some idea of how he appeared in life, is an advantage, because thereafter I enjoy his works more completely.

Here is Greuze; Vernet, the painter of the great battle-pieces; Mme. Le Brun; Coypel, David, Tintoretto, Rosseau, Soufflot, the architect; a bust of David by Rude, and dozens more.

The Gleaners, by Millet, is very much in the style of his wonderful Angelus,—one sees always, the hand of the same artist. I could not help recalling how we stood for hours in long lines, in Chicago, waiting our turn to get in and see the Angelus when it was exhibited in our country a number of years ago. Lines of people stretched for two blocks be-

yond the entrance, all patiently waiting for an opportunity to view that one picture: workingmen, workingwomen, people with babies in arms, and little ones held by the hand,—all waiting their turn to enter.

The beautiful *Gallerie d'Apollon*,—ceiling, wall, floor,—is one enormous jewel. On the walls are twenty-five or thirty portraits of the French Kings and of artists, all wrought in Gobelin tapestry. In the middle of the room are cases filled with treasures worth probably several million dollars. One feels a sense of surprise, amounting almost to amazement, that this gallery is not more strongly guarded than it is. I think there is only one guardian in the whole room,—not more than two, at the most.

It would require many days to see all that is to be seen in this one room, and the more one sees and studies these objects the more he is filled with amazement at the ingenuity of the human mind. It seems incredible that human beings could ever have thought of all these things, and thinking, have produced them.

There are enameled caskets, enameled gold vases and cups; vessels of strange, beautiful designs, made of rock crystal; Venetian basins; silver-gilt work of various kinds; statuettes; enameled croziers and reliquaries; bejeweled crosses and chalices; Holy Water basins in agate and silver-gilt; Polish and German goblets of curious workmanship; monstrances; cups of silver and gold, carved and bejeweled; a great dish of lapis-lazuli in the form of

a barge, trimmed with gold and enamel; bonbon dishes and trays; ewers set with diamonds and other precious stones; a vase of jasper with handles to represent dragons; busts, cameos and incense holders; a tray decorated with real pearls of great value; the Regent, a 136-carat diamond worth two or three million dollars; rubies; pearls; it would be a day's work just to enumerate them all.

Besides all these things, there are the beautiful tables with gilded legs completely covered with carvings, and marble tops, and many pieces of other beautiful furniture to be seen. I spent weeks in trying to form some idea of the treasures in that one room, but came away feeling certain that there were many things there that I had not even glimpsed,—did not know they were there,—had never heard of them. France evidently has plenty of money—she is not at all poverty stricken, in spite of her many revolutions.

There is one room filled with objects carved in ivory. Among them is an exquisite Madonna, which seems, while gazing at it, more beautiful than any of those upon canvas. But I cannot be sure of this, because when looking at the painted Virgins, one almost forgets the ivory Virgin and *vice versa*. Most all the ivories have ecclesiastical associations and are ascribed by different authorities to French, German, and even to Oriental workmanship. Words convey only a meager impression of the beauty and the curiosity of this vast collection of exquisite ivories.

If one has a taste for old furniture, utensils, copper and brass, the opportunity to indulge it is unlimited in the Louvre. I spent days just prowling about. There are not so many visitors in this portion of the vast museum, therefore all is very quiet and one can do as he likes.

With all our modern inventions, I do not believe that we have yet introduced any designs more beautiful in taste and elegance than those to be seen in the old furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Such exquisite tables, with carved and begilded legs! Beautiful bedsteads with immense canopies of silk and velvets; magnificent bureaus, consols, commodes, cabinets, and so forth. One may spend days among these beautiful old things and never tire of looking at them,—at their beautiful lines and graceful proportions. I will admit, however, that I prefer our modern springs and hair mattresses.

All of these things speak of the royal personages who once used them; and I have the feeling sometimes, while roaming about, that their former occupants come back and watch us as we move around among their old furniture and art treasures,—perhaps flit about and are amused at our curiosity, and look at us as we comment on them, and perhaps feel that we are mere shadows flitting here and there.

One does not gain an idea of the home life of the French people from this collection, however, as one does from the collections of furniture and household utensils in the Netherlands, where the objects

are those used by the people themselves, and not those used by royalty and the nobility. The Louvre collection is, above all things, a "Royal" one.

A visit to the Louvre on Sunday is different from one made during the week. There is a different atmosphere. On Sunday the great gallery is thrown open,—free to all the world. It is then crowded with the people of Paris who work for a living during the other six days of the week. Workingmen come by the score, sometimes with four or five youngsters besides the mother, and probably some of the family relations. I have gone numbers of times just to see these splendid people, and to quietly enjoy the impressions I received.

I was always interested in noticing what, in particular, seemed to appeal to them most. By some sort of intuition, divine or French, they never stopped to look at anything except the very best that the Gallery had to offer. I noticed, too, that landscapes appealed to the average Frenchman more than did any other form of painting.

The masses in Paris could not fail to acquire a certain amount of culture, when all this magnificent array of art is spread out, free, for all who care to contemplate it. These French workmen and their families stroll through the long galleries, talking and gesticulating, shrugging shoulders and lifting eyebrows, criticizing and discussing with the assurance that knowledge alone could give. As I watched them, I could not help thinking of what a mighty force for good is an art gallery.

CHAPTER XXIII

SAINT GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS. THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES. THE GOBELIN INDUSTRY

TALKING about pictures, there is one in the Hospice de la Salpêtrière (the place where Manon Lescot was imprisoned), which ought to be placed with the Lesson in Anatomy, and then both of them locked up in that dissecting-room at Amsterdam, or some other place, out of sight of the general public. This is an enormous painting by Tony Robert-Fleury, wherein Dr. Pinel (the beneficent friend of the insane) is depicted as delivering the insane from torture. It gives too much ground for horrible conjecture. If the insane are tortured, it is dreadful to think of; but so long as we cannot help it, what is the use of thinking any more about it than necessary? Still, if we must have these huge paintings of torture and anatomy, an insane asylum is as good a place for them as elsewhere, and perhaps better.

Maybe the picture has accomplished something,—brought some benefit to the insane. I do not know, but I do not want to look at it again.

The French are very fond of placing these huge paintings in nearly all their public buildings,—some-

thing that bears upon the subject or object to which the building is devoted.

In the Museum of the Conservatory of Music, is the death-mask of Chopin, and in the Museum of the Medical College, there is a large collection of casts taken from the heads of criminals—those in the Jardin des Plantes are taken only from the heads of “celebrated” criminals. I do not know that the heads of criminals are materially different from the heads of the righteous, nor do I care especially to look at them; but certain it is that their contemplation will furnish food for thought.

It would seem almost a natural proceeding for one to visit the Church of Saint Germain-l’Auxerrois in conjunction with the Louvre, as it was really a part of it in the days gone by, having once been the Parish Church of the Louvre. Imagine what a fine sight it must have been, when the king and the royal family, with its retainers and servitors, and its gorgeously-appareled ladies-in-waiting, would file out of the door of the Louvre facing the church, and come in to hear mass on Sunday mornings.

Of the enormous palace of the Tuileries, of which no one can fail to think when looking at the Louvre, not one stone is left on top of another,—nothing is to be seen but the vast garden which now covers its site.

The gardens are exquisite over head, the green of the beautiful trees spreading over one like a huge umbrella, but—the ground! *Poof!* it is all gravel! One must walk on gravel,—the grass is off on a holi-

day, and what little there is is denied man, as a promenade. However, one does not saunter through the Tuileries Gardens for grass, but to ponder a bit on what it once was, on its historical reminiscences.

At intervals, through the tree-lined spaces, are to be seen some of the finest of modern sculpture, which, in conjunction with the green of the trees, and the sparkling of the fountains, makes one of the finest parks in the world—a beautiful picture, pleasing to the eye, so long as one can forget the gravel.

There are plenty of chairs to be had, and one may sit and think,—just as long as he likes,—of the immense palace that is said to have brought bad luck to every one of its inhabitants. Read:

Of the five kings to which the Tuileries gave shelter,—not counting the Second Empire,—only one went straightway to the tomb; one went to the scaffold, and three others to exile. . . . With the court followers and the nobility of the last days of the monarchy it was the same thing; the Tuileries was but a temporary shelter. The scaffold accounted for many, and banishment engulfed others to forgetfulness. It was a commonplace at the time to repeat the warning: "O! Tuileries! O! Tuileries! Mad indeed are those who enter thy walls, for like Louis XVI., Napoleon, Charles X., and Louis Philippe, you shall make your exit by another door!"

A letter written on February 24th, 1848, gives another picture of the ill-fortune that marked the palace:

Many houses have been entered in search for arms, but I cannot hear of pillage, except at the Tuileries. Here all the furniture was tossed out of the windows, the clothes paraded on sticks, the looking-glasses smashed, the portraits hacked with swords, and the carriages burned. The same scenes took place at the Palais Royal, which was set on fire.

Report says the Opera was set on fire. All the Corps de Garde decidedly are there. I was startled by hearing two shots fired. . . . Upwards of five hundred Municipal Guards have been

wounded. . . . A mob with lighted torches has been parading the streets, forcing us all to light up our windows, under penalty of seeing them broken.

The cannon discharged for fun by the people kept us in perpetual uncertainty . . . but it is horrible to think that this vast City is in the hands of an armed mob, drunk with excitement and with wine which they drank from the barrels in the royal cellar. . . .

The shops are half open, and the itinerant venders of apples, potatoes, etc., are plying as usual. . . . There is hardly a tree left on the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées are devastated, the Palais Royal much injured by fire, the Tuileries gutted, the streets pulled up.

O, Paris! One can sit here under your trees, watching the children at their games, and think of many things.

I went to see where the wonderful Gobelin tapestry is made, for the sole purpose of being able to say that I had been there, but I had not been in the place long before I began to be glad that I had come: it proved to be intensely interesting. I had never cared especially for tapestry, but afterwards, I had a new feeling for it,—that wonderful fabric for kings.

The building looks as though it might be forty or fifty years old, but when one is told that this tapestry industry has been housed here for something over three hundred years, it begins to seem like a long time that it has been standing here—to an American, at least. The building looks so bright and cheerful, with jars and boxes of blooming flowers in the windows, that three hundred years seems an incredible age.

Each workman must be an artist—no mere artisan is employed for none such could meet the requirements.

We spent a long time there, watching them weave the tapestry. The loom is hung up toward the wall, the warp stretched over the frame, the wrong side turned toward the operator. He sits before it, weaving the beautiful colors back and forth, while a mirror placed at one side, at a certain angle, enables him to see just what he is doing. At the other side is the picture that he is copying, which will not be seen until the whole is finished. A workman must be an artist: he could not copy a painting unless he were.

I understand there are about 14,000 tones, embracing every known color or combination of colors, used in this work. I had no idea that there could be such a number of shades and colors and tones in the world.

One operator, who was especially nice to us, took a great deal of trouble to explain to us how it was all done, and to show us some pieces of very beautiful work that were already finished. It takes such a long time to complete one piece of work that it is not strange that it has not become more common. However, "the work now done at the looms is not sold, but is reserved for State presents, and for the furnishing of palaces, etc. It consists for the most part of copies of famous pictures, wrought in wool by a handwork process demanding infinite skill and patience."

In times long gone by, the Gobelin was a great establishment wherein were manufactured many things other than tapestry. For example:

Here were manufactured the splendid services of plate, of costly inlaid cabinets, of carven frames, and of gilded couches. Here also were produced the storied hangings, with which the old hotel is identified; but the looms were never more merrily active than when the Sculptor's mallet and the hammer of the Smith were resounding under the same roof; when the Weaver wove his costly web to the tune of the Lapidary's file; whilst the saw and chisel made constant chorus in his ears.

But there is nothing now to remind us of all this bygone bustle and activity; we may only reconstruct it through the eyes of others. A Sunday air broods over the place now, and everything is quiet and extremely orderly.

After that visit I went again to the Louvre, to look at the tapestry, and at those wonderful crimson velvet curtains trimmed with bands of tapestry. I had a new understanding, therefore a new appreciation, of this department of the art world.

There are also some splendid tapestries at the Musée Galliera,—five tapestries representing Gervasius and Protasius,—which show forth the history of these saints. It depicts their scourging, their execution, the removal of their relics, their appearance to Saint Ambrose, and the discovery of their relics. It is all there, plain as print.

Then there are about a dozen or so other tapestries (Gobelin) copied from great paintings, representing the months.

Here is also to be seen the largest collection of crystal vases and various kinds of glass ware that I saw anywhere in Paris,—or anywhere, in fact.

CHAPTER XXIV

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART. BUTTES-CHAUMONT. MONTMARTRE. PÈRE-LACHAISE

PARIS has an "Angels' Flight." I had supposed the only one in the world was in Los Angeles, away out in California; but here was Paris, rivaling us, with her little inclined-way, up to the Heights of Montmartre, a trip we took one brilliant afternoon to reach that wondrous, mosquelike Church of the Sacred Heart.

One can see it, perched up there on its eerie, all white and gleaming, from nearly every point in Paris. It is the most dreamlike of anything in the whole City, standing there on the Hill of Martyrs, midway between the sites of two pagan temples of long ago,—a mixture of mysticism and art. Its appeal to the imagination is stronger from a distance, as it is still unfinished, and upon coming close to it, it loses much that appeals to one from afar.

It is a magnificent building, with its dome 260 feet high, and its clock tower 390 feet, shooting up into the blue of the sky above it.

In the light of a brilliant moon its gleaming whiteness seems to shine with a silvery phosphorescence:

another Taj Mahal by moonlight, a Christian Basilica by daylight!

There are little stalls built all about the church grounds, wherein are kept for sale all kinds of religious ornaments—gayly-colored cards bearing pictures of the Virgin and of the various saints; tiny shrines and cribs; images made of metal; crucifixes made of some kind of brown beads, the figure of the Christ made of some kind of white material; rosaries also made of brown beads, but of a larger size,—all sorts of similar things.

I purchased something of every blessed thing for sale,—and then lost them all in a fire afterwards: Virgins, Saints, Images,—all went up in smoke!

We formed a party one evening, and went to the big gardenlike park called "Buttes-Chaumont," just to obtain that splendid view of the Sacré-Cœur by moonlight. It isn't exactly the size of the church, it isn't exactly the shape of the church, nor is it exactly the position of the church, that accounts for the extraordinary beauty and snowy radiance that seems to emanate from every angle of the building in the moonlight. Perhaps it is a combination of all, with a little imagination thrown in,—this great white harmony in stone.

Standing in front of the church and looking off over the city, one has a view that could not be surpassed (much more sensible, to my mind, than climbing all those horrible steps to the towers of Notre Dame); and all without the least fatigue.

Out of a rolling sea of dull, somber, gray houses,

rise gilded domes and towers, like sun-gilded icebergs in a gray ocean. Away off, the gilded domes of the beautiful Russian Church, of the Invalides, of the Panthéon, the Tour Saint-Jacques, the spires of Sainte Clotilde. It is beyond words to paint the picture. Nor is the picture always the same; the view changes with the weather. Sometimes it is gray and dull, covered with gray mist; then, at other times it is brilliant with the golden hues of the sunshine.

On the way up, it was so steep that, in one place, I insisted upon jumping out,—I could not find it in my heart to impose upon the poor old razor-backed horse,—but the coachman laughed at me.

The streets are all of cobble-stones up here,—not of wood, as in the Champs Élysées,—and there are narrow-shouldered, slant-eyed old houses tucked away back in shallow old streets that I would not trust in the dark. I am told that there are fearful places in Montmartre; but of this I have no knowledge. I only know that we turned sharp corners, and penetrated very narrow slits and passage-ways, and followed some very devious windings; but of any lurking evil I was utterly unconscious, and found the Quarter extremely interesting, and, in places, picturesque. But my companions said that I must not wander about alone in this locality.

The Cemetery of Montmartre is filled with the remains of those who have helped to make Paris what it is to-day,—“A beacon light of intelligence held out to all the world.” Here lies Emile Zola; Théophile Gautier; Halévy the composer; Henner

the painter; Paul Delaroche, who painted the picture that hypnotized me, and whom I cannot now interrogate; Berlioz the composer; Greuze, the painter of sweet girlish faces; Ary Scheffer; the beloved Heinrich Heine, with his face carved in stone above his grave. Heine was very much beloved by the Empress of Austria, and it seems that just before her death, as a last tribute to this, her favorite poet, she ordered this bust to be placed on his grave.

It is a wonderful "City of the Dead." One instinctively feels that he should walk with gentle tread and speak softly. Those wonderful men!

It was just a little weird; but I sometimes imagined that I could very distinctly sense that subtle current of thought and sentiment created and loosed into space by the minds of the great men whose bodies were lying here,—the scientists, the poets, the philosophers, and the musicians and composers. Their influence lives on and on, while that of ordinary mortals seems to be quite dead. These men are not dead,—only resting here for a time.

Here is also a small, modest grave, which is said to be the grave of the real *Dame aux Caméllias*. It is always decorated with flowers, and I was told by a French lady in Paris that it is the descendants of Dumas that keep the grave covered with the beautiful flowers. But who knows if this be true? It is a pretty thought, anyway, and we will believe the story,—so long as we remain in Paris.

I stood long beside the last resting-place of Théo-

phile Gautier, the wonderful poet-man who said, in his "Romance of a Mummy":

The poet and the musician know all things; the gods reveal secrets to them, and they express in their rhythms that which the thought scarcely grasps, and which the tongue is powerless to utter.

On many of the graves were great wreaths of flowers and foliage made of colored glass beads, hung up in company with bunches and garlands of real flowers. I marveled at them. They are not so pretty; but perhaps compensation is to be sought on the ground of their durability.

I went to the great cemetery of Père-Lachaise for the sole purpose of looking upon the last resting-place of Rachel, of Alfred de Musset (one of my own personal gods), and the tomb of the ill-starred lovers, Abelard and Héloïse. But upon arriving at the monumental city of the dead, with its long, cypress-bordered avenues radiating in many directions, I was confronted by the tombs of an undreamed-of number of the immortals: Rossini (whose body is now in Florence), Alfred de Musset, Paul Baudry; Félix Faure, Auber; Rachel, Rosa Bonheur; Raspail; Chopin, Cherubini; Gretry, Thiers; Daubigny, Corot; Molière (or, at least, his supposed remains); Alphonse Daudet; Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy; Balzac; Michelet, the historian; and so on. What wonderful inhabitants contains this silent city!

They say a path has been worn to the graves of the renowned lovers, Abelard and Héloïse, by tens of thousands of other sad-hearted lovers. There

they lie, side by side, their carved faces turned everlastingly to the canopy above them, and sympathy for their ill-starred love is still strong in all hearts. The story of their love is a peculiar one, to my mind, and I have never felt that Abelard did quite the right thing by Héloïse. Thus runs the romance, as told by T. Okey, in writing of William of Champeaux:

"The fame of the teacher drew multitudes of young men from the provinces to Paris among whom there came, about 1100, Peter Abelard, scion of a noble family of Nantes.

"By his wit, erudition and dialectical subtlety he soon eclipsed his master's fame and was appointed to a chair of philosophy in the school of Notre Dame.

"William of Champeaux, jealous of his young rival, compassed his dismissal, and after teaching for a while at Melun, Abelard returned to Paris and opened a school on Mont Saint Geneviève, whither crowds of students followed him. So great was the fame of this brilliant lecturer and daring thinker that his school was filled with eager listeners from all countries of Europe, even from Rome herself.

"Abelard was proud and ambitious, and the highest prizes of an ecclesiastical and scholastic career seemed within his grasp.

"But Fulbert, canon of Notre Dame, had a niece, accomplished and passing fair, Héloïse by name, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the great teacher.

"It was proposed that Abelard should enter the canon's house as her tutor, and Fulbert's avarice made the proposition an acceptable one. Abelard, like Arnault Daniel, was a good craftsman in his mother tongue, a facile master of *versi d'amore*, which he would sing with a voice wondrously sweet and supple.

"Now Abelard was thirty-eight years of age: Héloïse seventeen. 'Love is quickly caught in gentle heart,' and Minerva was not the only goddess who presided over their meetings.

"For a time Fulbert was blind, but scandal cleared his eyes, and Abelard was expelled from the house. Héloïse followed and took refuge with her lover's sister in Brittany, where a child, Astrolabe, was born. Peacemakers soon intervened and a secret marriage was arranged, which took place early one morning at Paris, Fulbert being present.

"But the lovers continued to meet; scandal was again busy, and Fulbert published the marriage. Héloïse, that the master's advancement in the church might not be marred, gave the lie to her uncle and fled to the nuns of Argenteuil. Fulbert now plotted a dastardly revenge.

"By his orders, Abelard was surprised in his bed, and the mutilation which, according to Eusébius, Origen performed on himself, was violently inflicted on the great teacher.

"All ecclesiastical preferment was thus rendered canonically impossible. Abelard became the talk of Paris, and in bitter humiliation retired to the Abbey

of St. Denis. Before he made his vows, however, he required of Héloïse that she should take the veil. The heartbroken creature reproached him for his disloyalty, and repeating the lines which Lucan puts into the mouth of Cornelia weeping for Pompey's death, burst into tears and consented to take the veil. . . .

"The great master, although forbidden to open a school at St. Denis, was importuned by crowds of young men not to let his talents waste, and soon a country house near by was filled with so great a company of scholars that food could not be found for them.

"But enemies were vigilant and relentless, and he had shocked the timid by doubting the truth of the legend that Dionysius the Areopagite had come to France.

"In 1124 certain of Abelard's writings on the Trinity were condemned and he took refuge at Nogent-sur-Seine. . . . He retired to a hermitage of thatch and reeds, the famous Paraclete, but even there students flocked to him, and young nobles were glad to live on coarse bread and lie on straw, that they might taste of wisdom, the bread of the angels.

"Again his enemies set upon him. He surrendered the Paraclete to Héloïse and a small sisterhood, and accepted the abbotship of St. Gildes in his own Brittany.

"A decade passed, and again he was seen in Paris. His enemies now determined to silence him. St. Bernard, the dictator of Christendom, denounced his

writings. Abelard appealed for a hearing, and the two champions met in St. Stephen's Church at Sens before the king, the hierarchy and a brilliant and expectant audience.

"Abelard, the ever-victorious knight-errant of disputation, stood forth, eager for the fray, but St. Bernard simply rose and read out seventeen propositions from his opponent's works, which he declared to be heretical. Abelard in disgust left the lists, and was condemned unheard to perpetual silence. The Pope, to whom he appealed, confirmed the sentence, and the weary soldier of the mind, old and heart-broken, retired to Cluny.

"He gave up the struggle, was reconciled to his opponents, and died absolved by the Pope near Chalons in 1142. His ashes were sent to Héloïse, and twenty years later she was laid beside him at the Paraclete."

The remains of the lovers were brought to Paris in 1817 and placed where we may go and offer our sighs, along with the thousands of others who have also sighed over their unhappy love and maddening fate.

One may also go and look at the spot whereon stood the cruel canon's house, at No. 10 Rue Chanoinesse, a small street on the Ile de la Cité, not far from Notre Dame; and Quai aux Fleurs, No. 9, tells where stood the house of the lovers,—not very far from the Morgue.

In writing of these same ill-starred lovers, Hilaire Belloc says:

He stands at the beginning of the intellectual life of Europe, with the troubled, deep, fiery eyes that frightened the community at St. Denis, looking down history as he looked down from the Paraclete, like a master silencing his fellows . . . he is also the type of all the great revolutionaries that have come up the provincial roads for these six centuries, to burn out their lives in Paris, and to inlay with the history of the City. I can never pass through the narrow streets at the north of Notre Dame without remembering him. He taught in the Close and disputed there; he met St. Bernard in the cloister; he was master of the early schools; he first led a crowd of students to the Hill of St. Geneviève and though the secession returned from it at that time, he may justly be appealed to as the founder of the University on the slope beyond the river.

The 14th century, that gloried in St. Thomas and that knew the colleges, was ungrateful not to remember the death of this man, whom Peter the Venerable sheltered and absolved in the awful shadow of Cluny. For all these reasons it is a good thing that the romantic spirit of the early 19th century brought him and Héloïse to lie in the same grave at Père la Chaise.

To those who see with an interior sense, a ramble through these quiet cemeteries will be filled with shadowy reflections. A new knowledge, a new feeling will be gained by a visit to these last resting places of the great ones of the earth,—some of the greatest souls of France.

I do not believe that it is an exaggeration to say the French people show all the public recognition and appreciation of its famous sons that a people could show, as a people. France, as a nation, may kill some of them off, but, as a people, she will never fail to perpetuate their memories in stone, bronze, or marble.

The respect shown to the dead in France is very

touching. Every hat is lifted in the presence of a funeral car. People stop and cross themselves, and murmur a little prayer for the departed soul,—a “God have mercy on their soul,”—so that the passage from home, or church, to the cemetery is along a highway literally lined with prayers and parting good wishes.

One thing depressing about death in France is the habit of dressing young children in the habiliments of mourning. It is horrible to be strolling along, and come suddenly face to face with a mother and perhaps several small children, all dressed in the deepest, most somber black, the little girls’ frocks trimmed with crêpe, black ribbons on their hair, crêpe-trimmed hats (of very stylish mode, of course), and black gloves on their little hands. I have seen little children, not over seven or eight years of age, dressed in this fashion.

For a real revel in the mournful, the sorrowful,—something that makes one weep without knowing exactly why,—let me recommend a little ramble through the quiet, tucked-away cemetery of Picpus, near the Place de la Nation, on the lonely road to Vincennes.

I do not know why, but it seems so lonely and sad. Whether it is because, in one part of the cemetery, there are the headless bodies of over a thousand persons who perished during that part of the Revolution called the “Reign of Terror,”—those who were beheaded at the Barrière du Trône in 1794,—whether it is because this is the last resting place of

so many of the old families (such as the Gramonts, the Montmorencys, the De Noalles, and others who helped to make French history, as well as our own good old friend, Lafayette), or, perhaps, the workings of the invisible, the influence of the thoughts of anguish and horror that these poor headless ones must have loosed into space when they were so cruelly separated from their bodies at that awful time.

As an American, I experienced a mournful pleasure in contemplating this last resting-place of the magnificent Frenchman who had proven such a good friend to the revolutionaries in our own land. Grace to the dead!

We come first, to the convent church of the nuns of Sacré-Cœur, which is surrounded by a quiet, secluded garden. Passing through that, we come to the little cemetery, in all of its loneliness. After contemplating the graves and remembering that dreadful time when these bodies were placed here, it is interesting to turn to fiction for a change of sentiment, and remember that it was over the walls of this convent garden that Jean Valjean leaped with Cosette, when he was being so desperately pursued by the police. As Victor Hugo tells us:

“Valjean mentally measured the wall above which rattled the linden. It was eighteen feet high. . . . The wall was capped with a plain coping stone not leveled off. The difficulty was Cosette. She could not scale a wall if he were able. But, he did not

dream of abandoning her. Yet to carry her was impossible. All the man's strength was needed to lift him in that ascension. . . . He lacked a rope. . . . All extreme conditions have their lightening flashes to dazzle or enlighten. Valjean's desperate glance lighted on the lamps in Genrot Lane; it was the old oil-lamp, suspended across the way, and had a rope coming down into the box, for the convenience of the lamplighter to lower it for trimming and filling and to hoist it up again. With the energy found for a mighty struggle, Valjean crossed the street at a bound, entered the alley, burst the catch of the little box with the point of his claspknife, and in another instant returned to his young companion, carrying the rope.

"Meanwhile, the time, the place, the darkness, together with her protector's odd movements to and fro began to disquiet Cosette. Any other child would have set up bawling long ago. She contented herself with tugging at his coat skirt while they heard the tramp of the patrol approaching nearer and nearer.

" 'I am afraid, father,' she whispered. 'What is that coming?'

" 'Hush! It is Mother Thenardier!' answered the unhappy man. She shivered.

"Without haste, but not having to go over the work a second time, with steady, sharp precision, the more notable as Javert and his force might arrive at any moment, he took off his cravat, made a loop of it around Cosette's body under the armpits

with care that it should not hurt her, made this fast to one end of the rope with a seaman's knot that would hold and yet could be quickly undone at need, and took the other end between his teeth. He pulled off his shoes and stockings which he tossed in a bundle over the wall and stood upon the iron guard. Thence he 'shinned' and elbowed himself up the angle with as much certainty and steadiness as though he had ladder rungs under his feet and in his grip. Half a minute had not flitted until he was on the wall summit, on his knees.

"Cosette watched him in a stupor, without a word. . . . Suddenly she heard his voice in a low tone:

"'Come, set your back to the wall.' . . . She felt herself drawn up off the ground, but before she had time clearly to understand what was happening, she was on the wall. . . . Valjean could only see the ground beneath at a good depth. He had reached the incline of the roof, but not let go his hold of the wall crest, when a violent scuffling of feet announced the arrival of the soldiers and police. Javert's formidable voice was heard, shouting:

"'Rummage the blind alley! . . . I warrant that he is in the alley!'

"Valjean slid down the outhouse roof, while sustaining Cosette, reached the tree and leaped to the ground. . . . Cosette had not breathed a sound.

"The fugitives stood in a large garden of odd appearance; one of those dreary enclosures seemingly made to be looked on in winter or by night. Its

form was oblong; an avenue of wall poplars was at the end; in corners the shrubs were rather high, and in the central opening could be distinguished an isolated tree of some size; the other trees were of fruit, but untrimmed and the branches crossing like large bushes . . . stone seats here and there seemed black with moss. The walks were edged by straight little evergreens of dark foliage. Grass had sprung up over half the paths and moss greenly carpeted the rest. . . . The back of the enclosure was lost in fog and night. . . . Nothing more wild and lonesome than this garden could be imagined.

"There was no one about, which was explainable by the hour; but it did not seem the place for a ramble even at high noon. . . .

"The tumultuous uproar was heard of the patrol searching the alley and the streets, the bangs of the musket-butts on the stones, the clash of bayonets probing holes, Javert's appeals to the police he had posted. . . .

"In a quarter of an hour this storm seemed blown over, but Valjean dared not breathe freely. . . . For that matter, the loneliness was so oddly calm, that this dreadful riot, though furious and so near, did not cast the shadow of troubling into it. The walls seemed built of stones that are deaf, told of in Holy Writ.

"All of a sudden, amid this profound calm, a fresh sound arose; celestial, unutterable, it was as delightful as the other was horrible. It was a hymn issuing out of the shade, harmonious prayer in the

night's dread silence; female voices, but composed of the maiden's pure tone and children's simple accent, not of this earth—such as children still hear and the aged begin to hear again. It came from the darkened building. As the demon's clamor faded away; this seemed a choir of angels coming up through the shadows.

"Cosette and the man fell on their knees. They did not know what it was or where they were. . . . The voices were the more strange as they did not seem to contravert the impression that the building was untenanted. It was like a ghostly song in a haunted mansion. The music was extinguished—nothing in the garden as nothing in the street. . . . The wind, rustling a few dry leaves on the garden wall made a soft hissing of mournful tone. Poor Cosette did not speak. . . . The good man took off his overcoat to wrap her with it. . . . Leaving the ruin, he skirted the building wall to seek a better place. All the doors he met were fastened and all the windows were barred.

"On passing the inside angle, he noticed that the windows were arched and showed some inner light. Rising on tip-toe he peered within. All the windows belonged to a vast hall, paved with broad flags, pillars forming arcades, with a little light, and masses of shadow. The light came from a night lamp in the corner. The hall seemed untenanted and nothing stirred.

"But by dint of staring, he believed he beheld on the floor, something which appeared clad in a shroud,

with a human shape. It was stretched flat on its breast. With the face on the stone slab, the arms thrown out like a cross, its stillness was of death.

. . . The whole was bathed in that gloom which enhances the horror of feebly lighted rooms.

"Though many a dread sight had passed his eyes, Valjean had never witnessed a thing so weird and freezing as this perplexing form, accomplishing none knew what mysterious act in that somber spot, and seen in the dead of night. . . . The time seemed long before there was a movement, and he suddenly felt overcome by inexpressible fright, and fled. He ran towards the shed without daring to turn round.

. . . Where was he? Who would ever believe such a sepulcher in Paris? What was this appalling house? . . . Was it indeed a house on the street, with its regular number? Was it not a dream? He had need to finger its stones to convince himself!

"However, through the moody fit in which he sank, he had heard a singular sound in the garden . . . it was such a musical tinkling as the cow-bells make of a summer night when kine are grazing. It made Valjean turn around. He looked out and saw that some one was in the garden. A being like a man was walking about among the glass bells over the melons. . . . He feared that Javert and his posse had perhaps not gone, but had left sentries on the lookout . . . so he softly took up Cosette in his arms, as she slumbered, and carried her into the remotest nook in this lumber-house, behind a stack of disused furniture. From here he observed the

movements of the man in the melon beds. It was odd that the tinkle of the bell accompanied all his attitude. . . . Why should a man be belled like a ram or a herd-mother?

"He made straight for the man with the bell. . . . In his hand he had taken out the roll of coin from his waistcoat pocket. . . . He accosted him with the cry: 'A hundred francs for you!'

"The man sprang up to an erect position and lifted his eyes.

" 'A hundred francs to be earned,' resumed Valjean, 'if you give me shelter for the night.'

"The moon fully lighted up his frightened face.

" 'Gad! it is you, Father Madeleine!' said the man. . . . 'Goodness of God! How came you here, Mayor Madeleine? . . . However did you get in here?'

" 'Who are you? And what kind of a house is that?' asked Valjean.

" 'Well, this is a good joke!' said the other; 'I am the man whom you placed here, and this is the house you placed me in! Do you not recognize me?'

" 'No. How am I to recognize you?'

" 'Because you once saved my life,' was the reply. . . .

"Valjean started with surprise. 'Why, you are Fauchelevent,' said he. . . .

" 'What is this bell at your knees?'

" 'That is what they call a frightful warning,—so that they can shun me. . . . Why, d'ye see, there is a lot of ladies up at the house. . . . It appears

that a man is a dangerous creature to meet, so the tinkler warns them off. When I come along, they make off.'

" 'What is that house?'

" 'Why, hang it! you know very well!'

" 'But I do not. . . . Answer me as though I knew nothing about it.'

" 'Then, it is the Picpus Nunnery.' . . .

" 'The Picpus Nunnery, eh?' he repeated to himself."

The foregoing brilliant description of Picpus Cemetery by Victor Hugo, in "*Les Misérables*," will give one an idea of the loneliness of the place, even though the sun might be brightly shining. Lafayette seems so much as though he belonged to America that it is difficult to realize that he was not an American but a Frenchman. One realizes it, however, when he sees the lonely tomb here in Picpus. It is said that his coffin was lowered down into earth which had been brought from America. May he rest well!

No matter where one turns, there is always something to recall that most mournful of all French Revolutions. Here, in this one spot, lie the poor, mutilated bodies of over a thousand persons. One hesitates to think of how many there are in other places.

It would seem to me that the increased horrors of this Revolution were due more to the burning resentment that surged through the hearts of the people,—

the common people,—at that special time, than to any other cause. Resentment against the great wealth of the few; resentment against royalty; resentment against anything and everything,—one sees always the signs of a ferocious resentment. A noted French author has said:

Has an investigating magistrate the right to make use of his exceptional power in dealing with a prisoner, so long as he harbors the least resentment against him? This might well apply to a Nation as well. But if a nation waited until no resentment was harbored, there would in all probability be no revolution. Resentment in sufficient quantity, and we have a revolution. Some one else has said, had there been no queen there would have been no revolution.

CHAPTER XXV

A SUNDAY JAUNT IN THE ENVIRONS. AN OLD-WORLD INN. MALMAISON

WHEN one mounts to a seat upon the roof of a train (a fast moving train, at that) he will find conditions quite different from those on the "hurricane deck" of a steam-tram or an omnibus. In Paris they have double-decked trains as well as trams.

One Sunday morning I started out for a day's jaunt with "the family,"—bent on one of those outings of which the French are so fond. Upon arriving at the station and discovering these aerial seats, I at once suggested taking our positions up there. I was remonstrated with, and told that they would be very drafty and uncomfortable, but I insisted upon mounting in spite of all that could be said to dissuade me.

The result was disastrous. The wind whistled and rattled around us, and went straight through us as though we had been cardboard; the cinders from the engine rained a perfect hailstorm of blackness, and we crossed the bridge over the Seine with a rattle and roar.

However, we had a "view" whenever it was possible for us to open our eyes wide enough to see it.

We passed through a tunnel that almost suffocated us. Tunnels are unpleasant enough when one is seated comfortably in a first-class compartment; but up on top! On the outside of a fast-moving train! It must be experienced before one can appreciate it. Of course, these double-decked trains do not make long runs—only short distances from the city. These dear, delightful people knew just exactly how uncomfortable we should all be, and yet they submitted to my caprice with so little demur. I experienced an extremely guilty feeling, but I had not had any idea of how it would be.

The environs of Paris are extremely beautiful in certain directions. We traveled through a sweet, green, quiet country, forests, villas, villages and hills, alternating so quickly in their seeming flight, that it seemed scarcely any time until we had arrived at quaint, lovely Louveciennes,—a small village out some twelve or fifteen miles from Paris.

A quiet, deep, Sabbath stillness seemed brooding over the whole landscape, and just as we saw the last of the two-storied train swing around a curve, the bells from the tower of the ancient-looking 13th century church began to peal.

O bells! bells! I believe men and women are better men and women when listening to the sound of bells. They are a real moral influence,—when musical.

Many other groups got off where we did, and we could see them scattering about, in different directions.

We started at once for our walk (I think it must have covered hundreds of miles,—at least, I felt as though it had). There are many lovely villas in this locality, set back in beautiful gardens surrounded with sun-mellowed old stone walls, over which were clinging vines in the greatest profusion.

Sometimes we would walk for a long distance between rows of these gray walls, unable to see anything except straight in front, or behind us, as the walls would be too high to permit us to peep over. Of course, that is delightful for those on the inside, but rather dull for those outside, in the dusty road, who have to trudge along between rows of high gray walls.

Over the walls, great rows of tall trees would sometimes offer shade to the pedestrian, and, once in a while, we could glimpse a beautiful garden, or a fountain, through some gateway that had been left open.

From time to time we would meet parties of strollers doing the same thing as ourselves,—peeping in wherever we would find an opportunity. If environment is anything, these must be very happy people who live in these beautiful country places.

We walked and walked, Monsieur Français interested in everything we saw. My attention was again attracted to what a little it requires to render the French people extremely happy. He would see a leaf on an old stone wall, for instance; he would pick it up and look at it, turning it over and over, his wife and his mother-in-law as interested as was

he, and they would talk about that leaf, or flower, or insect, or whatever it was, for an hour. Each thing encountered was interesting,—nothing seemed to them dull or tame, and they were apparently always so interested in hearing what I, their guest, might have to say about it. Upon the whole, I felt that I had indeed been fortunate to have fallen into the hands of these delightful people. For some unaccountable reason, they liked me, and out of a large number of persons,—very bright, intelligent persons,—in the pension, Mrs. Harmon and I were the only ones ever asked to join them in these outings.

What a charming part of France lies outside of Paris! Miles of it!

At noon, we found ourselves at a real old-world inn, with a square, walled-in garden, besprinkled with beds of flowers and graveled walks, while over the gray old walls were tossed, with no scant profusion, those lovely clinging vines so common in France. Several fine old trees were here in this lovely garden, casting their cool, green shadows over the snowy cloths of the tables spread so invitingly under them. Could anything be lovelier?

We sat there for a very long time over the delicious luncheon that was served to us, and talked just a little—lively conversation was not necessary, as we had that feeling for one another that permitted silence when we wished. We laid our hats off and cast them to one side, and Monsieur Français smoked and smoked.

Quite a number of people came in, generally in small parties. Everything was so quiet that we could hear the birds singing a block away, and the hum of the bees in the flowers all around us.

Later on we resumed our saunterings, and I do not know how far we walked; but after wandering through seemingly endless woods, through miles of walls, and climbing numbers of hills, we came to Bougival,—another pretty little village filled with stately villas and a lovely old church with a tall bell-tower.

But of all this, I saw not so much as I might otherwise have seen—I was thinking of the Widow Larouge. I saw her in every turn of the road, and I said to Monsieur Français:

“This is where the Widow Larouge was murdered, was it not?”

“No, no, my girl!” he answered; “here was the police station. She lived in La Jonchère; here, look! This little path leads to the village yonder,—that is La Jonchère.”

How these characters of fiction seem to live. Madame and Monsieur Français then talked of a number of these characters of romance as though they had been real personages. I could never think of Bougival without at the same time thinking of the Widow Larouge. How clever the murderer was! He got off the train at Rueil and walked over to Bougival, then on down this very same, winding road, to La Jonchère.

Just beyond La Jonchère is Malmaison,—another

spot filled with a pathetic, sentimental interest. It was the home of Josephine after she was divorced from Napoleon. It is a country in which to write romance, undoubtedly.

Here we sat down, under the shade of the trees, and rested for a long while. It seemed incredible that we were so near Paris. This was quite another world. Automobiles went flashing by with a roar; carriages by the hundred; pedestrians, too; everybody seemed to be out in the search for pleasure.

After a while, we started on again, and soon came to Marly-le-Roi, once the home of royalty; but, as I had never known royalty, I was more interested to see the home of Victorien Sardou, than to see the "spot" whereon had once stood the Château of Louis XIV, which was destroyed, along with all the rest of it, in 1793.

It would not, perhaps, be just to say that the literary man does not receive his reward in these modern times. The home of the great dramatist would not bear out that conclusion,—a splendid place, the Villa Montmorency, crowning the summit of a small hill, guarded by a number of large sphinxes of pinkish stone, which keep their mysterious eyes turned everlastingly to inspect all who may wend their steps that way. Who knows? Perhaps these creatures of mystery are the ones who tell that great man such wonderful things! All those strange things that sphinxes are supposed to know.

The town is filled with beautiful villas and gardens and trees. Often we peeped through great black

iron gates set in gray-stone walls, into lovely old gardens,—at strange-looking old houses, and thick rustling trees; but we seldom saw a human being. All seemed as if deserted. But off in the distance, in all directions, could be heard the *honk-honk!* of automobiles and the tooting of horns: the past and the present all mixed up together.

By this time I was, as we say in America, "All in." We, therefore, sat down to rest beneath the shadows of the great trees and, if the truth is to be told, I must acknowledge that I laid my head down in the grass and went fast asleep. I must have slept an hour, at least, and my companions were too kind to disturb me, although the evening was fast coming on. Tired? It was the longest jaunt of which I had ever been guilty.

From Marly-le-Roi we took the train for home, but I was almost too fatigued to notice what we passed on the way. Monsieur Français laughed at me,—said it had been only a few miles' jaunt, that even "Maman" was not tired; but I insisted that it had been hundreds. But, as Monsieur Français had said, the little mother-in-law was not the least bit tired,—and she was nearly half a century older than I!

CHAPTER XXVI

VERSAILLES

ONE day my American friends invited me to accompany them on a visit to Versailles. We met at the Tuileries Gardens, and from there, went to the Gare des Invalides, where we took the electric tram.

It was only about three-quarters of an hour's journey, and then we found ourselves in the Place d'Armes that stands before this vast visualized record of French history,—a record more graphic than would be possible by any stroke of pen or brush.

I looked up at it in amazement, but my first feeling was one of disappointment at its not being even greater, in view of the figures that represented its cost. Perhaps if it had been standing up on end, instead of being spread out over such a vast territory, I might have been enabled to appreciate its size more thoroughly, as an American has a keener appreciation and understanding of tall buildings,—“sky-scrapers,”—than he has of those that lay low and spread out over acres of ground. I will admit that after I tried to “go through it,” walk over its acres and acres of floor space, and catch a glimpse of its vast gardens, I formed different ideas as to its size. My first impression, however, was one of

disappointment, because it didn't obscure the whole heaven.

It would be an utter impossibility to "do" Versailles in a single day. Many days would be necessary to enable one to catch even a fleeting glimpse of its vast domain. And this was only one of many visits which we made to this charming, quiet, ghost-haunted palace.

Versailles fills such an immense space in the history of France that to neglect to visit it is to neglect the opportunity to gain some understanding of the many facts and conditions that led to her political as well as to her artistic preëminence during the reign of Louis XIV, and to and including the reign of Louis XVI. For after the disappearance of the monarchy the history of Versailles seemed to lose its attraction both politically and artistically, although at the present time the artist is beginning to come back to his own, and no matter where one turns, he sees the artist with his palette and easel. One day I saw a whole company of young girls at work, sketching a certain part of the palace, under the guidance of a professor or instructor.

On my first visit, we stood there and gaped at the monster palace for a long time before we finally entered, to find that the interior of this vast group of buildings, designated by the name of Palace or Château, seems to be even greater than the exterior would lead one to suppose. We walked, and walked, and walked, seemingly for miles, through vast apartments, through endless halls and corridors and pas-

sages, up and down stairways, through the great ghost-haunted spaces of Versailles!

It is such a deserted, lonely-looking place. A habitation for ten thousand persons, and not a soul in it except the guardians. A stately, solemn silence pervades all these unoccupied apartments of the long-since departed,—a silence that strikes a chill to the heart, and one keeps thinking all the time of those who once dwelled in these beautiful rooms, where the sense of a great human past is still strongly felt. Every once in a while I could catch myself listening as it were: I might, perhaps, catch a faint echo of footsteps that fell here long ago; perhaps I might even catch a fleeting glimpse of some dim, shadowy figure, robed in its sumptuous gown of rustling silk, or cloth of gold, with faded flowers in its hair, flitting around some gray corner; might perhaps catch a dim, faint hum of voices, long silent, of some of those who once lived and intrigued here, in those days so long gone by. The spirit of tranquillity seemed brooding over all, and never a sigh or a sound came back to me.

It is a great pleasure to allow oneself to drift away on a sea of speculation, and the silence of these great empty spaces is conducive to just that vague state of mind that allows one to indulge in the speculative and fanciful thoughts that seem to come surging through the brain at such times and under such conditions.

The rooms which were especially devoted to the service of Marie Antoinette are most beautifully

situated. They look directly upon the great gardens to the south, then to the Orangery, and finally, off on the horizon, to the deep, dark woods of Satory.

There are still many lovely pieces of furniture in these rooms, but they have undoubtedly passed through many changes since the time of the ill-starred little Austrian archduchess, who became France's queen.

Here are also the chambers of Louis XIV; and over his bed, which has been fenced around by a railing to keep away the profane, is a huge canopy of the usual crimson damask.

This is the central point of the palace, and in some respects, the central point of the French Monarchy. All the affairs of the nation converged in this room . . . where he gave audience to Ambassadors, and to the Pope's nuncio, and where he dined *au petit couvert*, that is to say, alone, on a little square table in front of the central window.

And it was in this room, too, that on September 1, 1715, Louis XIV died, "in a bed that stood on the same spot as the one that we see to-day." It was just four days before his death that he had called for the little Dauphin, who, after his death, would become Louis XV, and said to him:

"Do not follow the bad example that I have given you in the matter of war; I often entered upon it too lightly and continued it from vanity. Do not imitate me, but be pacific, and let your chief occupation be the relief of your subjects."

Of course, the poor little prince cried, as did all the others who were there and heard it.

The influence of Louis XIV is felt at every turn,

just as is that of Marie Antoinette. Louis XVI is hardly thought of, and poor Louis XV is utterly lacking in influence.

These rooms are said to be still very much as they were at the time of the death of Louis XIV, although not actually containing the exact pieces of furniture that were there at that time. However, we can form a very good idea, perhaps, of how the rooms really did look.

Here, too, are the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, and of Madame du Barry; and one has the feeling all the time that they may come in suddenly, and demand why we are there without an invitation.

From the windows of the Salon at the corner of the Marble Court, Louis XV "watched the funeral procession of Madame de Pompadour disappearing along the Avenue de Paris, on April 16, 1764. It was nearly dark, and the weather was extremely bad; but the King stood bareheaded in the storm until the last torches of the procession had vanished. It has been recorded by eyewitnesses that his eyes were overflowing with tears, and he said to those who were with him: 'Alas! I have lost one who has been my friend for twenty years, and this is the only mark of respect that I can pay her!' This sounds very different from the heartless words that many writers have ascribed to the King."

There is one room which is 236 feet long and 33 feet wide,—the Gallery of Mirrors. One must have good eyes to be able to distinguish any one at the

far end. This great hall opens on to the marvelous gardens, upon which we may feast our eyes through any one of the seventeen deep-set windows; and if one should not wish to be detected in the act of peeping out at persons upon whom he might wish to spy, he could turn his back to the great windows, and look instead into any one of the seventeen enormous mirrors that stand opposite each one of them, and in that way see all that might be transpiring. They are perfect spyglasses, and may, perhaps, have often been put to such purpose, in the days when the kings and their lords and ladies flitted through these gardens.

The vaulted roof is covered with paintings and gildings, which greatly enhance the magnificence of the hall, which, in the time of Louis XIV, must have been beautiful beyond description. To quote :

Two carpets of a light color from the Savonnerie covered the parquet floor, while the windows were furnished with curtains of white damask, embroidered with the King's monogram in gold. In the evening the mirrors reflected the candles of the fourteen crystal and silver chandeliers that hung from the ceiling. All the furniture was of enamel and chased silver—tables large and small, stools, cressets and girandoles, candelabra and chandeliers—and the numerous orange trees that stood along the marble walls were in marvelous tubs of chased silver. . . . This collection was the work of the most skillful silversmiths, but unhappily it was not long in existence, for the misfortunes of war obliged the King to send all these incomparable masterpieces to the Mint to be melted down. We can form some idea of them from the old pictures and tapestry in which some of them are depicted. The furniture that replaced them was made of gilded wood of delicate workmanship, but it also has disappeared.

Close by is the beautiful room in which Marie Antoinette used to play cards; and it is said that at

times the stakes were enormous. The whole place is filled with phantoms, whose influence seems to be especially strong when we reach the apartments of Louis XVI and his ill-fated queen, throwing over all a sort of gentle melancholy.

Those who are interested in the memories of the French Revolution will look with emotion upon the balcony of the King's room. On October 6, 1789, when the people of Paris invaded the Palace and crowded, with threats, and with some arms in their hands, into the Marble Court beneath the windows of the royal apartments, some of the courtiers were stationed here, with General Lafayette. The latter went to fetch the King, and showed him, on this balcony, to the people. Then, in her turn, the Queen was demanded by the populace, who were clamoring for her death. She appeared with her two children, but the crowd cried: "No children!" and with a gesture full of dignity and courage Marie Antoinette put her two children behind her, and turned to face the muskets that were pointed at her, certain that her last hour had come. Her courageous bearing impressed the insurgents, who, with one of those sudden changes characteristic of French crowds, always ready to respond to bravery, cried: "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Let us take them to Paris!" Louis XVI was then obliged to promise to go off with his people at once. Preparations were hastily made, and a few hours afterwards the royal family, with the mob surrounding their carriages, went on their way to Paris along the avenue that is opposite to the Palace, to which they were fated never to return.

All about these apartments is that vague, misty melancholy which life and tragedy ever distill.

Then there are the beautiful halls named after the gods,—the Hall of Mars, of Mercury, of Diana, of Venus, of Abundance; and a score more, besides the lovely chapel with its banisters and gallery railings of violet marble and gilt. There are acres of rooms, which even to glance at would require days and days; and over all, there are the beautiful bas-reliefs of angels, fleur-de-lis, paintings, marbles, and mosaics.

I liked the paneled and begilded ceilings and the beautiful parquet floors as much as I did anything else in the great palace; also the rare pieces of furniture that still remain in place. The exquisite objects of art that used to stand in these apartments, as well as the sumptuous furniture, were all dispersed during the revolutionary sales, and we Americans stood there and "wondered" where it had gone to, and who had really purchased it. It is said that many of the most beautiful pieces are to be found in Germany, and even as far away as Russia. Many of the pictures removed from this palace are to be seen in the Louvre.

We walked past miles of paintings,—huge battle-pieces, depicting history by means of the brush; in some instances, bringing back the dreadful past in most sanguinary tones. At length we came to a huge painting of our own George Washington. The artist and his small son took off their hats as they saluted the shade of Valley Forge, and the boy said: "He looks just as fine as the rest of them,—don't he, Pop?"

The immense though harmonious lines of the great palace itself have been continued in the apparently endless gardens which were laid out by Le Nôtre, the greatest landscape gardener of his time.

No mere words can adequately convey a correct idea of these gardens. There are miles and miles of gardens. Long avenues stretch out in many directions, lined with green trees, and at regular intervals, are hundreds of statues of white marble;

there are fountains and ponds of many sizes and descriptions, and a beautiful canal filled with water that sparkles in the sun. But even though all is so charming, there is always that feeling of desolation and melancholy. Even the great crowds that swarm over the place on Sunday afternoons do not seem to be so joyous as those one meets in other places. They saunter along as though they, too, were expecting to meet some one from the long-distant past, who might step out from behind the trees and demand why they were taking such liberties in these gardens of the royal family.

Some of the fountains are enormous,—large enough to accommodate a number of pleasure boats. Others are smaller. We sometimes went and sat beside the beautiful Fountain of Latone, watching the waters scintillating in the sunshine, and thinking a little of the past.

Then there is the exquisite Fountain of the Pyramid, with its round foundation, the upper portions growing smaller and smaller as they near the summit, like a pyramid, the clear, sparkling water running in cascades over the whole, emptying itself into the large basin below.

Our little company decided that the gardens were more enjoyable than the long walks through the vast interior of the palace, but at no time did it ever seem quite right for us to laugh or be openly hilarious. The footprints of the dead are too plainly to be seen to admit of anything but that quiet, subdued

feeling that one generally experiences when in places made famous by the illustrious dead.

We went out one Sunday to see the great fountains play, a performance to be witnessed only at certain times,—one Sunday each month, I believe. However, we were more exasperated than entertained, for nearly every woman carried a parasol, and, to my amazement, did not once close it in order that persons behind might also enjoy the beautiful display of spurting, spraying waters. This vast field of dipping, swaying parasols of all shades and sizes obliterated the whole display, and we gave it up in despair, and went out to the Hôtel des Reservoirs for afternoon tea. We concluded that if we might not see the display, we might as well go and console the inner man.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE TWO TRIANONS

UPON another occasion, we went out to visit the two Trianons, and to revel a little in reminiscences of the past. The Petit Trianon is some little distance from the Grand Trianon, but every inch of the space is teeming with memories of the poor, ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette. She is dead and gone, but her play-houses still stand, and we all go out and look at them, with curiosity in our eyes, but sympathy in our hearts.

It was to please Madame de Maintenon that Louis XIV built the Grand Trianon, here on the spot where once stood the poor little village of Trianon; but to me her influence is not compelling. It is always that of Marie Antionette that is felt, to the exclusion of all others.

Louis was extremely fond of this beautiful little palace, and spent much of his time here. Saint Simon says:

Nothing could be more magnificent than these evenings at Trianon. The flowers in every division of the flower-beds were changed every day, and I have seen the King and Court leave the garden on account of the excessive number of tuberoses, of which the scent made the air fragrant, but was so strong on account of their numbers that no one could stay in the gardens, al-

though they were of vast size and were arranged in terraces on an arm of the canal.

Great fêtes were also held here; but with the death of Louis the remarkable life of the Grand Trianon practically came to an end. The ghosts, however, are everywhere, even that of Napoleon. It was to this place that he came on the day he was divorced from Josephine, while she went on to Malmaison. "In the rooms where Napoleon worked, the rooms that he made for a while the center of the government of his Empire, how can we think of anybody but him?"

No matter what the history be, however, one cannot fail to enjoy the great collection of beautiful furniture of that period; Empire clocks, sofas, chairs, pictures, make up a most beautiful collection.

We enjoyed the Museum of Vehicles, which we found very interesting. Here are to be seen most gorgeously-painted carriages, which used to be taken out for use only upon state occasions, for great functions, etc. Here is the carriage used by Napoleon at his coronation, as well as that used by Charles X., at his coronation. Here are some wonderful sleighs with waving, beplumed and begilded trappings; and some very pretty Sedan chairs.

But, after looking at them all, and admiring the beautifully painted flowers and cupids which decorate the carriages, we concluded that after all, not a vehicle among them was to be compared for comfort, with the commonest of our present-day carriages. They all have stiff, leather springs, or rather

straps upon which the body of the carriage rests, and it is not a difficult matter to conjure up the discomfort of the persons riding in them over the roughly paved streets of that time. No! We do not have such gorgeously painted vehicles now, but we have comfort to a degree that they never dreamed of. The matter of expense in keeping up these places must have been one of considerable proportion. Was it any wonder that a revolution developed under it all?

The Petit Trianon is a most delightful little square château, but one forgets its beauty in thinking of the poor queen, and of where she ended her last days. This is quite different from the small room in the Temple! Pierre de Nolhac, the Director of the Versailles Museum, says:

The interior of the château is still very much as it was when Marie Antionette occupied it. The staircase, whose walls are undecorated except for some carving, has a banister of wrought iron in which, among the lyres and caducei, Marie Antoinette's cipher was placed.

On the left side of the landing is a door leading to the rooms in the entresol and to the staircase of the second floor, where the rooms of the Queen's guests were situated. The door on the right leads to reception rooms. The antechamber is decorated with friezes by Natoire. The dining-room, which comes next in order and has friezes by Pater, is remarkable for its woodwork, on which are carved a number of branches laden with fruit, horns of plenty, and other symbols connected with the uses of the room. Here we see, in addition to the full length portraits of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, some pictures representing the latter dancing ballets with her brothers and sisters, the archdukes and arch-duchesses of Austria. The Empress Marie Thérèse sent these pictures to her daughter to remind her of her childhood.

And so, we looked at them, trying to think of this queen as an Austrian, but she seems more French

than Austrian, that is, in reading of her. But whatever, and whoever she was, her influence is still most keenly felt in all these scenes.

We walked to the far end of the park of the Petit Trianon, to look at the group of rustic houses that composed her "farm,"—lovely little houses which give back their reflections from the clear waters of the small lake at their base. It is a sweet, quiet place, and one ceases to be surprised that the poor young queen liked to get away from the trying etiquette of the court to this cool, green, tranquil place.

No credence must be given to the numerous legends that are rife on the subject of the hamlets, such as that which shows us the royal family playing at shepherds and shepherdesses and assuming various rustic characters in order to live in the hamlet. This is a ridiculous fable. Marie Antoinette never played at keeping farm, and the King never disguised himself as a miller; but it is a sufficiently piquant sight to see them interesting themselves so intimately in agricultural labor, and seeking recreation and rest amid these rustic surroundings. The visitor to the Hamlet of Trianon must surely be deeply touched by such memories as these, and must wish these little houses to be carefully preserved.

Those days were long ago. And now, in the silent, melancholy past, every step reminds us poignantly of the past; by these motionless statues fair queens have walked; it was for them that the quivering water sang in the fountains; the golden leaves that fell from the autumn trees are strewn with memories.

I liked the little town of Versailles as much as anything else. It has a beautiful church, with an ornate façade, topped off by a small dome and cross.

There are high old buildings, and shops with their chairs set hospitably out on the sidewalk, where we were pleased to sit and have tea after our long strolls through the park and palace.

Then, too, we always enjoyed having luncheon at

the Hôtel des Reservoirs, said to have been a mansion once owned by Madame de Pompadour.

I should certainly advise any one wishing really to see the palace and park of Versailles, to go and stay for a week or so at one of these nice old hotels, and avoid the fatigue of the trip back to town after the visits and walks. A week is really not too much to devote to Versailles.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HUMBERT AFFAIR

A MONTH in America and a winter on the French Riviera, when, in May, I suddenly reappeared, without previous announcement! I was just in time for dinner that evening, and I was surprised at the pleasure with which I was received. Monsieur Français at once ordered white wine instead of the usual red, —and I know of no greater sign of pleasure in a French household than that.

But, there were changes. Mrs. Harmon had long since returned to England, and there were several new faces.

Everybody at the table talked of the differences then existing between the Roman Church and the Government; in fact, little else was talked of. I had brought back with me some letters of introduction to some people then living in Paris, but I was so interested in all this news that I feared to present them and run any chance of being invited out for dinner (introductions generally mean just so many dinners), and I did not want to absent myself from a single dinner so long as these interesting discussions were in progress.

There was much talk of the entire separation of

church and government; of closing the convents and religious houses; of forcing priests, monks and nuns, to leave their schools and convents,—I believe, in some instances, to leave the city, and even the country. It was some trouble about asking permission of the government to run their schools, and so on, which, it seems, they were refusing to do.

Such exciting conversation! Such arguments, pro and con!

And so it went, night after night, but to this day I do not know which side the family espoused,—I only know that Madame Français always knelt and said a prayer when she would go to visit different churches with me. Monsieur Français was inscrutable; so I have no idea of the side he took.

There was also another matter of interest to the general public, over which the debates were practically unlimited. A certain Madam Humbert was holding the center of the stage,—a wonderful woman of daring ingenuity, who had robbed and plundered people of vast sums of money, but had been snared at last. She was so clever that she deserved to escape.

Madam Humbert was the daughter of a peasant, who married the dilettante son of an ex-minister of justice to secure the social position, and then invented a huge fortune left to her by a mythical American millionaire named Crawford, on which to borrow.

Law suits were invented to tie the fortune up in litigation. The Humberts displayed the safe in which the millions were sealed, and manufactured Crawford heirs to take the case into the courts to keep up the deception.

Meanwhile they borrowed and they borrowed, mainly on the strength of high interest rates, to be paid when the fortune was theirs. For twenty years they played on the usurious instincts of

the rich, and when the safe was finally opened by Court decree, and was found to contain an old newspaper and a collar-button, the world wasted little sympathy on the Humberts' victims.

If rich people were so greedy as to be dazzled by the tempting bait of high rates of interest, why should any one feel sorry for them, was the question; and each night the discussions were renewed. Every paper was filled with the Humbert news, but all the time I felt that it was too bad for such clever people to have to "cash in." Twenty years of wealth and luxury on a capital of an old newspaper and a collar-button! One lone collar-button! Could we beat it in America?

The trouble brewing between the Church and the Government was almost lost sight of in the interest of the public in this wonderful woman. It all read like a fairy tale. She had certainly been wide awake to the amount of good things that might be obtained in this world by very little striving.

CHAPTER XXIX

NOTRE DAME DE CONSOLATION. THE MUSÉE DE CLUNY. FRENCH WOMEN. THE CHATELET

ONE afternoon Miss Ahnrate and I were prowling about in the neighborhood of the Place d'Iena, with no objective point in view, and walking along the Rue Jean-Goujon, we came to a small church, or rather chapel, Notre Dame de Consolation.

We went up and opened the door, and, as we pushed it gently open, were greeted with a sound,—a peculiar sound, as of a company of people, away off somewhere, humming together. The sound of this musical intonation seemed to circle around and around the sanctuary, sometimes seeming to be in the great painted dome overhead, and sometimes seeming to come from the rear, then from the sides,—everywhere. It was several minutes before we located this music of desolation as coming from behind the high altar, with its great gilded Virgin in the foreground. It has a strange effect upon a stranger coming in for the first time,—one stands with mouth agape, marveling at, and trying to locate this mournful music for the dead.

This is a memorial chapel that has been erected on the site of the terrible charity bazaar fire in

1897, when more than a hundred persons were killed. And here, behind the high altar, kneeling nuns pray night and day, year in and year out, without ceasing, for the repose of their souls. One company of nuns prays a certain length of time, then another comes to relieve it, and so on. They are the nuns of the Adoration Perpetuelle, I believe.

However, the effect is depressing; one lives the catastrophe all over each time he enters the chapel.

In the dome, the beautiful faces there painted are the portraits of those who perished in the flames; and most beautifully appropriate, the picture represents Christ receiving the victims into Paradise. Surely they deserve it!

All along the sides,—that is, the walls of the ambulatory,—are marble tablets bearing the names of those whose life went out in the awful flames, and we spent a melancholy afternoon walking along and reading them. There are some very handsome sculptures, sacred urns, and ecclesiastical paraphernalia, and upon one monument we read the name of the Duchesse d'Alençon. Poor Duchesse!

I was told in Paris that it was the money of the Gould family that had made this memorial possible, that they contributed most of the funds for it. But of the truth of the matter I cannot be positive.

One afternoon the young son of my American artist friends came over, gay as a dickey-bird, to ask me to go “nosing” with him to the Musée de Cluny. A museum visited in company with a young boy is well worth the time spent, for he will see more in

a minute than an older person will see in an hour.

Everybody knows everything about Cluny, and one might well consider that the final word had been spoken concerning its great accumulation of art treasures and reminiscences, but every one does not know how Cluny appears to a boy.

The place is filled with tapestries, gildings, ivories, bas-reliefs, and relics, but the collection that most strongly appealed to the American boy was that of the locksmiths' work: locks, knockers, knives, lanterns, and hunting utensils. Heaven defend us!—he fairly beamed over it. There was an enormous corkscrew, which he pronounced a "jewel!" He went about, from corkscrews to lanterns,—from knockers to knives—he didn't know which he wanted the most.

It seems to me that Cluny is even richer than the Louvre in its collection of inlaid work, ivories, and tapestries. Here is a set of a half-dozen pieces of beautiful tapestry, showing forth the legend of The Lady and the Unicorn, which could not fail to give pleasure to those who enjoy this kingly fabric. But I cannot say that the boy enthused any over it. He preferred the bolts, and locks, and lanterns; and I must admit that as much of my attention was given to the exquisite building itself as to its treasures of art. I do not believe there is any more beautiful building in Paris than the Palace of Cluny.

There are several rooms in it filled with collections of pottery,—French and Italian Faïence, Palissy, and specimens of Della Robbia ware, the

best of which is "The Martyrdom of Saint Catherine, in which angels are represented breaking the spokes of her instrument of torture." However, I do not care for these torture representations.

We made a number of visits afterward,—just rambling about this lovely old building, looking at whatever happened to attract our attention at the moment; and, as Baedeker says that there are something like eleven thousand objects to be seen, one can easily comprehend that several visits might be necessary to gain any idea of its treasures, and then something might be overlooked.

We liked to loiter in the old gardens and look at the beautiful gothic windows of the palace; and used just to meander from place to place, looking at nothing especially and at everything generally.

This is a very satisfactory way in which to visit these great museums that are so filled with things of large human interest, as, by our saunterings to and fro, we are enabled to breathe in the spirit of the place, as it were, and come finally to feel as though we know something of it.

There are some extremely beautiful chimney-pieces to be seen, which are well worth a visit, in a number of the apartments.

After our first visit I asked the boy what we should have for our refreshment,—where we should go, as there is no "ice-cream soda" in Paris; that is, not such as we have at home. I almost dropped when he said:

"Oh, by all means, let's go to the Ritz and have afternoon tea!"

Afternoon tea at the Ritz for a boy of fifteen! Saints and angels defend us! One should never ask a child what he wishes to do unless he is prepared to consent, to my way of thinking, and so,—we called a carriage and went to the Hotel Ritz for tea. If he had said: "Punch and Judy," or "The Wax Works," I should not have been surprised. But, the Ritz,—for tea!

However, it was worth the visit.

Long lines of carriages drove up, deposited beautifully-gowned women and wonderfully-mustached men, and drove on.

The great salon was brilliant with lights, the little garden was filled—every table taken,—and all present were busily indulging in that agreeable English social function of Afternoon Tea. The low hum of well-modulated voices was to be heard on all sides, and the atmosphere was redolent of that subtle something produced by superb toilettes, good manners, and the genial tea-pot.

We were seated at a table spread with snowy damask, and the tea was served in a glittering pot of silver, the tea-cups thin as egg-shells.

One has to admit that these French women know how to wear their clothes; they have an art,—a trick of dress,—so subtle as to baffle any attempt at definition, which imparts an air of distinction, of "race," to all their movements. It is quite impossible to tell just what it is; but it is there, and the

effect is,—well, French. One could scarcely say that personal magnetism would explain it. Michelet said a French woman's beauty was "made up of little things." Yes? But of just what do the "little things" consist? If one knew, there might be no further mystery,—the riddle would be solved. They have that peculiar air of "race" that has taken many centuries to produce, and a mere modern might have difficulty in trying to live up to them.

I find a certain pleasure in losing myself in places like this,—of being alone among strangers,—where I can find my enjoyment in observing them. Here, all those graces and refinements and amenities that render social life such an agreeable pastime, have been highly developed, and give out a radiance that fairly illuminates any social function. And where can one observe his fellows to better advantage than in the public salons of a great hotel? The sentient observation of human beings is about as enjoyable a pastime as one might find in the whole world, to those who really enjoy the great spectacle of human life. It is truly an extremely pleasant way in which to extract information of our surroundings.

There are always such numbers of interesting persons,—persons about whom it might be entertaining to theorize; persons about whom it might be impossible to make any prophecy; persons exhibiting a serene indifference to all about them; many in a more joyous mood; faces full of history, ancient and modern, and all sorts and styles of persons,—there is so much in Paris to be learned about the lives of men.

Who are these people, anyway? Persons they are that do not seem to belong to any time or place—a great kaleidoscopic assortment of extraordinarily well-dressed, well-mannered men and women!

And there we sat, the boy and I, looking on at the show and sipping our tea. As I have said before, American children can learn a lot in foreign lands without ever opening a book. Imagine an Ohio school boy asking for afternoon tea at the Ritz,—one of the very fashionable hotels of Paris! I have always the feeling that he was abnormal,—that he should have asked for Punch and Judy at the Luxembourg Gardens, or the Wax Works at the Musée Grevin.

Nevertheless, I sometimes feel that this transplanting of children is not just exactly right. However, I do not feel convinced about it. It may be all right while they are still children, but later on they grow away from the home country; the tie that binds them to its influences and its traditions is cut, and they find themselves out of their own element, and not exactly in sympathy with the country that may have been adopted,—a very deplorable condition, in many ways. But still, everything has its compensation.

This same boy it was who suggested one evening, that we go to see some Russian dancers who were then performing at the Theatre Chatelet. Of course, we went, and had a very enjoyable evening in watching the evolutions of these wonderful dancers, which

were of a character which could not fail to give delight.

The dancing in Russia must be quite different from that in any other country, judging by what one sees of its representatives. It is beautiful, spectacular,—a strange mixture of the oriental and the occidental: wild tossings of the arms and legs and strange posings, accompanied by music wild and weird, sweet and soothing. The Slavonic temperament of these dancers readily lends itself to a complete abandonment in the intricate evolutions of these marvelous movements of agility and mysterious grace.

People sat there, quite breathless sometimes, as if they feared a movement might destroy some evolution of the whirling, posing figures. They use such a lot of jewels,—whole strings of pearls,—in their make-up.

Our boy then informed us (in the manner of a man about fifty years old) that he did not wish “to turn in” just then. So, we found seats in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, had an ice, and sat there for a time, watching the crowds of people who seem to move on and on, in never-ending streams, under the brilliant night lights, to some destination of which no one knows. That boy always knew *exactly* what he wanted, and how to obtain it; which is much more than many older persons know. To know exactly what one wants, is more than half the battle.

The lighting of the Chatelet seems to me very agreeable, as the light is let in through a great glass

roof over the auditorium ; there being no chandeliers at all, the effect is produced of a soft, subdued light, coming from some unseen source, and very materially enhances the beauty of the women in the audience. All look well in the soft light falling from above in such subdued tones.

CHAPTER XXX

WINDOW SHOPPING. KID GLOVES AND MOBS. THE CHURCH SCHOOLS AND THE GOVERNMENT

ONE beautiful afternoon a Mrs. Monteith, a Scotch lady then living in the pension, asked me to go with her to see the shop windows in the Rue de la Paix, the Avenue de l'Opéra, and under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, just to amuse ourselves looking at the lovely fripperies for sale in all these streets. Window shopping is generally an amusement to the majority of women,—certainly it is in a great beautiful city in some foreign land.

In Paris the custom of devoting a small shop to the sale of certain articles only, furnishes miles of interesting shop-window displays. In America, where everything under the sun is to be found in one great store, under one roof, we have, perhaps, only a few blocks of brilliant shop displays. I will say this, however: America leads the world in shop-window displays. Paris cannot compare with us in that respect.

Here is a wee shop, perhaps, wherein one finds gloves only; next door, we find handkerchiefs; then comes one devoted to collars and various kinds of neckware; then comes a window filled with brass and

copper coffee machines, tea-pots, kettles, and the like; then, in the arcades of the Palais Royal is an unlimited display of gimcracks and cheap jewelry of all kinds. One can spend hours in this very inexpensive diversion, if one enjoys it; and what woman does not?

I notice that when jewelry is imitation, a sign is displayed to that effect. I am told that government inspectors keep close watch upon all shops that no false labels attract the unwary.

Upon this occasion we left the Metropolitan Underground Railway at the Tuileries, and crossing the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue des Pyramids, suddenly found ourselves in the midst of an immense concourse of people. We looked first one way, then the other. Being an American, I looked for a fire, but saw no smoke or anything to indicate a conflagration. There was no uproar, no excitement, but as I did not know what the trouble was,—what had happened to cause such a crowd to collect,—I felt a little nervous, and began to look about for an avenue of escape.

Just then, two officers (gendarmes, I presume,—but of this I cannot be certain,) mounted on superb brown horses, charged straight into the crowd,—directly into the mass of people quietly lined up several deep, along the sidewalks. I was terror-stricken and amazed at such an action, and surely enough I began to look for a way to creep out and make my escape from the crowd that increased each moment. For some amazing reason, nobody was hurt. People

simply dodged back and jumped out of the way, and the officers on the superb brown horses charged on, and circled down the street.

Moral courage, bravery, courage of any sort, *piff!* All vanished! Not an ounce of courage remained, and I was frankly and undeniably terrified. The people in all the shops along the street were busily engaged in pulling down the heavy roll-shutters of iron that are nearly always to be seen over the windows of the shops in Paris. Still, no one seemed excited, but all were talking, each with the other, in rather subdued tones, varied at intervals by those wonderful gestures of French design which these people seem to understand so well how to use to express those things which could not be expressed by word of mouth. In a few moments, those gendarmes came galloping back, and then I wildly clutched at my frightened companion, and we both took to our heels and fled down the street at full speed, and never stopped until we plunged into the Avenue de l'Opéra, and—another mob! The conflict, whatever it might be, began to assume a spectacular aspect to my frightened eyes, and I began to wonder just where the line of escape might lie.

They were more vociferous here, though there were no demonstrations of an alarming character, except, that all the windows were being hastily covered with the great gray iron shutters,—you could hear their roll and rumble all along the street. We were frightened almost out of our wits; we looked wildly in all directions for a *fiacre*; we did not know whether

it was the beginning of another Reign of Terror or not. I had been allowing my mind to dwell upon those awful days for so long, that I presume it might be considered only a natural consequence that my mind should take that line of thought. Robespierre was dead, but I began to fear that barricades might be constructed over the streets before we could reach home, and then what?

In our fright and consternation, we turned again and fled,—down the Avenue de l'Opéra, looking this way and that for a carriage. We were breathless with running and with that demoralizing sense of fear that sometimes overtakes the bravest when confronting a danger for which there seems to be no explanation,—not knowing what it was that was happening in so many places all at once, when, all of a sudden, we saw in a fine shop window, some white kid gloves on sale for thirty cents a pair! War, and rumors of war,—revolutions and Reigns of Terror,—barricades and mob rule,—all fled! What were they in comparison with a sale of white kid gloves at thirty cents a pair! We halted; they were just beginning to lower the great gray shutters, but, in we rushed,—to buy gloves!

It was not until after the gloves had been purchased, and we were awaiting our packages and change, that it occurred to us to ask about the disturbances. It was the matter of the edict of the Government against the Church Schools! I make no comments—I tell only exactly what we saw.

We then asked the clerk who had waited upon us,

if he could not let us out the back way, so as to avoid the crowds on the Avenue de l'Opéra. He very kindly opened a door at the back of the store-room, and we at once found ourselves—back in the Rue des Pyramids!

Fearing to meet the mob again, we rushed down another short street, and found ourselves in the Rue Saint Roch, and in another moment confronted another mob—larger than either of the others! However, now that we knew what the trouble was, our fear was gone, and we entered the crowd and stood quietly with the rest of the people, waiting for I knew not what. I did not know what was going to happen,—I did not know what to expect.

Across the street was the side entrance to the Church of Saint Roch, or to a convent connected with it (I am not sure about this). However, there were three closed carriages standing at the foot of a flight of steps that led up to a closed door, which, after a few moments, opened, and out came five or six nuns, dressed in black dresses, black bonnets, and heavy black veils which completely covered their faces. They carried small black satchels, as though about to start upon a journey. With heads bowed, and veils closely drawn, they came down the steps.

There was a sort of groan from the crowd (not a murmur, a groan) and every man took off his hat and dropped to his knees, as did also the women. We, too, dropped to our knees, though just why, we did not know, except that the others did so, and I have found that an outward conformity to the man-

ners of those with whom we find ourselves associated gives a greater amount of safety and opportunity for observation than anything else. In a strange land I always do as others do.

The nuns sort of nodded their heads in a deprecating way, climbed into the carriages, the doors were shut to by a man standing near by, and in the utmost silence, they drove away. Where they went, I haven't the least idea.

Scarcely a word was spoken, but men and women looked at one another, and in a few minutes there were no signs of the mass of people that had been congregated there.

We looked at each other, then walked leisurely back to the Rue de Rivoli, and—plunged into the fourth mob of the afternoon! Each and every one was talking. We could understand enough to know that they were talking of the nuns that we had just seen leaving Saint Roch.

We soon reached the Metropolitan, and in a very few moments were at home, relating our exciting experiences. Madame raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing beyond a "Mon Dieu!" However, next morning, for the first time since I had been in the house, she went to early mass. As the author of "Les Misérables" says:

We do not understand all we see, but we do not scorn. Converts offer a complex question: civilization condemns them, individual freedom protects them.

As a matter of fact, I know very little about this matter, but state such facts and circumstances as I

was able to observe and note at the time. "When one understands that France helps to maintain, not alone the Roman Church, but also the Protestant, the Jewish, as well as the Mohammedan (in Algeria) one cannot fail to see that the Church problem in France is not without considerable proportion. It has no State Church in the strict sense of the word, although, undoubtedly, the larger number of its inhabitants are members of the Church of Rome."

The next afternoon we were prowling about in the Boulevard Saint Germain. Upon reaching the Boulevard Raspail, we halted. There were several men standing at the intersection of the two boulevards, talking together, and along came two priests in their long black soutanes and little round plush hats. At once the men took off their hats in a respectful manner, and crowded up close around the priests. What they said, of course, I do not know; I only know that the men stood there on the sidewalk, that the priests made the sign of the cross, and, after conversing for a moment, passed on, the men standing respectfully aside; and, until we turned an angle in the boulevard, we could see them walking quietly along, the men standing there, scarcely moving, looking after them. Undoubtedly, the masses are still sincerely attached to the Catholic faith,—to the Church of Rome.

The Church of Saint Roch seems always to loom up big in everything that happens in Paris. History seems to circle around it.

Saint Roch played a sinister rôle during the Revolution. As the tumbrils containing the victims to be executed at the Place de la Concorde nearly always came from the prisons by way of the Rue Saint Honoré, the steps and portico of Saint Roch were among the chief points at which the mob gathered to cast insults and filth on the unfortunate captives. A woman of the people stood in the portico of this church as the tumbril with Queen Marie Antoinette slowly passed (October 16, 1793), and spitting into her hand, cast the saliva on the queen: an incident that caused Marie Antoinette to lose for a moment her heroic demeanor of contempt. "This vile mob!" she exclaimed, turning her back on her insulter.

It was also from the steps of this church that Napoleon fired his "whiff of grapeshot," the marks of which are still to be seen on the pillars and front of the building, as all the guide books tell us. Here, too, we saw the little company of nuns leaving the sanctuary a few days ago.

The music, too, at this church is especially fine, and the services accompanied by all the ecclesiastical magnificence at the command of Rome. In speaking of this, one writer says: "It seems that the congregation do not always refrain from applauding, as if in a concert-hall, any particularly fine rendering!"

Sieverts-Drewett says:

The writer remembers on one occasion being present at Saint Roch to hear a new mass by Gounod performed. It was a Sunday evening, and the great composer himself conducted. After the performance—which was a grand one indeed—M. Gounod was led down the central aisle by a procession of priests and the choir, amid enthusiasm that could not be suppressed, and which, strangely enough, did not at the time seem out of place.

I liked the manner of the choir service. The singers stood around the great lectern in the chancel, instead of remaining in the stalls during the service,

and this seemed in such complete harmony with the beautiful stained glass windows, the mysterious yellowish light flooding the great spaces, the candle-lighted side chapels and high altar, the statues gleaming white through the clouds of smoking incense, and the rich paintings, that one could not suppress a glow of pleasurable satisfaction.

The grouping of the men and boys, in their picturesque costumes of red cassocks, white albs, and blue or red sashes, grouped around the lectern, gives the whole affair such a delightful old-world appearance that it is most refreshing, and the effect of the huge service-book, with its plain song notation up above the heads of the boys, takes one back hundreds of years.

That is true, so long as we keep our eyes fixed upon the singers. But let the eyes wander for an instant, and we drop back into the present by the rustle of the magnificent dresses of the present-day worshipers.

CHAPTER XXXI

FRENCH HOSPITALITY. CHATOU

ALL of a sudden my prowls and rambles took on quite another character; my life was tossed into another current; my environment was changed, and my temperament began to vibrate to an entirely new set of instruments.

One afternoon I took a carriage and went away out into the suburbs to present a letter of introduction, which had been given to me by a relative during my late visit to America.

We went out a very long distance, passing the barriers, out into the Rue de Paris to Charenton. The street running along the Bois de Vincennes was beautiful, the magnificent trees casting long black shadows over the roadway.

At last, in a small shadowy thoroughfare just off the Rue de Paris, I found the place I was seeking,—a gray stone house, two stories high, with a sloping roof, the windows heavily outlined in a lighter colored stone; an old stone wall, covered with creeping vines, behind which was a trimmed hedge of green, surrounded the garden of the house; a black iron gate tipped with gilded arrows stood in the wall, directly opposite to the front entrance of the house,

and through which one might peep into the garden which he might not enter.

It was a quiet home, in a street of homes; there were no shops in sight; there was no poverty in sight; all seemed as serene as the summer day. Great trees could be seen at the rear of all the houses in the vicinity; high walls and iron gates in front of them.

The coachman climbed down from his high seat and went to the black iron gate, with its gilded arrows, and rang a bell, which I should never have discovered had I been alone. At my exclamation of surprise at the idea of ringing a bell at the gateway, he was so amused that he rang it again; and I sat still to see what would happen next.

In just a moment a maid dressed in a black frock, a white apron, and a gay cap perched on her smooth blond hair (this French girl was a blond of the purest type), came running from the back of the house to open the gate, two rows of very white teeth and a series of most animated gestures demonstrating how welcome a visitor, perhaps, might be. I at once gauged the mistress by the maid.

I told my coachman to wait, that I would return in a few minutes. The maid led the way into a rather large hallway, then into a long, stately room, with a number of huge mirrors, which had been built into the walls, extending the entire height of the room,—then disappeared with my letter and card.

In a very few moments, my hostess came in. She had never seen me in her life, but she threw her

arms around me and kissed me, first on one cheek, then the other. Had I been some dear friend, it does not seem possible that she could have exhibited more pleasure at my arrival. She called to her husband, and, for just a second, I thought he was going to repeat the operation. Two kindly people, delightful to meet and know.

Go back to Paris in that carriage waiting out in front of the garden? Never! Monsieur O—— threw up his hands, rolled his blue eyes, and with a wave of his hand, dismissed the whole subject. They at once ordered wine to be served, with a curious kind of sweet cake, entirely different from any I had yet encountered, and some fruit. After a while, in spite of protestations, I began to feel as though I should follow the advice of Mrs. Ruggles, and say, "I guess I better be a-goin'," but they stopped me at once, said that I should not go, that I was going to remain with them! Not a word would they listen to; not a remonstrance could I make that they would heed. They dismissed the waiting coachman, and after a while, the three of us were whizzing along in a gasoline carriage, on the road to Paris. They returned with me to the Pension Français, and remained until I had packed up all my goods.

For three months I remained with my charming host and hostess in that lovely old house with its square, walled-in garden and old-world atmosphere.

My kind host and hostess at the Pension made me promise that I would return to them at the conclusion of my visit, but alas! before another month

had passed, they sold it and moved to Chatou, a beautiful little riverside town about half an hour by train from Paris. The guests scattered in all directions, and not one of those blessed people have I ever seen since, with the exception of the family itself.

Of all the places near Paris, I believe I liked this dear little town the best—perhaps because of associations; Chatou, to me, meant the family Français.

Madame and Monsieur Français insisted, in terms of such affection, upon our visiting them in their new home that Miss Ahnrate and I gladly accepted the invitation for a week, later on in the summer.

Their house was an old one, with a slanting roof and dormer windows with heavy hoods over the tops. The house sat even with the street line; in the rear, and at one side, was a large garden, surrounded by a wall at least eighteen to twenty feet high, which connected even with the house in front, forming a long street line.

In this sweet old garden there were beds of flowers and tall trees, intersected by graveled walks. We took luncheon and dinner out of doors, under the trees. This secluded garden seemed a thousand miles from Paris; no noise of the city reached us here, and we would sit there under the trees, and read and visit and do fancywork, disturbed by no sound more distracting than that which came from rowing parties out on the river, which flowed along only a few yards from our doorway.

This home of the Français family was really the most enjoyable dwelling-house I was ever in. It was unpretentious, but the feeling of "home" was so strongly felt that all else seemed to be of slight importance. They were all so gay; in fact, all the happiness and sense of home of this household seemed to be due to the gayety which seems to be so strongly developed in the French character, and which is always so actively displayed. Even the wee poodle, shorn like a lion, seemed to enter into the home spirit that pervaded everything.

The little "Maman" was so delighted to have us! She would sit with us in the garden and tell stories of her girlhood home in Alsace-Lorraine by the hour, to all of which I was glad to listen because she was a woman of great intelligence and understood so well the conditions and circumstances of which she spoke.

Twice we went for a row upon the river in the soft evening light. Every one here owns a row-boat, and rowing is the real amusement of the townspeople, most of whom go into Paris for business, returning in the evening—nearly all of them being "Commuters."

I believe most of the houses here have their own private gardens. A walled-in garden is one of the most delightful things in the world; one can go about just as he pleases, in a kimono or otherwise, and not a soul will ever know; no one can take you unawares, for the bell must announce a visitor be-

fore he can gain admittance; and if one does not desire visitors, all he has to do is to keep still.

It was with sadness that I said adieu to my kind host and hostess, and to lovely little Chatou. They are so far from America.

CHAPTER XXXII

LIFE IN A FRENCH HOME. CHURCH AFFAIRS. CHAR-
ENTON. THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.

CHOOSING A GOWN

FOR several days after my advent into the agreeable household of Monsieur and Madam O——, we just lounged about, chatting, reading a little, and eating often. Each had breakfast in his own room. We did not meet until after our savagery had been subdued, that is, along about eleven o'clock.

The habit of having one's breakfast in his own room is a very sensible one, to my mind, as all of us are savages on first awaking in the morning; people ought never to meet until the late hours of morning, when all are in an amiable frame of mind.

In the rear garden was a pergola covered with thick vines, in the interior of which was a table, chairs, and a settee with an abundant supply of pillows. Here we had luncheon and dinner, and here we sat to read and work, and gossip. Monsieur would return from the city at about four o'clock each afternoon, when Madam O—— would serve hot coffee (no tea), varied sometimes by wine and cake. He would then relate the news of the day: all the little tittle-tattle of the city; bits of gossip in

the social world; theatrical news, scandal and politics; smoke a cigar, and then would follow the daily ride in the machine. One day was a repetition of the other, but of their sameness I seemed never to tire. Change and excitement are not everything.

These old walled-in gardens are delightful to the ones on the inside; nobody can see in from the outside, and no one can enter unless he first rings the bell. The privacy is charming. The Grand Hotel and the pension on the Rue de Longchamps seemed ages removed from this quiet, old-world place on the outskirts of Paris!

The French undoubtedly differ very materially from us in their social system and their entire standard of living, and life in a French home is quite different from life in an American home. One is just as charming and delightful as the other, but in a different way.

The French woman of ordinary means, such as my hostess, does not rummage around the market, pricing this and tasting that; she sends the cook. The cooks seem to do all the purchasing for the kitchen; the housewife goes only at intervals,—perhaps, just to keep track of the real current values of commodities.

A French woman absolutely refuses to go into the street without gloves. But when you can buy them for thirty cents and have them cleaned for two cents, one can better understand that.

Sometimes I would accompany my hostess to early mass (she was very devout) and on the way back,

we would stop at a most delightful open-air market, where I purchased so many tags and ends of unheard-of things that I scarcely had room left for my clothes.

Again referring to the church controversy: Madam O—— told me that the churches had never, in all their history, been so crowded as they now were—that every Catholic in France would support the church as against the governmental edict; said that for years she had neglected the early mass, but, that now she would get up with the birds and go every morning.

I know very little of these matters; but I do know that on each occasion that I attended the church in Charenton, it was filled with the apparently devout. The market women would leave some one in charge of their stalls, and go into church, which, I was told, was something that most of them had failed to do before the beginning of the disturbance.

There are beautiful walks all about Charenton. On one side there is the river,—the Seine; on the other there is the Bois de Vincennes, with its miles and miles of trees and roads and bypaths. Sad to say, however, at one end of the town, is the insane asylum, which, during the time of the Reign of Terror, was a very grewsome place. At the other end are the fortifications. There are many attractions from which to choose.

Often we would take our lace work and go over to the Bois to sit under the trees and amuse ourselves by looking on at the innumerable wedding-

parties that were invariably to be seen driving about the woods,—the bride with her wedding finery still on, her white veil tossed back from her face, a huge bouquet of flowers in her lap. Weddings generally occurring at mass in the morning, the remainder of the day is spent in driving about the great parks, under the trees, and in eating and drinking at the restaurants and cafés that seem to abound everywhere. Sometimes, there would be as many as five or six carriages filled with the wedding party, all laughing and talking, and I would look at them all and indulge in speculations as to their probable cost; as I presume the bride's family pays for all the day's enjoyments.

Miss Betham-Edwards says:

Church ceremonials are very expensive affairs in France, weddings, like funerals, being charged for according to the style.

Those of the first and second class entitle the procession to entry by the front door of cathedral or church, to more or less music by full orchestra, and to carpets laid down from porch to altar. Wedding parties of the third division go in by a side entrance, and without music or carpet, traverse the aisle, the charges even so diminished being considerable.

I must say that were I a French bride-elect, I should bargain for a wedding of the first class at any sacrifice. To have the portal of a cathedral thrown wide at the thrice-repeated knock of the beadle's staff, to hear the wedding march from "Lohengrin" peeled from the great organ, to reach the altar preceded by that gorgeous figure in cocked hat, red sash, plush tights, pink silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, all the congregation a-titter with admiration—surely the intoxication of such a moment were unrivaled!

The strictest etiquette regulates every part of the proceedings. Accommodated with velvet arm-chairs, the bride's parents and relations are placed, according to degrees of consanguinity, immediately behind her *prie-dieu*; the bridegroom's family, arranged with similar punctiliousness, having seats on the other side of the nave. . . .

Churches in France are not always decorated with palms and flowers as with ourselves. Any additional expense would indeed be the last straw breaking the camel's back, rendering weddings a veritable *corvée*. But the high altar blazes with tapers, and floral gifts, natural and in paper or wax, adorn the chapels of the Virgin or patron saint.

So, I looked at all wedding parties with interest, but could not refrain from speculating a little on the probable cost of each one of them. The excessive cost of marriage in France does not seem to dampen the ardor of the people, however, for these wedding parties are to be seen every day, sometimes a large number of them.

Occasionally we, too, would go into one of these small cafés in the Bois, and have our afternoon tea, or coffee, while keeping our eyes on some wedding party. Imagine! I was told that until the age of sixty, a person must have his parents' consent to a marriage (if they be living), and if dead, he must show their certificate of death! Again,—imagine it!

At the edge of the Bois are the fortifications; and sometimes we would wander close enough to them to see the soldiers at drill, while from far off, through the quiet of the Bois, could be heard that strange, weird melody to which the soldiers of France perform their evolutions.

Across the Bois, on the far side, is the old château of Vincennes, which to-day is used as a military fortress. One may not inspect the interior, for strangers are rarely admitted,—most certainly not lone women.

This place, too, has its phantoms. Here it was

that Charles IX., whose royal edict brought forth the bloody night of Saint Bartholomew in 1572, fell sick two years later. . . . Calling his surgeon, Ambroise Paré, to his side, he exclaimed: "My body burns with fever; I see the mangled Huguenots all about me; Holy Virgin, how they mock me! I wish, Paré, I had spared them!" And thus he died, abhorring the mother who had counseled him to commit this horrible deed." One can well imagine that phantoms might walk behind these thick, somber-looking walls.

I had a real affection for the Bois de Vincennes, though it was a very unfashionable place—the very antithesis of the Bois de Boulogne lying far away, on the opposite side of the City, so far as fashionable life was concerned. So far as natural beauty is concerned, there is very little difference. There are several lovely lakes here, also, one of which covers over fifty acres, and in its center is an island, upon which is a café. Here we would all go sometimes and have coffee and watch the many boating parties, or have a row ourselves in the cool of the evening.

I decided one day, that I wanted a new gown, and Monsieur as well as Madam O—— accompanied me to an establishment on the Boulevard Haussman. There were no shop windows, there was no display of any kind whatever whereby one might know that this was an establishment of any sort. It looked simply like an ordinary home of some person of ample means.

We rang a bell, and the door was opened by the

concierge. We then entered into a large court, and after passing through a doorway into a large hall-like room, we ascended to the second floor, where we found what we were looking for.

A very magnificent woman, gowned in black, greeted us, and after I had explained what I desired, she asked us to be seated. This was in a large room, probably fifty feet long and very wide. Across the front portion was spread a brilliant red carpet. In a few minutes, a beautiful young woman came in, looking regal in the stunning gown she wore. She slowly paced across the floor, the train of the gown trailing over the red carpet. She was fair and had golden hair,—she was beautiful. She then, at a word from Madame, disappeared.

In a few moments she returned, attired in another bewildering "creation" (that is what Madam called it), and again paced the floor. But I could not bear it—to see this beautiful young girl, so delicate looking, pace back and forth just for us to see how the gown looked. I felt that I would rather look at fashion plates on paper. O, Mr. Butterick! However, if we all felt so sympathetic about it, these poor girls might find themselves without employment. They are called "mannequins," and I understand that they work in this way from nine in the morning till seven at night, and that their salaries are very small. However, I only state this from hearsay, as I do not know what they earn.

I was also told that these girls are often decked out in most magnificent attire, and sent out to drive

about in the Bois, so as to display the newest fashions. So, perhaps, some of the beautiful women whom I so much admire are mannequins, as none but beautiful women are selected for this work. Whether the "creation" will look so well upon the purchaser, depends altogether upon who the purchaser is.

I found the prices of gowns reasonable. I had heard so much of the extravagant prices extorted from strangers, especially from my own countrywomen, that I was surprised to find them so reasonable,—in fact, the prices were much less than I should have had to pay in either New York or Chicago for the same gown. Perhaps it was because of my French companions? I do not know.

In fact, I found many articles of clothing extremely cheap in Paris. Handmade lingerie was cheap; so were silk petticoats; so were hats and bonnets of all descriptions; so were gowns and wraps of all kinds. I am not surprised that women go shopping with such diligence in Paris; for there a very little money goes a long ways.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE GRAND OPERA. LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS

AT last! We were to go to the Grand Opera! I had been for nearly a year in Paris, and had as yet seen only its exterior. Not to mention it seems invidious; to mention it seems banal—all has been said of it that can be said, perhaps. “One of the most animated polemics of modern criticism has raged around this work.”

We had seats just beyond the orchestra,—excellent seats; and I did nothing but gape: at the orchestra, at the stage, at the audience. Society, spelled with a capital, was there—Americans, English, French,—throwing over the glorious place the radiance of its reflected scintillations. And, really, the pleasure of watching the people arrive, find their seats, and salute one another is not among the smallest of the attractions to a foreigner. It is all new and intensely interesting, the opera itself being the least attraction of all.

Upon this occasion the opera was “Salambo.” But all I could think of, was that poem by Owen Meredith, “Aux Italiens.” Of course, this is not the opera house of which he spoke, but the arrangement

of the boxes is probably about the same. When I was passing through the "elocutionary fever," which most young girls pass through, it was this poem of Meredith's that excited all my most ardent endeavors, but every time I tried to recite, "She was sitting there, in a dim box over the stage," my eyes would waver; I was vaguely aware that something was wrong. I could not locate a "box over the stage,"—for how could that be? We did not have them, consequently I could not conjure up the picture; so I would lose my point, and the recitation would fall flat. Not being clear myself, I could not make it clear to others.

So there I sat for a time, looking at the tiers of boxes "over the stage." When the curtains are lowered, the persons sitting there cannot see the audience at all. I located the "dim box" exactly,—but alas!—there is no longer any "call." However, it was a satisfaction to me to find the difficulty disposed of, and to know that there were boxes practically over the stage. The opera was well on its way before I finally recalled myself.

I saw one thing that seemed strange to me, and even yet I am not positive about it, as the eyes play strange tricks sometimes.

"The great ballets of the French stage are only less elaborate in structure and invention than the great operas and the great plays, and they are often infinitely more splendid in the mounting," says a certain author; adding that "good taste may have forsaken the Tribune of Parliament and the Law

Courts, but it is still preserved as a living force on the stage."

The ballet in this instance was undeniably all that any Frenchman could claim for it: it was superb! It was led by a most wonderful *danseuse*, with the tawniest hair I have ever seen. The opera itself was almost completely lost sight of in the magnificence of the ballet.

After the usual evolutions, twistings, turnings and posings, the whole company parted and spread itself in a semicircle on each side of the stage. In a moment, the great curtains at the back of the stage parted, very slowly, and there emerged an apparition—a magnificent creature, in a cloak or mantle of brocaded cloth of gold, bordered with fur or swans-down of the purest white, and tiny gilded slippers that barely peeped out the least bit as she slowly advanced to the front of the stage, to low, soft music, her long train supported by four little cherubs of boys.

When she reached the footlights, she very slowly and deliberately loosened the fastenings of her mantle, two girls from the front end of the ballet assisting at the solemnities, and dropped it into the waiting arms of the cherubs. I nearly gasped!

"The human form is divine," 'tis said; and to tear aside the curtains of the Holy of Holies and thrust "divinity" into the faces of mere mortals—into the waiting, expectant faces of an unprepared, unsuspecting audience, is, to say next to nothing, a wee bit disconcerting.

Her form was faultless, without doubt; but even so, she might have left a little to our imagination. I timidly suggested,—but, no matter—every one knows about what I said. Not a bit of it! Indeed and indeed! They, my friends, were almost on the verge of tears at the mere suggestion. “Horrible! Why should she—wear tights? Mon Dieu! Ridiculous! Why, it would mar”—and so on.

A statue come to life, wheeling and circling about the stage on the tips of its toes, a bunch of glittering diamonds and a huge aigrette in its raven hair, a sparkling, gleaming “dog collar” of diamonds around its snowy neck, gilded slippers on its two little feet, a very small, non-concealing, bejeweled “Brunhilde” arrangement over its breasts, and a gorgeous bejeweled snake of a girdle around its waist, head and tail forming a long, drooping Egyptian-like pendant in front, would come closer to telling the story of what made me nearly gasp than anything else possibly could. One did not think of this *première* danseuse as a human being; this was an animated statue from the Louvre. “Art” perhaps should not be hampered by any such small consideration as dress.

Americans tell me that I was surely mistaken. My French friends speak as though disgusted that anyone should dream for a moment that that wonderful danseuse should be obliged to wear clothing. No matter! The performance was most beautiful, and perhaps we Americans and our English cousins were

the only ones who felt a little bit uncomfortable and unduly virtuous.

As there was no music between the acts, we went out into that wonderful foyer, and promenaded with, I imagine, every one else in the house.

We are so fond of saying, "Oh!" and "Ah!" but who could find it in his heart to censure a person who is looking upon that Arabian Night's Dream of a staircase for the first time?

Mr. Hamerton says:

It is full of dazzling light; it comes on the sight as a burst of brilliant and triumphant music on the ear.

All has been said; nothing remains to be added except that it was all exactly as pictured, and I walked up both sides to be sure that I had seen it all. I wonder if its beauties ever become commonplace to those who constantly have the opportunity to view them. I went to the opera many times, but never once did I fail to enjoy this wonderful creation of stone, marble, gilding, and paintings.

Monsieur P——, a director of the Théâtre Français, was a friend, who, with his family, was a constant visitor at the home of the family with whom I was staying; and, after the opera he joined us at the Café de Paris, not far from the Opera House.

He was a man of rare talent and commanding ability, but, with it all, was most kindly and suavely diplomatic,—never did he give offense nor take it. He greeted all sorts of remarks with a smiling face. He had eyes—such eyes! and he rolled them about

in a way that a man who might be trying to create an effect would not dare to do, and lifted one shoulder just a little higher than the other when emphatic. He discussed all questions with an ease and grace that put one at his best from the start. We sat there until the early hours of the morning, and the streets were still filled with people on pleasure bent.

At the Théâtre Français (which we visited as his guests, occupying his private stall) we had an uninterrupted view of a very fashionable audience one Tuesday afternoon, which is the day upon which all fashionable Paris pays its respects to this house of ancient traditions. I do not know why Tuesday especially, but so it is. Perhaps for the same reason that with us a Saturday *matinée* is more fashionable than a Wednesday *matinée*.

I have not the slightest idea of what was played that first time; for I did not go to see the play, I went to see the people. There were great numbers of "the young person," each accompanied by father or mother, and in many instances by both. All attention seemed to be centered in the young girls, and their amusement and entertainment seemed to be the most serious business in hand at the moment. It was a "*matinée*" audience; all seemed to be in a sort of holiday mood. Young people may not attend every theater in Paris, I understand, but at this theater they are always to be seen in numbers. It is safe.

Le Théâtre Français is one of the old theaters of Paris, filled with sentiment and reminiscences, as well

as with more sentient objects,—statues, an interesting museum devoted to things of the theatrical world. T. Okey says:

To witness a première at the Français is an intellectual feast. The brilliant house; the pit and stalls filled with black-coated critics; the quick apprehension of the points and happy phrases; the universal and excited discussions between the acts; the atmosphere of keen and alert intelligence pervading the whole assembly; the quaint survival of the time-honored "Overture"—three knocks on the boards—dating back to Roman times when the Prologus of the Comedy stepped forth and craved the attention of the audience by three raps of his wand; the chief actor's approach to the front of the stage after the play is ended to announce to Mesdames and Messieurs what in these days they have known for weeks before from the press, that "the piece we have had the honor of playing" is by such a one—all combine to make an indelible impression on the mind of the foreign spectator.

Why is it that we seldom think of Molière after leaving school until we get to Paris? Here he still lives. We are constantly confronted with things to remind us of the great dramatist; statues, monuments, and portraits are on every side. In the foyer of the Français is a portrait of Molière, looking on at a group of buffoons, as if rather bored at their antics. However, these buffoons furnished all the comedy we had until he came along with his own particular style of mirth-producers—"Les Femmes Savantes," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "Le Docteur Amoureux," "Tartuffe," and so on.

Here is also a statue of Voltaire,—Voltaire sitting in a big arm-chair, in a loose robe, death stamped on his charming old face, lighted up by the same half-kindly, half-cynical smile that he carried about with him all through his long, interesting life.

That smile must have been buried with him, as 'tis said that he was smiling even in his coffin. I shouldn't wonder, if he saw his own funeral procession that rainy day.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE HUMBERT AUCTION. MILITARY MASS AT LES
INVALIDES. MEUDON. ST. GERMAIN

WHEN there is going to be an auction in Paris, it is the custom to send invitations to numerous persons, who then go, several days, perhaps, before the auction is to take place, to look over the articles to be disposed of,—paintings, statuary, furniture,—and pick out those things which they might care to bid on, of all of which the authorities in charge make note.

It seems that that wonderful woman of whom I have already spoken, Madam Humbert, had been quite a collector of paintings and other works of art. After her arrest, while she was still in prison awaiting sentence, her art treasures were all taken to a certain place,—a large mansion in a private street near her home,—and there disposed of at an auction sale.

My friends received a card, and consequently one afternoon we went to view the spoils. A line of carriages extended for a block or more on either side of the street. The place was crowded with an extraordinarily well-dressed company of men and women—a real “society” event.

We gave our card to a factotum at the entrance,

and at once found ourselves in a large salon, the walls lined with paintings as in an art gallery, people passing backwards and forwards, looking at this, scrutinizing that, making comments, and entries in their little books.

After a while we all became unpleasantly cognizant of the fact that I was the attraction of nearly every eye in the place. People would pass close up to me, look me as nearly in the face as they dared, whisper, then pass on. They looked me over from head to foot. I knew my gown was all that it should be, but I did not know but that some catastrophe had taken place in the back,—that something had gone wrong. Anyway, we became most uncomfortable. Later on, I told Monsieur O—— to step away from us, back into the crowd, and try to find out why I was attracting this absurd attention.

The thing was incredible! Word had been passed along that I,—I,—was Madam Humbert! Surely I must have borne a lively resemblance to that celebrated lady! They had every reason to believe that she was in prison, and yet acted like that! Monsieur was told by a gentleman that people had believed that perhaps it had been possible for her to make some kind of an arrangement by which she might be permitted to leave prison long enough to superintend the sale of these art treasures. People do not stop to reason—Madam Humbert was a middle-aged woman, and I was a young woman.

Monsieur O—— came back in a few minutes, and said:

"Let us speak English very strong."

And in a few minutes all was over; the episode was closed; no one paid us any more attention. The clever woman is still "doing time," so far as I know.

Going to church on Sunday morning in Paris is "sight-seeing" as much as anything else a stranger can do. My friends insisted that I attend Military High Mass at the Church of the Invalides, which we all did, the result being my discomfiture,—my utter rout!

At the elevation of the Host, the old soldiers beat their drums and present arms. Who could stand that? Not I! I wept gallons of tears. What for? I have no idea! It was not my flag that was displayed; they were not my country's defenders who beat the drums and presented arms; but I wept, and wiped the powder from my face, as I always do at the sight of soldiers and at the sound of military music,—all except the Marseillaise. When I hear that I walk in a gallop and feel like shouting: "Off with his head!"

At mass here one does not ponder on things divine; it is always of things Napoleonic. Napoleon here, Napoleon there—behind the altar, up in the roof—everywhere! The war gods are all in evidence and claim nearly all of one's thought.

As said before, French people are very fond of a day in the country. So one beautiful Sunday morning, we, in company with eight or ten others, went to Meudon,—a lovely old forest not far from Paris. There were Monsieur le Directeur, his wife and two

daughters, three or four other couples, besides several children.

We went by steamer, which was crowded with picnickers, until there was not even standing room left. After landing, we walked for a long distance through the beautiful forest, until we came to a small inn, tucked away back among the trees.

Under a pergola, at the back of the inn, were a number of tables with wooden benches either side.

Each member of the party had brought a basket of luncheon. The proprietor of the inn laid a clean white cloth over one of the long tables; he furnished two enormous bowls of salad, the wine, the coffee, and all the silverware. It was amusing to me to watch these men mix and prepare the dressing for the salad. In France, the man of the house always mixes the salad dressing and serves the wine. They all exhibited an exuberance of life, discussing every imaginable subject with animation. They told stories, as we sat around the table, at which every one laughed heartily; they sang songs, and then varied the program by taking turns at the big swing suspended between two tall trees close by.

After that, we walked and walked, occasionally meeting other parties of cheerful picnickers and swarms of children in their Sunday pinafores,—all engaged in their efforts to enjoy the day, as we were doing.

The roads of the forest are laid out almost as well as streets,—long, straight, well-kept, shadowy highways, under the deep shadows of lovely old

trees, stretching out in all directions. As a diversion, from time to time we would sit down for a while under the trees, while the men would play ball with the children, some of the women joining in once in a while. The stately Director of the Théâtre Français played ball like one of the boys.

The French woman always seems to be the boon companion of her husband. They seem devoted to each other to an unusual degree. It seems almost impossible for a Frenchman to enjoy himself without the companionship of his wife and children, notwithstanding all that books may say to the contrary.

After strolling for some time, we came to a quaint, lovely old house. Monsieur le Directeur stopped at the wall to speak with a young man who was leaning there. This had been the home of the sympathetic historian, Michelet. A lovely old house it was, bathed in the glow of the solemn, beautiful green light that came streaming down through the rustling foliage of the great trees.

Then we came to an Observatory; and, after a somewhat longer walk, to the home and studios of Rodin—a brick house with attached studios, set back in the midst of a lovely old garden.

Meudon is one of the most beautiful places in the vicinity of Paris. Tall trees cast their green shadows over lovely paths, leading into dense cool retreats. Wild flowers and green grass carpets add to its charm. Only a few moments are required to pass from the noise of the busy streets of Paris, into the

cool dim shadows of this immense old forest of Meudon that writers and painters love. These strolls and rambles through its shaded pathways are something not to be forgotten by those who love such scenes. Of all picnic experiences, there is none other quite like a cold luncheon in the Forest of Meudon, under the shade of the waving trees, with the Seine flowing placidly by. The tranquillity and the soothing wildness are features of which one could scarcely grow tired.

On the return trip the steamers were so crowded that we were obliged to stand all the way, as were hundreds of others. But why complain, after having had such a beautiful day!

Upon another occasion we motored out to Saint Germain-en-Laye, some ten or twelve miles from Paris, an old town which was once the home of Kings. The place is filled with things historical and of great human interest, but I admit candidly that none of these attracted me half as much as did the historical hotel and restaurant du Pavillon Henri IV. They say it has been visited perhaps by all the noted people of the world who have been to Paris, and I wanted to tread, if only for a few minutes, in the footsteps of the great.

In the garden of the hotel (which is at one end of the wonderful Terrace) are tables and chairs; and here it is that people go on Sunday afternoons for a cup of coffee, a view from the terrace, and a stroll through the forest of Saint Germain, which extends for five or six miles back of the town.

The terrace itself, a beautiful roadway lined with rows of trees on one side, and an open view towards Paris on the other, extends for a mile and a half along the Seine at an elevation of about two hundred feet above the river.

We sat at our table in the garden of the café for a long time, looking at the people, and off through the hazy distance, at Paris. The space between looked like a rolling sea of mist, pierced here and there by gilded domes and pointed towers and steeples,—it did not resemble land at all. Row after row of roofs could be dimly seen, but they only added to the sense of a “sea,”—a sea of houses and trees and haze.

We walked along the terrace. Hundreds of people were promenading there, all stopping now and then to look at that misty dream, Paris, away off there on the bluish-gray horizon.

This is a place that touches the affections,—the beautiful old town with its grim-looking old château and its beautiful old church. Such places appeal very strongly to certain natures.

Upon numerous occasions we went to the Pavillon for coffee, and the Sunday-afternoon scene is always the same—as though the promenaders had never left their places on the terrace. It is strange how exactly one crowd resembles another.

The sovereigns of France have furnished some exceedingly pretty places for the Sunday excursionist to visit, if nothing more. Let us give Cæsar his due.

CHAPTER XXXV

CAFÉ DU NÉANT. OTHER CAFÉS

A CAFÉ of quite another sort is the Café du Néant, to which we went one evening. It was located in a dark-looking building, the entrance (over which hung a green lantern) flush with the sidewalk. One can imagine the sort of light shed over the entrance way.

A fellow dressed as a pall-bearer stands at one side of the door, and in mournful tones invites you to come in, but as I had no real knowledge of what was said (every word being sort of mumbled), I will use the splendid description given by W. C. Morrow in his "Bohemian Paris of To-day." I saw practically what he saw, but did not understand what was said, and this able description tells what was heard as well as what was seen:

"As we neared the place [Place Pigalle], we saw on the opposite side of the street two flickering iron lanterns that threw a ghastly green light down upon the barred dead-black shutters of the building, and caught the faces of the passers-by with sickly rays that took out all the life and transformed them into the semblance of corpses. Across the top of the

closed black entrance were large white letters, reading simply: 'Café du Néant.'

"The entrance was heavily draped with black cerements, having white trimmings,—such as hang before the houses of the dead in Paris.

"Here patrolled a solitary *croque mort*, or hired pallbearer, his black cape drawn closely about him, the green light reflected by his glazed top-hat. A more dismal and forbidding place it would be difficult to imagine. The lonely *croque mort* drew apart the heavy curtain and admitted us into a black hole that proved later to be a room. The chamber was dimly lighted with wax tapers and a large chandelier intricately devised of human skulls and arms, with funeral candles held in their fleshless fingers, gave its small quota of light.

"Large, heavy, wooden coffins, resting on biers, were ranged about the room in an order suggesting the recent happening of a frightful catastrophe. The walls were decorated with skulls and bones, skeletons in grotesque attitudes, battle-pictures, and guillotines in action. Death, carnage, assassination were the dominant note, set in black hangings and illuminated with mottoes on death. A half-dozen voices droned this in a low monotone:

" 'Enter, mortals of this sinful world, enter into the mists and shadows of eternity. Select your biers, to the right, to the left; fit yourselves comfortably to them, and repose in the solemnity and tranquillity of death; and may God have mercy on your souls!'

"A number of persons who had preceded us had

already preëmpted their coffins, and were sitting beside them awaiting developments and enjoying the consummations, using the coffins for their real purpose—tables for holding drinking glasses. Alongside the glasses were slender tapers by which the visitors might see one another.

“There seemed to be no mechanical imperfection in the illusion of a charnel-house; we imagined that even chemistry had contributed its resources, for there seemed distinctly to be the odor appropriate to such a place.

“We found a vacant coffin in the vault, seated ourselves at it on rush-bottomed stools, and awaited further developments. Another *croque mort*—a garçon he was—came up through the gloom to take our orders. He was dressed completely in the professional garb of a hearse-follower, including claw-hammer coat, full dress front, glazed tile, and oval silver badge. He droned——

“‘Bon soir, Macchabees!’ (this word is given in Paris by sailors to cadavers found floating in the river). . . . ‘One microbe of Asiatic cholera from the last corpse, one leg of a lively cancer, and one sample of our consumption germ!’ moaned the creature towards a black hole at the further end of the room.

“Some women among the visitors tittered, others shuddered. Our sleepy pallbearer soon loomed through the darkness with our deadly microbes and waked the echoes in the hollow casket upon which he sat the glasses with a thump. ‘Drink Maccha-

bees!' he wailed; 'Drink these noxious potions, which contain the vilest and deadliest poisons!'

"The tapers flickered feebly on the coffins, and the white skulls grinned . . . mockingly from their sable background.

"After we had been seated here for some time, getting no consolation from the utter absence of spirit and levity among the other guests, and enjoying only the dismay and trepidation of new and strange arrivals, a rather good-looking young fellow, dressed in a black clerical coat, came through a dark door and began to address the assembled patrons. His voice was smooth, his manner solemn and impressive, as he delivered a well-worded discourse on death. He spoke of it as the gate through which we must all make our exit from this world—of the gloom, the loneliness, the utter sense of helplessness and desolation. As he warmed to his subject he enlarged upon the follies that hasten the advent of death, and spoke of the relentless certainty and the incredible variety of ways in which the reaper claims his victims.

"Then he passed on to the terrors of actual dissolution, the tortures of the body, the rending of the soul, the unimaginable agonies that sensibilities rendered acutely susceptible at this extremity are called upon to endure. It required good nerves to listen to that, for the man was perfect in his rôle.

"From matters of individual interest in death, he passed to death in its larger aspects. He pointed to a large and striking battle scene, in which the

combatants had come to hand-to-hand fighting, and were butchering one another in a mad lust for blood. Suddenly the picture began to glow, the light bringing out its ghastly details with hideous distinctness. Then as suddenly it faded away, and where fighting men had been, there were skeletons writhing and struggling in a deadly embrace.

"A similar effect was produced with a painting giving a wonderfully realistic representation of an execution by guillotine. The bleeding trunk of the victim lying upon the flap-board dissolved, the flesh slowing disappearing, leaving only the white bones.

"Another picture, representing a brilliant dance-hall filled with happy revellers, slowly merged into a grotesque dance of skeletons; and thus it was with other pictures about the room.

"All of this being done, the Master of Ceremonies, in lugubrious tones, invited us to enter the *Chambre de la Mort*. All the visitors rose, and, bearing each a taper, passed in single file into a narrow, dark passage faintly illuminated with sickly green lights, the young man in clerical garb acting as pilot. The cross effects of green and yellow lights of the faces of the groping procession were more startling than picturesque. The way was lined with bones, skulls, and fragments of human bodies. . . .

"Then before us appeared a solitary figure standing beneath a green lamp. The figure was completely shrouded in black, only the eyes being visible, and they shone through the holes in the pointed cowl. From the folds of the gown it brought forth a

massive iron key attached to a chain, and, approaching a door seemingly made of iron and heavily studded with spikes and crossed with bars, inserted and turned the key; the bolts moved with a harsh, grating noise, and the door of the Chamber of Death swung slowly open.

"'Oh, Macchabees, enter into eternity, whence none ever return!' cried the new, strange voice.

"The walls of the room were a dead and unrelieved black. At one side two tall candles were burning, but this feeble light was insufficient even to disclose the presence of the black walls of the chamber or indicate that anything but unending blackness extended heavenward. There was not a thing to catch and reflect a single ray of the light and thus become visible in the darkness.

"Between the two candles was an upright opening in the wall; it was in the shape of a coffin. We seated ourselves upon rows of small black caskets resting on the floor in front of the candles. There was hardly a whisper among the visitors. The black-hooded figure passed silently out of view and vanished in the darkness.

"Presently a pale, greenish-white illumination began to light up the coffin-shaped hole in the wall, clearly marking its outline against the black. Within this space there stood a coffin upright, in which a pretty young woman robed in a white shroud, fitted snugly.

"Soon it was evident that she was very much alive, for she smiled and looked at us saucily. But that

was not for long. From the depths came a dismal wail: 'Oh Macchabee, beautiful, breathing mortal, pulsating with the warmth and richness of life, thou art now in the grasp of death! Compose thy soul for the end!'

"Her face slowly became white and rigid; her eyes sank; her lips tightened across her teeth; her cheeks took on the hollowness of death—she was dead. But it did not end with that. From white the face slowly grew livid . . . then purplish black. . . . The eyes visibly shrank into their greenish-yellow sockets. . . . Slowly the hair fell away. . . . The nose melted away into a purple putrid spot. The whole face became a semi-liquid mass of corruption. Presently all this had disappeared, and a gleaming skull shone where so recently had been the handsome face of a woman; naked teeth grinned inanely and savagely where rosy lips had so recently smiled. Even the shroud had gradually disappeared, and an entire skeleton stood revealed in the coffin.

"The wail again rang through the silent vault: 'Ah, ah, Macchabee! Thou hast reached the last stage of dissolution, so dreadful to mortals. The work that follows death is complete. But despair not, for death is not the end of all. . . . So return if thou deservedst and desirest.'

"With a slowness equal to that of the dissolution, the bones became covered with flesh and cerements, and all the ghastly steps were reproduced reversed. Gradually the sparkle of the eyes began to shine through the gloom; but when the reformation was

completed, behold! there was no longer the handsome and smiling young woman, but the sleek, rotund body, ruddy cheeks, and self-conscious look of a banker. . . . The prosperous banker stepped forth, sleek and tangible, and haughtily strode away before our eyes, passing through the audience into the darkness. . . .

"He of the black gown and pointed hood now emerged through an invisible door, and asked if there was any one in the audience who desired to pass through the experience that they had just witnessed. This created a suppressed commotion; each peered into the face of his neighbor to find one with courage sufficient for the ordeal. . . .

"A mysterious figure in black waylaid the crowd as it filed out. He held an inverted skull, into which we were expected to drop sous through the natural opening there, and it was with a feeling of relief from a heavy weight that we departed and turned our backs on the green lights at the entrance."

Of course, I could not understand all that was said, but have no reason to think they were not exactly as the writer quoted has stated,—all the extraordinary gestures I observed would fit exactly the words said. However, I felt none of the horror of it—saw only the amusing side of the affair, and kept wondering how on earth human beings could ever have thought out such a program, as an amusement.

Upon the occasion of my visit, the "victim" was a young man who, in answer to a request for some one

to come forward and show his friends how he would look in death (which is evidently the usual procedure), arose from the midst of his companions, and, with a sheepish grin, went to the platform and walked into the coffin standing so invitingly upon end.

Of course, the cause was quite hidden from the audience, but the effect was mystery (the attractions of the mysterious were thrown over the whole performance with no niggardly profusion), and we sat there, in the uncertain light of the flickering tapers, looking at the performance, and listening to the slow, tolling cadence of the Chopin Funeral March with which it was accompanied, and gaped through it all. One might not, perhaps, claim any special virtue for this particular form of entertainment, though it is, to say next to nothing, a curious one.

I am told that all these transformations are accomplished by means of lights and mirrors! but, no matter,—it is a weird and melancholy show.

Of the other things accomplished by means of lights and mirrors, I have not spoken—neither has any one else—but all who have been there will understand to what I refer. Nothing so horrible,—nothing concerning the subject of death. No, indeed! But it could not be put into print.

From here, in order to further round out my experience, they took me to the Café Ciel (the Café of Heaven), the antithesis of the other.

The ceiling was a deep blue, besprinkled with small incandescent lights, giving to it the resemblance

of a starry sky. The waiters were garbed in angelic robes, light, gauzy wings flapping back and forth on their shoulders as they moved about in the breeze, sandals on their bare feet. Personally, however, I preferred the other one,—the gloomy one,—to this bright café. There was food for some speculative thought in the other café; here all was merriment, with no illusions to lead the mind into any unusual channels. The whole thing was too apparently a joke.

One fact I noticed, because the opposite is so constantly affirmed; and that was, that the guests were French, in both cabarets. If there was another American in either audience,—other than myself,—he did not betray his nationality by speech, for nothing but French did I hear.

There are some fearful places on Montmartre, I am told: cabarets where it would not be safe to go; but as I had no desire to see them, I never made any effort to investigate the facts.

These cabarets are really a curious invention, half-way between a concert-hall and a beer-hall, where there is generally some sort of music rendered, or recitations given, impromptu speeches made on politics, on art, on leading questions of the day,—something to amuse; and these places are of all sorts and conditions, each attracting its own particular brand of patronage.

The brasserie is quite different in character,—a sort of café where they specialize in beer. And sometimes they are very pretty,—all fixed up in

either the old Flemish or German style, as a general thing, with stained-glass windows, high-backed, narrow-legged chairs of dark, somber woods, with the polish of age on them; barrel ceilings, and sawdust on the floors. Once in a while, we came across one fitted up in French style: an abundant supply of mirrors on the walls, red velvet seats lined up along the walls, and small, marble-topped tables standing in front of the velvet seats.

We went also to the Moulin Rouge one evening, but I could not enjoy its attractions—my mind went persistently back to the Whatleys, and all I had lost by their return to England. The show was a repetition of the former one, but my curiosity had been satisfied on my first visit, and I found I no longer cared for what it had to offer. So much has association to do with anything we do, or see in life.

We soon left the place, and went to the Bal Bulier,—an enormous dance hall frequented more particularly by students.

The great hall was brilliant with lights, and several hundred couples went whirling by at a most giddy rate. A constant whirl! Never do these people reverse, and it is a source of perpetual amazement to me that they do not fall in their tracks from vertigo.

Some of the young women were evidently devotees of the bicycle, for they were there, dancing in their bloomers. I do not care at all for these places, but who wants to come to Paris and not be able to say he has seen them?

The Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elysées,—an

enormous café-chantant, where the prices are very high and the food not so good as is to be found in many places for much less money,—provides an entertainment of another kind. We were not so much interested in the food, however, we went to see what there was to be seen.

We sat at a table in the balcony, from which point we could see all that was going on upon the stage; thus we could enjoy our own dinner and at the same time take in the spectacle of the crowd of extraordinarily well-dressed people,—all engaged in the very agreeable pastime of eating a well-served dinner.

The place was beautiful with myriads of electric lights and decorations of fresh flowers and foliage. A young woman in a somewhat abbreviated costume, came out and sang that same song of “Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!” that I had heard the very first night I was in Paris, and she executed the same sort of little hops, kicks, and side-steps, punctuated by the rolling of the eyes, as the Moulin Rouge singer had done. Madame O—— explained to me the words in English, and, while not positively prohibitive, might not look so well in English as they perhaps do in French. No one seems to object to the catchy little song in the least, and it is whistled everywhere on the streets.

The songs I could not understand well enough to really enjoy or to appreciate their meanings, as they all seemed to be very intimately concerned with the questions of the moment in Paris,—filled with allusions to politics and such kindred subjects. The French people seem to enjoy especially this sort of

entertainment. They greet all political "flings" with genuine delight, if not actual enthusiasm; but it might be difficult for a foreigner to really catch the spirit of all the songs and quips,—to get into the atmosphere, as it were.

But the eyes!—and the kicking! One can easily understand that part of the entertainment.

The sight on the outside of these summer-night cafés seems to me to be a more attractive exhibition than is that on the inside. The lights shine down through the emerald green of the trees, and the music comes floating out in softened harmonies that fall agreeably on the ear on a warm summer evening. Barring the idea of lounging about for a free entertainment, I should much prefer the outside.

There are several of these great, brilliantly-lighted, cafés-chantant back under the trees along the Champs Elysées, and one can saunter along and enjoy the attractive illuminations and listen to the music without the expenditure of a sou, if one so wishes.

The cafés, cabarets, brasseries and wine-shops of Paris have been provided with some very capricious names,—names that revel in possibilities,—but here is one, on a wine-shop, that will make the stranger turn, and look again, just to make sure: "A l'Enfant Jesus." It has an iron grill made in the design of the branches of a vine, into which has been woven the monogram of the Saviour, and the whole is topped off by an image of the Christ-child himself.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PALAIS ROYAL. FAIRS. THE RACES. THE
FRENCH "FOURTH OF JULY"

WHATEVER else may have been taken away from the Palais Royal, good music in the garden still remains to it. One afternoon we wandered into its famous old garden so full of reminiscences, and sat and listened to a splendid program given by the "Guard of the Republic,"—a company of as fine musicians as I ever listened to.

The garden was breezy and cool, the trees cast their waving green shadows about us, the people were quiet and well-mannered, and the open-air concert all that one could wish for. All seemed so quiet and tranquil, yet only a short distance away, was the rush and roar of the ceaseless traffic of the Rue St. Honoré, which reached us only in subdued sounds between the bursts of music.

There are so many lovely places in and around Paris where one may go to hear music when that particular frame of mind seems to call for it.

And fairs, too! What a joy they are! That is, of course, to those who find amusement in indulging in this pastime. I should certainly recommend all foreigners to attend some fair in order to see this

phase of life in Paris. These fairs, I am told, are held the year round; that the people who have stalls, or exhibitions, at one fair, pull up stakes when that is over, and move on to the next one, and so on.

We all went to the great Fair at Neuilly, on the outskirts of Paris, one day in June, which, I believe, is always the month for the fair in this quarter of the city.

Stalls and booths of every description were erected for about a mile along the Avenue de Neuilly; while across the broad street from side to side, were strung flags and banners, combined with garlands and wreaths of gay-colored paper-flowers and tinsel, giving the long street a most festive appearance.

All kinds of gimcracks and cheap wares were for sale. There were many different games of chance, upon which we squandered our money with joy, especially on "Petits Chevaux,—a miniature horserace, run by little metal horses worked by some mechanical device. But one can get just as excited over a tin horse as any other kind, when it comes to a race. People tossed their franc on the horse of their choice as eagerly as they might have tossed much more on a live animal.

We all gambled, and every one of us rode on the "Merry-go-round." Nor were we the only grown-ups who indulged in the amusement of grasping a grinning beast of the jungle and whirling around and around through the dust-laden atmosphere to one of those tunes that is never heard outside of a circus. There were people, old men, and women,

too,—fat old ladies even, who looked all of sixty or more,—riding around and around on their beasts, looking as pleased as could be. There is no fun in simply looking on at anything; to enjoy such things, one must enter into the spirit of the thing and do as the others do.

We went also to the fair at Charenton, which was somewhat different in character. There were not so many amusements as there had been at Neuilly, but there were many very attractive things for sale,—many more than there had been at Neuilly. Buttons! Buttons! Boxes and boxes of the most beautiful buttons were for sale. Buttons for every sort of garment, for every possible occasion, for underwear, for dresses, for coats,—for everything and all times!

There were remnants and scraps of the most exquisite silks and velvets; remnants and wee bits of hand-made laces; remnants of all kinds (this I saw only at the Charenton Fair) which are purchased of the great dressmaking and millinery establishments of Paris by these "Fair" folks, and then sold at the different Fairs. Can any woman resist boxes and boxes of scraps of the most gorgeous silks and velvets? I doubt it. I purchased most beautifully bejeweled buttons, and then had them fashioned into hatpins and belt-buckles, for gifts to friends as well as for my own use. They were beautiful, and cost only a few pennies.

Out of the scraps I purchased there was constructed a kimono,—a "crazy-patch" creation,—that

would have made any Chinaman that ever came from Cathay turn green with envy: all it lacked was the sacred dragon. For days we would spend our time back there, under that vine-covered pergola, designing and executing this masterpiece,—this “work of art.”

A laundress who came to do the family washing every two weeks, at once caught the fever. She had never seen such a piece of work before (as this form of fancy work does not seem to be known in Paris), and determined at once to make one for each of her three little daughters.

This laundress was a marvel! She had three little daughters,—all sweet-looking and pretty,—whom she always kept immaculate and dressed with good taste and judgment. She supplied their every need so far as she was able; she was an excellent mother, who had provided her little ones with everything but a name. However, she did not seem to mind that at all, and did laundry work to support them. All the neighbors seemed to take a sympathetic interest in her, and employed her whenever it was possible to do so; turned over to her their cast-off clothing, and provided her with considerable food and various other things. Every one seemed to have an interest in her and in her little family, and I never heard any talk of “race suicide” in her presence. There are many interesting sides to the question.

To children, French law has ever shown tenderness. Thus, children born out of wedlock are naturalized by the subsequent marriage of parents, and recent legislation (March, 1896) has favored them in matter of property.

Anteriorally, provided that an illegitimate child had been legally acknowledged by either parent, the law awarded him a third of what would have been his portion but for the bar sinister.

By a recent law this share is now the half of what would accrue to a legitimate son or daughter, two-thirds, if no brothers or sisters exist born in wedlock, and the entire parental fortune falls to him in case of no direct descendants remaining.

We also went to the races, to see what could be seen there. On the Sunday of the Grand Prix we went to Longchamps to see the parade of fashion and beautiful women, as well as to see the races. There were thousands and thousands of people there,—all most beautifully appareled. One could scarcely believe that so much wealth and beauty could be gathered together in one place.

There are a number of "stands" called "Tribunes," the central one of which is called the "*Pavillon*." Here the judges and race authorities take their places. I do not know whether we were in the "Grand Stand" or not; or whether, as a matter of fact, there is such a thing in France. One seemed about the same as the other.

There is a large apartment for refreshments, a salon for ladies; and there are magnificent views to be had of the Bois de Boulogne, as well as of the race tracks. Everybody became quite excited, but the sporting individual did not rave in quite such aggressive apparel as do some of our own at the county fairs.

No matter where one turned, there were to be seen long lines of carriages,—vehicles of every description,—filled with elegantly-gowned women and well-

groomed men; all headed for Longchamps. One had to fall into line, and move more and more slowly, the nearer to the Bois he arrived. There it was next to impossible to move.

I was told that for many days before the great event, every carriage in Paris had been engaged.

There were six races run that day, and I presume the usual amount of spare cash changed hands.

The French "Fourth of July" is another event of interest. This comes on the 14th of July, however. We went out in the afternoon, just to drive about the streets, see the crowds of people, and enjoy the festive decorations.

The French express their patriotic exuberance in a manner somewhat different from our own. The firecracker and other ear-splitting devices have not been assiduously cultivated. Instead, they dance. They erect dancing pavilions in the middle of the streets, one at about every two or three blocks, decorate them with lanterns, hire fiddlers, and from the 12th to the 14th of July all the neighborhood comes out and dances whenever the fancy happens to strike it.

I had always heard and understood that it was simply the "common" people who entered into this public celebration—servants, porters, and persons of that class,—but this is not true. I found that all the people in the neighborhood of pavilions come out, old as well as young, and indulge in a waltz or two in order to show their patriotism, and, incidentally, have a lot of fun. I saw no rowdyism at any time.

The streets are decorated with paper lanterns of gay colors suspended in the trees, which, when lighted at night, make a fairylike scene of the whole city; the long shadowy streets being outlined with these rows of little fiery eyes shining out from their green retreats, casting vivid splotches of colored light down through the ghostly shadows of black trees on to the spectators that fill every seat and chair along the sidewalks.

Many private houses are also made gay by lighted lanterns hung over the doorways and in the windows. Out on the Avenue Kleber, I saw a flat-roofed house outlined with red and yellow lanterns. The music twiddles and twaddles far into the night, no one seeming to mind it in the least.

We, too, took our turn, and waltzed one evening in a pavilion erected in front of the church at Charonton, in company with all our neighbors, and then afterward got into the machine and went into town to see the fireworks. There was a mighty display in front of the Mint, under Government direction (individuals do not indulge in pyrotechnical displays in this exceedingly well-regulated town).

Here there were vast crowds, seething and surging in every direction. After the fireworks were concluded, there was a grand rush,—a stampede,—for the cafés. Every chair on the boulevards was soon filled, and every one was talking of the wonderful, magnificent display. So far as the actual display was concerned, it could not be compared to those with which every American is familiar, but I did not

tell my companions so. I applauded as vociferously as they did, and said not a word. Such a statement would not have been believed if I had made it.

We sat there until two in the morning. Everybody was still remaining; but we felt that we had celebrated sufficiently and went home, only to find that dancing was still in full swing at Charenton.

To watch a French crowd is a pleasure: all treat one another with such courtesy. Even the foreigner is never treated in a discourteous manner. No matter how laughable our mistakes, they smile never a smile, nor say a word of ridicule, but will even help out by a word or gesture. This is very pleasant, for we must be amusing at times. There are coarse natures in France as well as in every other country, one must admit; but speaking of the people in a general way, one could not say that they were other than courteous.

CHAPTER XXXVII

MUSÉE CARNAVALET

AFTER various experiences, I came to the conclusion that it is really much better to go to the art galleries and museums alone. It may be a little lonely, perhaps, but it is better, if one wants to see these things to his own satisfaction. In order to really get in touch with such things, I must, in fact, be alone; then I can form my impressions and arrange my own ideas. When with others there is always so much to distract. We talk constantly, and consequently are no wiser on coming away than on entering. If one wants to spend an hour in the examination of a single object, alone he can do so; if one wants to simply wander about, casting a glance at this, or at that, he is free to indulge his fancy. In company, one must, more or less, defer to another.

I went to the Louvre in company with my hostess upon two or three different occasions, and found it almost impossible to look at anything. She would walk, walk, walk,—never stopping long enough to permit me to look at a thing.

“Oh, that?” she would say, “That’s nothing! Let’s——”

And on we would go. She was so accustomed to

all these beautiful things that she could not comprehend that I was not,—that I was still a stranger to these magnificent paintings and objects of art.

Upon another occasion, while discussing a painting that for some reason was displeasing to me, my companion (a woman whose nationality was other than French, and whose acquaintance I had made in Paris) told me that I should never try to criticize a painting; that Americans knew how to build bridges and railroads, and construct machinery, perhaps, but that they knew nothing of art, and a few more remarks to the same effect. I didn't know whether to be amused or vexed, and so I laughed; but after that I visited the galleries alone. I could thereby see more and could gain a better understanding of what I saw. Baedeker, Murray, Allen, Hare, and others are better guides than friends or acquaintances,—they never talk back at you, to exasperate instead of enlighten. If one has an abundance of time at his disposal, a lonely visit to a gallery with one of these silent guides, could not well be improved upon.

Not long afterward I had a splendid chance to get even with that woman. Prowling about in the neighborhood of the Avenue de Neuilly one day, we came to the Rond-Point d'Inkermann, and stopped to look at the Church of Saint Pierre, when I happened to espy a large statue in bronze of M. Perronet, the man who built the Pont de Neuilly, the Pont de la Concorde, and numbers of other beautiful and noted bridges, and I asked her if she saw that splendid monument over there.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "What a splendid thing it is!"

"Well," said the benighted American, "that is the kind of monument that the artistic French have erected in honor of a man who knew how to build bridges."

And then I quickly began to talk of other things, but wondered whether any woman could resist the temptation and the satisfaction of hitting an enemy when the enemy can't hit back at her. Paris is filled with these beautiful monuments to the memory of men who have accomplished things.

One beautiful bright morning,—just the right morning for visiting a gallery,—I hied me to the Musée Carnavalet, the one-time residence of that brilliant woman, Mme. de Sévigné. It is filled with relics of the revolution, Roman antiquities, memorials, and such things, and Madame's kitchen is filled with sarcophagi.

I think of all the objects to be seen in this Museum the models of buildings interest me most. From them one can learn something of how buildings of historical interest,—now demolished,—really looked.

Here is a good-sized model of the Bastille made of a stone actually taken from the building itself, as are also a lot of grewsome relics of various kinds connected with this odious prison so filled with horrible memories. It gives one a good idea of how it really appeared before it was destroyed by an en-

raged and maddened people, and is a grim reminder of what existed in the "good old days."

But look at the model as long as I will, I cannot reconstruct the Bastille out there on the Place de la Bastille; I cannot imagine how it would look there, instead of the beautiful Colonne de Juillet (Column of July) crowned with its "gilded bronze Genius of Liberty standing on a Globe, holding in one hand the torch of Civilization, and in the other, the broken chains of Slavery," while at its base, in huge vaults especially constructed, repose the remains of many of those who, during the 1830 Revolution, attempted to sack the Louvre. Nor can I make the fine large buildings on all sides of its old site, where the Column now stands, look as described by an eyewitness of the scenes that were enacted during the Revolution of '48. A letter written on June 29, 1848, says:

There is not one pane of glass left whole from the Boulevard de St. Martin to the Bastille; indeed, in many houses you can scarcely distinguish where the windows have been. They are so confounded with the breaches made by cannon-balls. Near the Column of July, where the most violent cannonade took place, the fronts of the houses are as it were taken off; I can only compare it to a stage decoration in which you see the interior of a house from top to bottom.

One of them, more completely destroyed than the others, and which was still smouldering, had no part standing but the wall, on which the looking-glass remained unbroken over the chimney-piece, together with a glass bottle and three prints; a little hearth-brush hung by the fireplace, and smoothing-irons were on a little shelf; everything else, doors, windows, floors, staircases, and ceilings had fallen into the burning gulf below, and no one knew or seemed to care whether the inhabitants had shared the same fate. Traces of blood were still visible everywhere, though they had evidently been washed. . . .

The Rue St. Antoine, up which I went after leaving the Bas-

tille, contained seventy-five barricades . . . hardly an inch of wall is free from shot; iron bars are torn from sockets; shutters, persiennes, and balconies are litterly battered in or hang by one hinge, swinging against the ruins.

One could scarcely imagine such a Paris, when looking at it to-day.

Nearly all the rooms in which Madame de Sévigné lived are most beautifully decorated with panelings and carved wood, which is said to have been taken from famous old mansions in Paris. Here, too, are some splendid chimney-pieces, richly carved and decorated.

Madam de Sévigné's apartment on the first floor, is hardly altered, and her bedroom and salon have been especially kept inviolate. The admirable mouldings, the curious mirrors, the old-fashioned lustre, remain as she left them, when she went to her daughter at Grignan to die.

In this salon, and in the wide corridor leading to it, both now so silent and pensive, she received all the men of her day worth receiving; and it is here alone that we breathe the very atmosphere of this incomparable creature.

I found an interest in looking at the picture of Marie Antoinette that was taken while she was a prisoner in the Conciergerie; and one of Charlotte Corday, taken during her trial (a nice time, indeed, to take pictures of people!). It must have been taken on a Wednesday, the day of her execution, for Carlisle says:

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm; she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers; the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife. "All these details are needless," interrupted Char-

lotte; "It is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? "By no one's." What tempted you, then? "His crimes. I killed the man," added she, raising her voice extremely as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country!" . . . The public gazes astonished; the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving; the men of the law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murdereress.

And this is the picture we now may look at, but its sight calls up the horrible and hideous things of that mighty revolution.

There are many, many things, however, that one may overlook with impunity, if he does not care for the grewsome. For instance, a copy of the Constitution of 1793, bound in human skin! Bah! and the amazing part of it is that just above it hangs a "Table of the Rights of Man!" One right, I should think, might be the right not to have his skin made into book-bindings. I have read somewhere that there was a tannery established at this time, for the tanning of human skin, and that they even made playing-cards of it. Times have changed since then.

In another room is the armchair in which died that magnificent Frenchman, Voltaire. Such objects one may contemplate without repugnance.

Another thing that interested as well as amused me, was a collection of "elaborately-dressed wax dolls of the time of Louis XV, including a figure of Voltaire." Also, the death mask of Gustave Flaubert and that of Michelet the historian. It seems too bad to be obliged to meet these famous sons of the earth, for the first time, in this way, but alas!

It is the only way now. Death masks and wax dolls! However, it is fortunate that we have even these, to help us form some idea of what they looked like in life.

There is a certain pensiveness about all these places,—these places that live on and on because of their connection with historical personages, or great events; certain chill pervades them, and there is always that feeling that we should tiptoe and speak in whispers.

All about in this neighborhood are lovely little old streets filled with the same style of narrow-shouldered, slant-eyed mansions of a bygone day. These old streets of Paris are so much more appealing to me personally than are the wide open Boulevards. Perhaps it is because their days are numbered, and in a short time they will be only a memory. Soon, I understand, they will be torn away, and their old mansions carted away to make room for the new streets now contemplated.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE SALON. CHURCH OF SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.
NATIONAL LIBRARY

THE Salon had an attraction for me,—an attraction sufficient to draw me there many times. It is a magnificent opportunity in life to have the privilege of gazing at the works of the old masters hung up there in the Louvre, but it is a matter of keen interest to be able to look on and see what is being done and accomplished in our own day: to look at the miles and miles of paintings and sculptures, the work of the young men and women living and working to-day, bringing down from the clouds of imagination these beautiful, tangible creations that are no longer mere dreams. We cannot tell what "Old Master" we brush up against every day in our long rambles through the great spaces. Some of these exhibitors are going to be "Old Masters" some time. But who can tell which ones?

At the same time, there is something pathetic about these annual exhibitions: the high hopes, the ambitions and dreams of future greatness that seem to fill the atmosphere. And how few, comparatively, reach the goal! However, the joy and supreme happiness that exist in the creation of these

wonders seems to be payment sufficient, for the Salon never lacks its quota of contributions to its annual show; and day after day, vast throngs of visitors pay their respects to the exhibitions of the Grand Palais.

John Galsworthy, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has said:

And in what sort of age, I thought, are artists living now? Are conditions favorable? Life is very multiple; "movements" are very many; interests in "facts" is very great; "news" batters at our brains; the limelight is terribly turned on; and all this is adverse to the artist. Yet leisure is abundant, the facilities for study great; liberty is respected. But, far exceeding all other reasons, there is one great reason why in this age of ours, art, it seems, must flourish. For, just as cross-breeding—if it be not too violent—often gives an extra vitality to the off-spring, so does cross-breeding of philosophies make for vitality in art.

Historians, looking back from the far future, may record this age as the Third Renaissance. We who are lost in it, working or looking on, can neither tell what we are doing, nor where standing; but we cannot help observing that, just as in the Greek Renaissance, worn-out pagan orthodoxy was penetrated by new philosophy; just as, in the Italian Renaissance, pagan philosophy, reasserting itself, fertilized again an already too-inbred Christian creed; so now, orthodoxy fertilized by science is producing a fresh and fuller conception of life—a love of perfection, not for hope of reward, not for fear of punishment, but for perfection's sake.

Slowly, under our feet, beneath our consciousness, is forming that new philosophy, and it is in times of new philosophies that art, itself in essence always a discovery, must flourish. Those whose sacred suns and moons are ever in the past, tell us that our age is going to the dogs; and it is true that we are in confusion. The waters are broken, and every nerve and sinew of the artist is strained to discover his own safety. It is an age of stir and change, a season of new wine and old bottles. Yet, assuredly, in spite of breakages and waste, a wine worth the drinking is all the time being made.

That the work of the artists of our own time is of no mean order, one has only to go and look at

the magnificent frescoes of Flandrin in the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul, shining along the walls of the nave and choir, in their golden background. These are done in the style of the old Italian works, and "are among the noblest achievements of modern French art."

The *Paris Illustré de Joanne* says:

This immense composition, painted on a ground of gold, represents two long processions of Christians of both sexes, from the humblest believers up to the Evangelists and the doctors, extends along the two sides of the building in all the majestic simplicity of the Greek manner. It is a pictorial rendering of the idea, "The Gospel preached to the nations, opens to them the path to heaven."

Picot, the painter of the beautiful fresco in the dome of the choir, might also be termed of our own time, as he did not die until 1868,—not so very long ago. This splendid work represents the Saviour sitting on a throne, and the Saint for whom the church is named, bringing and presenting a lot of little children to him as he sits there, looking so kindly at them.

These frescoes, and the splendid terraced steps leading up to the entrance, make of Saint Vincent de Paul one of the noteworthy things to be seen in Paris.

Among the "noteworthy" things to be seen in Paris, I should certainly include the National Library in the Rue Richelieu. It has been said that the average human being has no realization of the significance of numbers beyond about the one-thousand mark; that after one-thousand, if one uses the term of millions, he might just as well use billions,

as then it is only a matter of figures that carry no realization of their size at all. So, if we are told that this library contains 2,700,000 books, 150,000 volumes of manuscript, about 15,000 volumes and portfolios of engravings, and 300,000 maps and charts we may be pardoned if we do not quite grasp the magnitude of the numbers. However, we can perhaps readily understand that Paris owns a goodly-sized library; and this is but one of the several great collections of books and manuscripts to be found in this magnificent city on the Seine.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SAINT DENIS. FONTAINEBLEAU

WE motored out to Saint Denis one day, and there I encountered another one of those places that I did not like; for I did not like this great, beautiful cathedral of Saint Denis. There was something lacking in its appeal to my fancy. I do not know what it was, but I felt uncomfortable and ill at ease in its great gray enclosure.

The place is a graveyard,—a perfect forest of tombs and monuments,—and its vastness and gloom somewhat chills one. Here are the tombs of Blanche and Jean, the children of the good Saint Louis, which Mr. Baedeker pronounces as “Interesting works in embossed and enameled copper.”

Some of the statues are elongated editions of Dante, and give one the shivers; but they all represent kings,—earthly kings, physical kings, wicked kings, good kings, who, as soon as they have been dead long enough, are “elongated,” hung up against a wall, and turned into saints, or something quite as disturbing. Dead, they at once lose their kingly appearance and become mere sticks of pious-looking marble. One feels as though he ought to burn candles and say a prayer. They are pious frauds!

However, we generally go to visit the Church of Saint Denis because it is the burial place of the French Kings, and we must expect to meet them there. So far as I personally am concerned, I should prefer them as "kings" and not as applicants for canonization.

Even that fearsome woman, Catherine de Medici, is represented in a kneeling position. But she is in bronze, not in the flesh. And everywhere, no matter in what direction one turns, he is confronted with Saint Denis! Saint Denis with and without his head, seeming not at all disconcerted or dismayed by the fact that he is there in company with Marie Antoinette arrayed in a gorgeous ball gown. Of course, she is kneeling as if in prayer, but the fact remains that she is dressed for a ball. Poor Queen! We forgive her the beautiful ball dress when we remember her in the Temple and in the Conciergerie! We might, in all justice, write over her head in beautiful letters of white light:

"Paid in Full."

Ah, the stained glass! The thirty-seven enormous windows of this great graveyard-cathedral are beautiful! The light streams in through the wonderful stained glass, pouring down a flood of crimson, blue, green, and gold gleams across the gray expanse of the floor below, and casting strange shadows upon the elongated Dantes along the walls.

I wandered about the nave and aisles, and through the "dim twilight of the vestibule," but felt anxious and uneasy; it was not a place in which one wanted

to sit and dream. The magnificence of the kings was perhaps too much for the simple republican. The exteriorization of the soul of Saint Denis is marble and stone, and that is hard and cold.

A trip to Fontainebleau will dispel the gloom, for there the gods are not dead,—only sleeping a little between whiles. Their footprints are everywhere; we may even say a prayer to them, if we like.

One ideal day, when the sun was flooding the whole country with a magical beauty of its own, we hitched up the machine and set out for a spin to this beautiful Forest of Fontainebleau in company with the wife and daughters of Monsieur le Directeur, for whom we stopped on the way.

There is no front entrance to their house. It stands even with the street line. At one side is a high black iron gateway, or entrance, with a bell. Monsieur O—— rang the bell, which gave back only a tinkle, but in a moment, an old, old man opened the gate, his brown, wrinkled face creased with smiles which expressed the most friendly of greetings. We got out and went into the house.

At one side of the huge, gray-stone mansion was the house entrance,—a wide, black doorway; and beyond the iron gateway, running parallel with the mansion, was a wide courtyard filled with flowers and graveled walks and in nearly all of the windows facing this courtyard were boxes and vases of geraniums. It was an ideal place for an idle day.

The greetings and salutations, interspersed with kisses on each cheek, were soon over, and in a short

time we were out of Paris, on to the white sandy roadway leading to Fontainebleau. It was some distance,—about thirty-five miles, I think,—but every inch of the way was filled with interest to me. It was difficult for me to keep my mind long enough from what I was so intently observing to join very frequently in the conversation of my chattering companions. It was all new to me, but an old story to them.

We passed little villages that looked as though they had been standing there for centuries, and once in a while, in the hazy distance, a lone church behind some obstruction of trees or a slight elevation, would betray its presence by pointing a black cross, or a small spire, to the shining heavens.

One does not see women and children and young girls on the public highways here as we do in America. The very few we did meet were in carriages of various sorts, except the peasants. Even these were met only at long intervals. The roads in some directions from Paris seem very quiet and lonely, while in other directions, they seem to be filled with hurry and bustle—entirely different from the quiet ones. Just what the reason is, I do not know. The road to Fontainebleau is one of the quiet, tranquil roads.

I do not wonder that artists flock here by the hundreds. It would be difficult to imagine a more serene or beautiful spot, although the "spot" is of very considerable dimensions; Mr. Baedeker says the forest is some fifty-six miles in circumference.

Beautiful, shady walks and drives intersect the forest in all directions. There are hills and vales and caverns and huge rocks.

We rode for several hours, and at noon had dinner in a quaint old restaurant, far back in the forest.

There are all kinds of restaurants and cafés scattered at intervals throughout the woods, and one need not to travel very far before he will come upon an eating-place of some kind. As the French cooking is always tasty, this all adds very materially to the enjoyment of a trip through the forest.

There are places, too, where they sell all kinds of curios made from the wood of the forest trees: salad sets, consisting of a wooden spoon of generous proportions and a huge fork; rosaries; napkin-rings, and the usual assortment of such things. And we all buy them, joyfully and gleefully, and treasure them as something of almost priceless worth.

We did not spend very much time at the Palace of Fontainebleau,—only caught a glimpse of it at that time. It was at a later date, that I went alone. Then I had the opportunity to see what I wanted to see most.

Sentiment,—one of the most enduring things of existence, one that will, in all probability, outlast the admonitions of all the wiseacres of the world, even including the mighty Ruskin,—runs riot when one sees for the first time, this famous palace that epitomizes so much of French history.

Sentiment, sentiment? Of course we grow sentimental over it all. Who can look upon the grand

Cour des Adieux; where Napoleon bade farewell to his Old Guard after his abdication, without some feeling of sentiment in his heart? I, too, shed my quota of tears, but, just why, I do not know. Sentiment, sentiment!

Here, again, the ghost of Marie Antoinette walks in those rooms which were formerly used by her.

In Napoleon's rooms we may still see his campaign writing-desk and the historical table upon which he signed his abdication, and allow ourselves to revel in the worship of heroism for a brief time. The thought that he is dead is not a strong one. It seems as if he were just sleeping for a little while in one of these rooms, and that it is not he who lies over there by the side of the Seine, in the glorious Tomb of the Invalides. It is a place in which to speak gently, with heads uncovered, and we salute, with the deepest respect, the melancholy shadow of the great man, which seems still to hover over all the huge, silent place.

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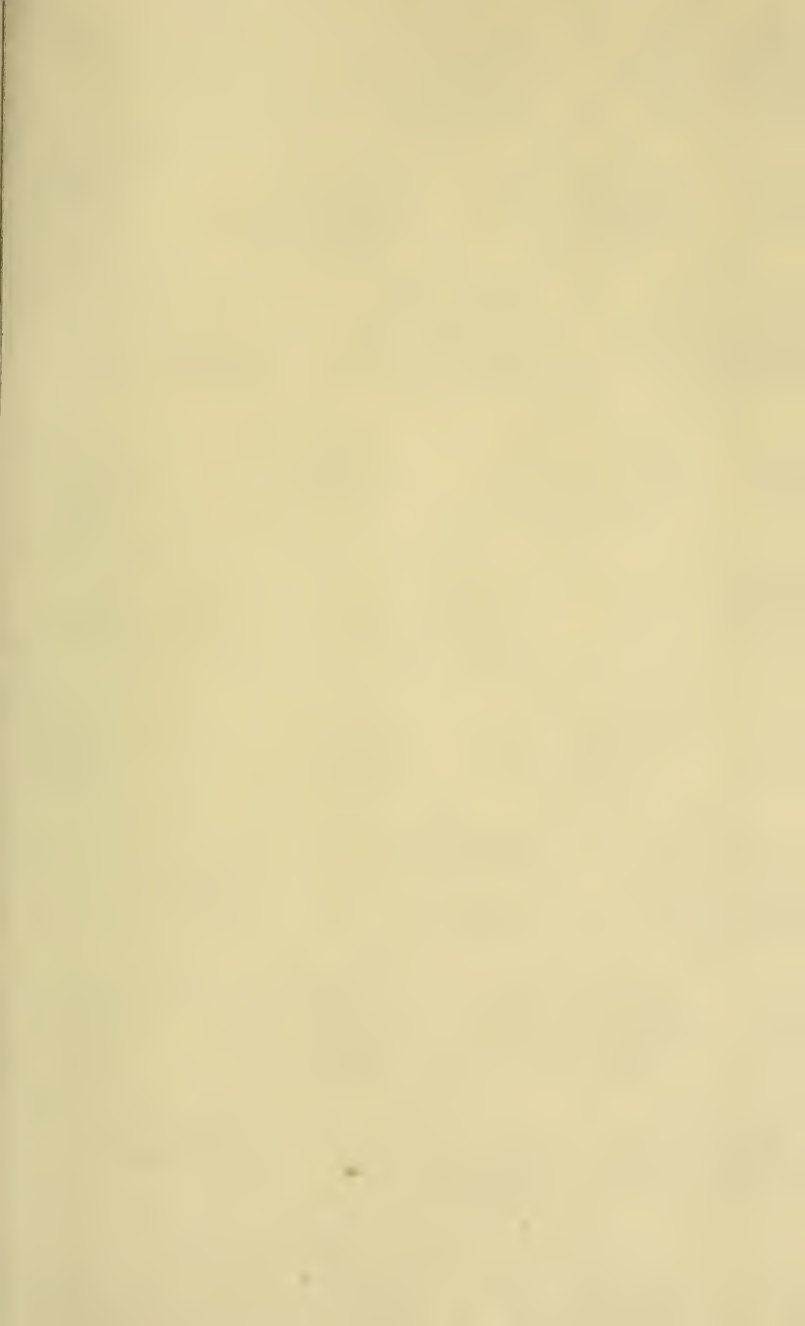
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